

THE STUDENT

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE STUDENT PUBLICATION

Cage
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
THE Z. SMITH REYNOLDS LIBRARY



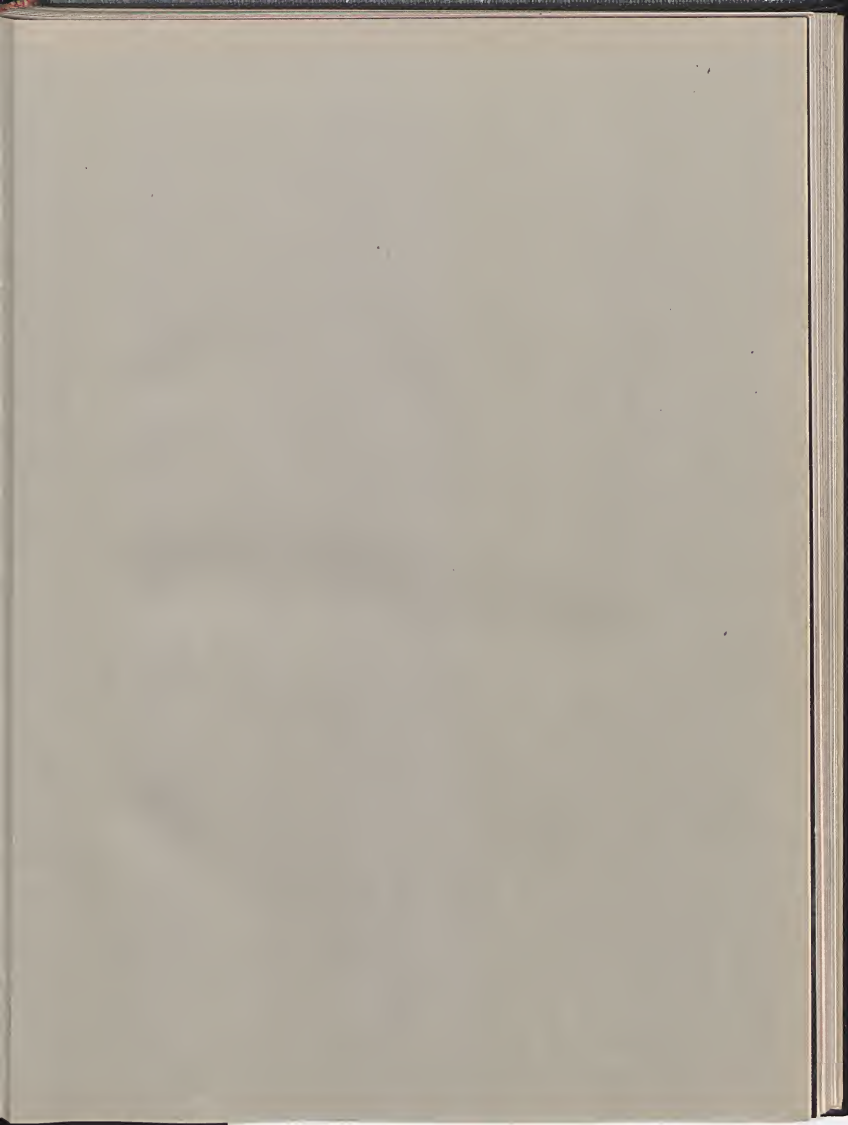
CALL NO.

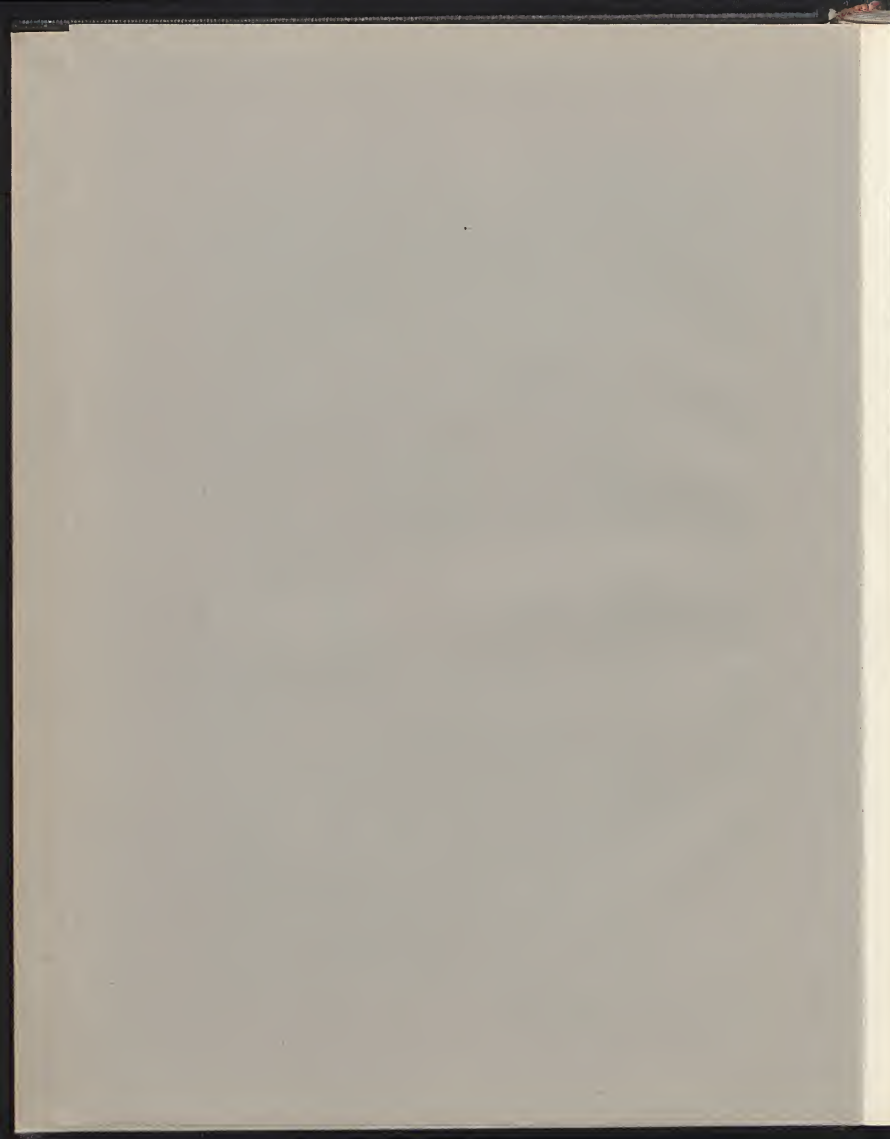


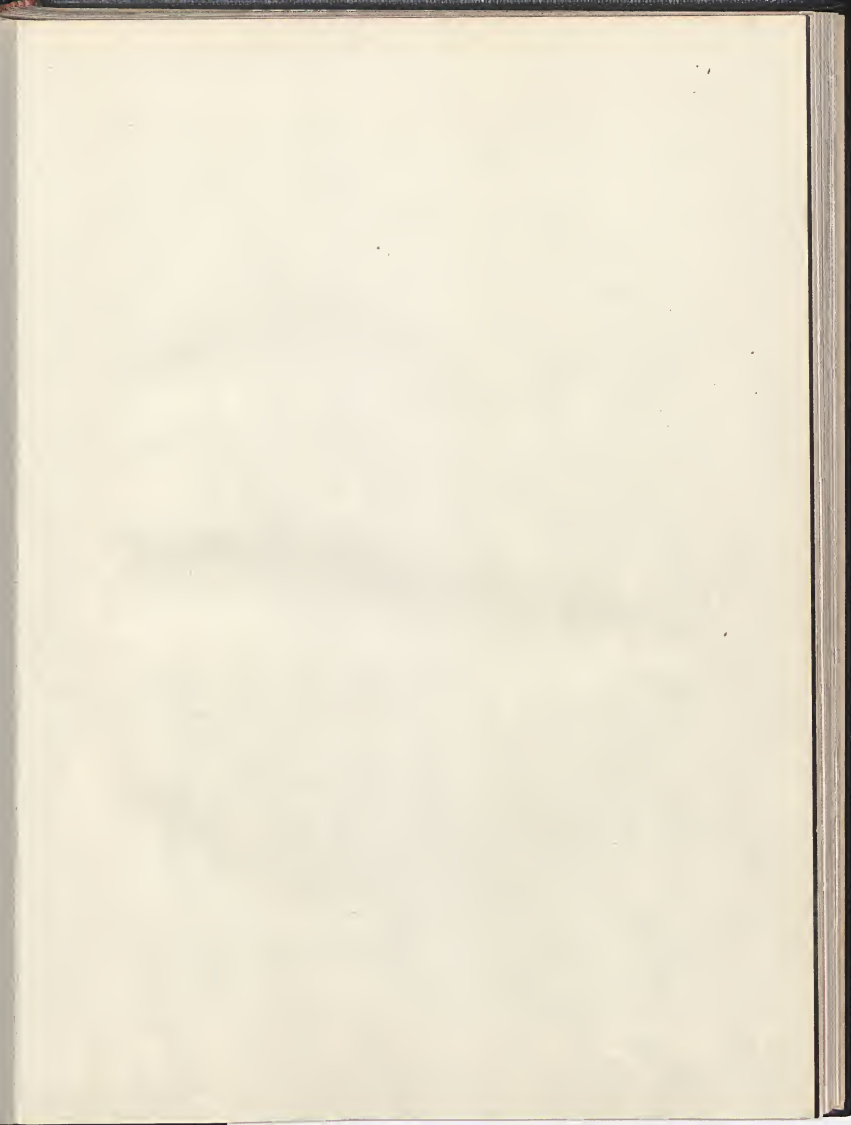
v.72
1956/57
c.2

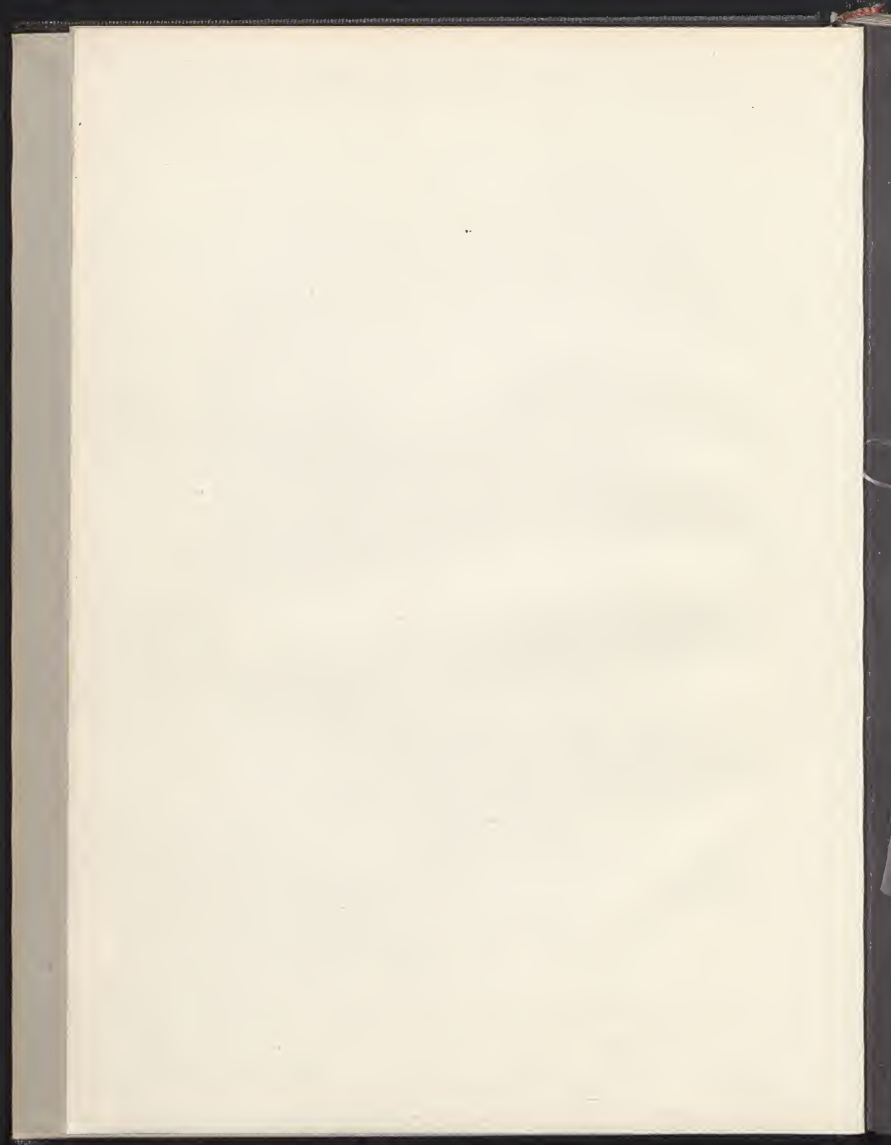
ACCESSION NO.

107167











THE STUDENT

VOLUME 72

NUMBER 1

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

OCTOBER 11

LH
1
W4
578
v.72
1956/57
C.2

Announcing
Our
CAMPUS SHOP
on the
Plaza
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

Featuring
Ladies' Apparel and Accessories



Downtown Location: West Fourth at Spruce



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are...



still only 5¢

**WAKE FOREST LAUNDRY
AND CLEANERS**

Our main office is located in the basement of the N. W. Men's Dormitory. It is here for your convenience and satisfaction and will offer to you the best and quickest service available.

Good on Campus Service for:

FINISH WORK

FLAT WORK

DRY CLEANING

REGULAR 3 DAY SERVICE

One Day Service — In by 9, Out by 5

The Demon In Us...

IT'S THAT time of the year again, when many of us put on uncomfortable padding and run around inside a stadium, when others put on uncomfortable uniforms and march around a stadium and the rest put on uncomfortable? expressions of enthusiastic and loyal support and sit around the stadium.

About professors: this didn't happen at Wake Forest but we have an idea that it would be entirely possible. A very good friend and reliable source told of the Ivy League professor who was walking along the street when a colleague stopped him for a conversation. At the end of the talk the professor asked his friend, "By the way, which way was I going when you stopped me?" After the direction had been pointed out the professor replied, "Good, in that case I've had my lunch."

• • •

There is no doubt that Dr. Blackburn's joke at the Student Government sponsored banquet during freshman orientation was well received and possibly shocking. It seems a Bishop was visiting the minister's church and in a message made it quite evident that he had a low opinion of the minister. He really deflated any ego the minister might have had. At the close of the speech the Bishop decided to give the minister a chance to defend himself. The minister: "I'm not perfect, you're not perfect, the Bishop's not perfect. I can sin, you can sin, the Bishop can sin. I can go to hell, you can go to hell, and the Bishop can go to hell."

This is an old story but be it truth or rumor, it should be preserved in print for posterity. It seems that Dr. Reid, when observing that the philosophy department was located on the floor above the school of religion, remarked that the prayers would now have to go through the philosophy department. And if you think that's a slam on the religion department you must not have heard the comment from a professor in the science department about the path students were across the grass this past summer near Wingate Hall. He commented that people were always taking shortcuts to religion.

• • •

A favorite Ivy League joke (from an old *Yale Record*) is the one about the motorist who calls, "Officer, come here; I've just hit a Yale student," and is answered, "Sorry, it's Sunday and you can't collect a bounty today."

• • •

Much has been said about the many college students who finish their education after marriage. Quite a few coeds are no longer available and this prompted freshman Fred Coward to compose his little poem, "Taken."

Beautiful, friendly, sweet, a honey;
Big car, fine jewels, rolling in money;
Dimpled cheeks, cute smile, well-carried;
Gold watch, diamond ring? uh—oh!
MARRIED.

• • •

And then another:

When the mind is at a tangent
To the moon when in the full
Then the female heart's attuned
To the shooting of the bull.
When the bull is shot humanely
As the sky it changes hue
Then a little pulse there canters
For the pitching of the woo.

—Unanimous

• • •

A lawyer, a doctor, an architect and an ardent American communist fell to arguing over which profession had been established first in the world.

"A lawyer, of course," said the first. "Man could never have survived without a few simple laws to govern him."

"Nuts," said the doctor. "Without a gynecologist, how could Cain have been born?"

The architect sneered. "Long before that my friends, before Adam and Eve, some architect must have been on the job to bring order out of the chaos."

"Ah, ha!" beamed the communist. "And who created that chaos?"

• • •

A young reporter had been sent to cover a great mine disaster. He was so impressed by what he saw that he tried to indicate all the emotions and heroism that he saw around him in that vast panorama of death. In a telegram to his editor, he began, "God sits tonight on a hill overlooking the scene of the disaster." Immediately his editor wired back: "Never mind disaster—interview God. Get picture if possible."

• • •

This one from *The Princeton Tiger* is about the junior who was suffering through a very difficult exam. After an extremely harrowing hour of the test he exclaimed under his breath, "Oh God!" The guy next to him turned, snapped his fingers and said, "Thanks, lot, that was just the name I was trying to think of."

THE Varsity GRILL

Opposite Wake Forest
Corner E. Polo Road

and Bethabara

*Nearest
Restaurant
to Campus*

Featuring:
Varsity-Burgers
Short Order Meals
and Dancing Soon

The COLLEGE INN RESTAURANT

STEAKS—SPAGHETTI

PIZZA—SALADS

Between Wake Forest

and Winston-Salem

on Reynolda Road

VISIT

DEACON'S DEN

Rathskeller

**FINE WATCH
REPAIRING**
and
SPECIAL ATTENTION
to
STUDENTS & FACULTY
of
WAKE FOREST
**UNDERWOODS
JEWELERS**

- ELGIN
- HAMILTON
- BOLIVA
- BULOVA
- TISSOT
- KEEPSAKE
DIAMONDS
- ETERNAMATIC

106 W. Fourth St.
Winston-Salem

See the latest styles in clothing and sports wear for college men.

All our merchandise is moderately priced.

Feel welcome to come in and browse around.

See Charles Luck or Cecil Hutchins.

**TOWN AND
CAMPUS SHOP**

Cherry Street
Across From Bus Station
Phone 7030

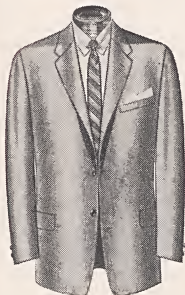
T H E S T U D E N T

VOLUME 72 NUMBER 1 • WAKE FOREST COLLEGE • OCTOBER 11

The Demon In Us	1
Student Profiles	4
Cricket in the Crack	5
Returned, <i>fiction by Tom Buie</i>	6
Forum: Scholarship Program	8
In an essay the scholarship program at Wake Forest College is considered in detail. Accompanying the article is a tabulation of figures on last year's program. Comparisons and contrasts between the academic and athletic programs can be made though all information was not available. A selection of quotes on the subject are also included.	
A Climate for Learning	11
This feature is a personality portrait of the College Architect, J. Frederick Larson. His ideas on architectural design, observations on Larson as an individual and information about the design of the new campus are combined. Accompanying the article is a portrait of the architect.	
Boundry, <i>poem by Anne Laurie Clark</i>	12
Song of Myself, <i>poem by W. Kendall Nunn</i>	13
Suez: Summer 1956, <i>essay by R. Fitzgerald</i>	15
Freshman Football	17
The problems of the freshman athlete are revealed in a photo-feature. Through these pictures can be seen the pressures and difficulties that face these students. A different and often neglected side of athletics and the athlete is shown.	
Mac, <i>fiction by Jerry Matherly</i>	19
Time, <i>poem by Robert Fitzgerald</i>	23
Plight, <i>poem by Bill Heins</i>	23
Reflecting Man, <i>poem by Lamar Robinson</i>	23
October Review	25
Calendar	28
A regular feature of the magazine, the Calendar is a listing of events of interest in this area. Activities taking place in Winston-Salem and nearby Greensboro are listed with those campus activities and events of general interest to provide a convenient reference for the busy college student.	
On the Campus: Untermeyer and Biggs	29
On An Oak, <i>poem by Lamar Robinson</i>	30
From the Editors' Desk	32

Bocock-Stroud Co.

"College Shop"



Feeling is Believing!

**Authentic Ivy Styles
Often Imitated —
Never Equalled**

We specialize in natural-shoulder clothing, following the University trend. Come in and see our wonderful selections of Southwick, Franklin, and Linett clothing.

- SUITS
- SPORT COATS
- SLACKS
- SWEATERS
- ALL ACCESSORIES
- SHIRTS BY GANT

*Bocock-Stroud College Shop Is
the Meeting Place for Young
Men With Good Taste*

Cover

The October cover represents a vital phase of Wake Forest activities. The choir, the glee club and the band are all a part of the music department and provide entertainment and instruction to many students. Pictured are two band members who are preparing for a profession in music, Dicky Collins and Ike McLain.

Ike is seen in three poses made possible by a quadruple exposure. The photograph demonstrates the varied effects a photographer can achieve in his art. The cover was done by Irving Grigg whose studios are on the campus.

Staff

Dottie Braddock, *Editor*

Charles Richards, *Editor*

Jerry Matherly, *Associate Editor*

Editorial Assistants: Owen Herring, Robert Fitzgerald, Becky Lampley

Bert Walton, *Art Editor*

Art: Libby York, Ann Clark, Esther Seay, Bill Wiggins

Lynne Laughrun, *Production Mgr.*

Typing: Betty Sue Kerley, Judy Knight, Tommy Laughrun, Ann Weir

Phoebe Pridgen, *Circulation Mgr.*

Circulation: Kay Adams, Mary Louise Brown, Nancy Coley, Ann Bolton, Babs Avard, Barbara Edwards, Judy Freeman, Betty Hollifield, Camille Pilcher, Beth Scott

Joe Killian, *Business Mgr.*

• • •

THE STUDENT, founded January, 1882, is published monthly by the students of Wake Forest College. Office located in Room 224, Reynolds Hall; address correspondence to Box 7287, Reynolds Branch, Winston-Salem, N. C. Printed by Winston Printing Company, Winston-Salem. National Advertising representative W. B. Bradbury Co., 219 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription rate: \$2.50 per year. Second-Class mail privileges authorized at Winston-Salem, N. C.

In Winston-Salem

it's



for Famous

Manhattan Shirts

**WELCOME
WAKE FOREST**

We Have
Five Experienced Barbers
To Serve You

OPEN 9:00 A.M. TILL 11:00 P.M.

**LeVAN BROTHERS
BARBER SHOP**

Corner Polo Rd. and Cherry St.
Nearest Barber Shop to Campus

WELCOME
to
Winston-Salem

We Invite You
to
See Our
Clothes For "You"



The Anchor

Shopping Center of Winston-Salem

where famous labels

hang by more than a thread

- Worst-Tex Suits for Men
- Arrow Shirts and Slacks
- Puritan Shirts and Sweaters
- Alligator Rainwear
- Lakeland Town Coats and Jackets

Student Profiles

APPARENTLY the editors have already to correct a misrepresentation. Frank Andrews, editor of the magazine in 1954, was supposed to have had a pet cricket who left Wake Forest later that year to come to the new campus at Reynolda. Assuming this to be true, since we had been informed by a "reliable source," CRICKET (see page 5) was sought upon arrival. But it seems CRICKET was not a cricket at all, but a ghost, and in addition, named Ronald. Using a little "poetic license" we have transformed Ronald ghost into CRICKET cricket, but only after persuading Ronald to do this and also promising him that next year he may have an opportunity to regain his true identity.

THE STUDENT is complimented this issue in publishing two short stories that, in our opinion, have a lot of reader appeal. Tom Buie, author of one, is a senior from Bladenboro and is preparing for a career in medicine. And Jerry Matherly, the writer of the second, is an old hand with the magazine. He joined the staff last year and is now Associate Editor. Jerry, a sophomore from Greensboro, worked in Statesville with the *Iredell Morning News* as a reporter and served also as As sociate Editor of the *Rocket* in Blowing Rock.

As *THE STUDENT* goes to press, the Suez controversy has the eyes of the world focused on the Near East. Robert Fitzgerald shipped out this summer on the "Fensil," a Norwegian super-transport, arriving at Port Said in the midst of the confusion. Robert gives his impressions of the people and their country in an essay that reflects a certain poetic quality which is better illustrated in his verse also in this issue.

Among the other poets of both light and serious verse are Bill Heins, W. Kendall Nunn (first introduced as Wayne), Fred Coward, Larry Pearce, and Lamar Robinson. Bill first published with the magazine last spring and spent the summer working with a telephone company, digging holes and climbing poles. We hope there is a connection between the two occupations. (publishing and hard labor). He is a sophomore and a Navy veteran.

Fred and Larry are our two humorists. Fred is a newcomer to both magazine and

College, and Larry is a veteran, having previously published with us and edited the 1956 *HOWLER*. We know absolutely nothing about Lamar Robinson except that he uses nice stationary and leaves his work under the door. An appeal goes out to him to come back and see us.

The short feature on E. Power Biggs was written by John Roberts who worked with the staff last year reviewing books. John is a senior from Louisville, Kentucky.

Dramatist of note (on campus) Becky Lampley joined the staff this time to do the captions for the photographic essay. Becky is a Charlotte junior. Thanks go to those freshman football players shown on the two pages.

Art credits go to Bert Walton, art editor, and her staff. Bert is also an old friend and worker for *THE STUDENT*. She is presently learning the tricks of layout from Owen Herring, past editor of the magazine and an editorial assistant directing layout this year. Andy Clark is the artist whose work appears on page 7. Andy is a senior and helped the magazine last year as a writer.

MANAGING production, as of old, Lynne Laughrun ran her typists up to 224 Reynolda Hall and got out the printer's copy with time to spare, as of new. Lynne is a junior from Forest City.

As for the editors, one spent the summer sunning at the shore; the other spent hers studying with the stars. Neither did anything about the magazine but worry about the other not doing anything but worrying. For the next issue there will be more time in which to receive contributions and less time in which to worry. And the editors wish sometimes they had time to sun or study or worry.

A request still goes out to all students who would like to work with the magazine this year. The first staff meeting brought in three students of varied interests and an urge to do some real work, of which there will be plenty. Seven issues is a handful and a half for people with a book in one hand and coffee cup in the other.

But until next time, *The Student* wishes you a happy Dedication weekend and urges you to register and vote.

Cricket in the Crack . . .

CRICKET sprang nimbly from his crack in the newly-settled sidewalk and strode confidently off across the green. Suddenly a noise so loud that it tumbled him head over heels blasted through the quiet of the morning. CRICKET picked himself up, brushed the blades of grass from his top hat and looked up at the gigantic figure standing before him.

"Don't you know you can't walk on the grass?" came a threatening voice from an extreme height.

CRICKET leaned against his umbrella, which was planted securely in the ground.

"Sir?" he asked in surprise, for he had been taking this particular route for a long time, even before the grass had begun to grow.

"Don't you know the rules yet?"

"Rules?" asked CRICKET. And to himself he said, "This man must be mad. I'd better humor him; he might be dangerous."

"No one is allowed on the grass, not even . . ." he stopped, "crickets in fancy dress."

Now CRICKET *was* upset, for he was wearing his oldest hat and shabbiest morning coat, not to mention that his gloves were now streaked with grass stain. The man pulled a pair of glasses from his pocket and began reading from what looked

like an endless sheet of paper.

"Rule 1, no walking across the grass. Rule 2, no parking in the 622 parking spaces reserved for faculty and staff. Rule 3, no smoking in the library, gymnasium, classrooms, or chapel. Rule 4 . . ."

The man went on reading, not noticing

that CRICKET had slipped silently away on tip-toe and was already far across the green where he stood gesturing with his long umbrella.

"Now, remember, Wally," he said in an official manner to a wren who, like everything else around, was a perfect miniature, "no walking across the green, no parking in the faculty parking lots, and no smoking in the library, gym, classroom, or chapel."

Wally only shrugged his tail feathers and leaned back upon the narrow tree trunk. CRICKET joined him there, crossing his legs and pulling a battered cigar from his pocket. He was about to strike a match when two enormous shoes blocked his view of the campus. Jabbing Wally in the side with the handle of his umbrella, CRICKET scrambled to his feet.

Before the man could say a word, Wally was a full ten feet above the ground. And CRICKET, having hooked his umbrella around Wally's neck, was hanging on for dear life as they flew over the plaza. From their height the man seemed very small as he shook his fist at the two of them.

Wally deposited CRICKET gently in his crack, waved a wing feather, and flew off toward the east. CRICKET settled back comfortably in his tiny nook, lighted the cigar, and looked uncertainly at the piece of blue sky covering his crack.



Returned

AS CLAUDE stepped out of the dim store interior into the hot glare of the late afternoon sun, he heard someone call his name. He stopped and glanced up the sidewalk to his right, nestling the bag of groceries in the crook of his right elbow. Hank Bottom was walking toward him, a large grin on his face.

"Groceries for the new wife, Claude?" Hank stopped just short of him and winked knowingly.

"That's right, Hank." Claude looked at Hank's craggy face, rough with a three-day growth of beard. His clothes were rumpled and soiled, and he stared back at Claude with eyes which were red and swollen. Claude smiled. "Looks like you have been havin' a time, Hank."

Hank shifted his weight onto his right foot and grinned broader. "Damn right. We been out in the woods for three nights. Carter just got a new batch run off. Best he's had this year. Shoulda been there, Claude."

Claude shifted the bag of groceries and stared up the sidewalk over Hank's shoulder. "Well, hell, Hank, now I'm married I got to settle down a little more. Linda claims it worries her when I run off and stay gone, 'specially when I'm drinkin' and carryin' on."

Hank shook his head thoughtfully. "Well, now, I don't know, Claude. Me'n' Sarah've been married almost a year now. I don't remember her tellin' me what to do." He gazed at Claude for a moment and then continued. "Course, that's probably cause I let her know where she stood the night we run off and got married." He shook his head again. "I tell you, boy, it just don't do for a man to let a woman tell him what to do."

Claude stood for a moment, trying to think of something to say. He felt uneasy, as if he had been backed into a corner and had to fight his way out. He looked at Hank, suddenly earnest. "It ain't that I'm lettin' her run over me, Hank. It's just that we . . ." He stopped, unsure again. He tried again. "It's just that it ain't right for me to be runnin' all over the countryside while she's gotta stay home by herself. A man oughta settle down when he gets married."

He stopped and waited for Hank to answer. Hank reached into his pocket for

a cigarette. "Well," he said slowly, "you're gonna be missin' a lot of fun and good liquor if you stay home with Linda every night. Course," he shrugged, "maybe you like it that way, I don't know." He stopped to light the cigarette, then looked across to the opposite side of the street, toward the poolroom. He blew smoke out into the street and then looked back toward Claude. "Guess I might as well go shoot a couple of games of eight ball and go home to bed. You want to come along?"

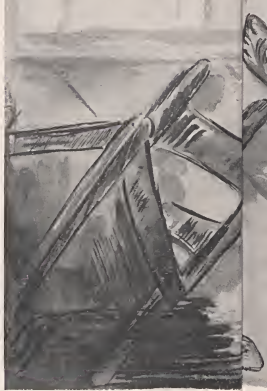
Claude shook his head, not looking at Hank. "Better not. Linda's likely to have supper ready early."

"Well, tell her to come around and see Sarah sometime. She's always complainin' because nobody don't come to see her."

Claude watched Hank walk across the street and into the poolroom and felt a slight envy. He suddenly realized that this was the first time that he had seen Hank since he'd been married three weeks ago. Before they'd had a lot of good times, drinking and running around together. But after he had met Linda, none of that had seemed too important at the time. He'd been happy just being with her.

As he bent over and climbed into his old '39 Ford parked against the curbing in front of the grocery, he thought about what Hank had said. Hell, maybe he had been spending too much time at home lately. He'd never done it before. Maybe he shouldn't let Linda keep him from going off once and a while with the guys he had once run around with. As he started the motor and pulled out into the street, he decided he'd tell her about it when he got the chance. He might even tell her tonight. Just like Hank had said, it didn't do for a man to let a woman tell him what to do.

When he pulled up into the yard and parked his car beside the large chinaberry tree standing in front of the house, the sun was sinking behind the brick cotton-mill building lying opposite. He slid from under the steering wheel and picked up the bag of groceries lying on the front step. He walked up the front porch steps slowly, the bag crackling in the cradle of his right arm. He stopped for a moment at the top and looked down the long row of small white-frame houses, all identical and all standing opposite the cotton mill.



Then he turned around and looked the other way, across the tall green wall of the edge of Cooper's swamp. He was glad his house was on the end of the row. He often sat on the porch, after supper, and watched the tall cypress trees shiver in the hot breeze. He had always had a feeling about the swamp, something he couldn't explain but a feeling he'd always had since he was a kid.

Something fell inside the house and shocked him out of his thought. Linda had probably dropped a pan back in the kitchen. He reached down and opened the screen door leading into the house. He walked directly into the tiny, dark living-room. The air was smoky and smelled of frying fish. He walked through the dining room back into the kitchen and set the paper bag down on the enamel-topped table standing against the wall just inside the door. Linda turned around as he came in. She had been standing over the gas range taking the fish from the hot grease and placing them in a chip-ped platter. Her black hair was wilted with the heat, and the plain blue cotton dress she was wearing was dark with perspiration. She smiled as she saw him, her cheeks dimpling over her pleasantly wide mouth.



Claud didn't want any trouble and Hank had been drinking; so he hit him.

WALTON

CLAUDE walked over to where she was and bent down to kiss her. He straightened up and blew out a breath. "Damn, it's hot in here. Why didn't you use the electric fan?"

"I didn't think of it. Besides, it's good for me to do things the hard way. Maybe next time I'll marry a rich man." She smiled to show she was joking, and turned back to the stove.

Claude leaned back on the table in front of the stove and watched her for a moment. Then he looked toward the refrigerator.

"Any beer in the frigidaire, honey?" She nodded and he got a can out of the refrigerator and opened it at the sink.

"Where'd yo u get them fish," Claude asked, as he raised the frosty can to his lips.

"Charley brought them over. Him and Lonnie Smith went fishin' this morning," Linda turned off the gas under the fish and began looking for something in the cabinet.

Claude shook his head. "Charley's always goin' fishin'. How does he find time to? He works one shift a day, just like me."

Linda shrugged. "Martha tells me he ain't ever home long enough to do anything but eat and sleep, and half the time not even then."

Claude looked out the window over the sink toward the swamp. "Maybe I oughta try that," he muttered to himself. He finished the beer and stretched himself. "How long before supper, honey?"

"Just a few minutes. The rice isn't done yet."

Claude glanced around vaguely. "Guess I'll go watch television," he said, and walked back into the living-room. He turned the set on and sat down on the sagging old horsehair sofa in front of the screen. He tried to concentrate on the action taking place on the screen, but the small, crowded room with its bare floor and dull darkly-stained furniture made him feel locked-in. He stood up and turned the set off, and walked out onto the front porch. Linda's voice came from the kitchen.

"Now don't go off anywhere, honey. I've almost finished supper."

He shouted back an okay and sat down on the top step. "Don't go off anywhere," he repeated aloud. "Where the hell would I go?"

He let his back settle back against the wooden roof-support and stared out over the sandy, sparsely-vegetated yard in front of the house. His vision was blocked by the dark silhouette of the cotton mill, looking huge in the thick dusk. He stared at the lighted green windows, visualizing the movement behind them, and not even hearing the endless whirring of the mill machinery. He turned his head and looked toward the black wall of forest at the border of the swamp. The moon was just detaching itself from the limbs of a tall dead cypress, and somewhere in the depths of a bay bullfrogs were beating their measured cadence. Claude began thinking of all the nights he had spent in that tangled jungle, scratching mosquito bites and laughing loudly over the jokes. They always seemed funnier when you were sitting around a fire drinking good whiskey.

A MOSQUITO began whining around his head and he reached up and slapped at it, cursing as another bit his leg. He heard Linda call him and he pushed himself up from the step. He went back into the house and let the screen door slam

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

Forum: The Wake Forest

IF WAKE Forest College is helping finance your college education the chances are that you had to show evidence of financial need. If you did not, the odds are even better that you are either a student receiving a concession on tuition and/or general fee or an athlete. And then—if you are one of those for whom the College takes full financial responsibility, there is no doubt but that you are a subsidized athlete.

At the first mention of a college scholarship program, the image of an exaggerated dollar-mark comes to mind. And often it is followed by an equally large question-mark. Such is the case at Wake Forest.

Much of the speculation centers around the amount given in scholarships and grants-in-aid to college athletes compared with that available to all other students. The last full-scale investigation on the part of interested students was in 1953 when the College made public the scholarship funds for both athletic and academic programs.

It was not a proud discovery that the College was spending twice as much in grants to 100 athletes as for 293 other students. But neither was it surprising, since North Carolina State, the University of North Carolina, and Duke University had just previously published similar reports with Duke the only one of the Big Four group whose academic scholarships outvalued its athletic.

Attempts at Wake Forest to find out the particulars of the report resulted in learning little more than that the top athletic grant was \$925, the highest academic scholarship was \$330, and ministerial concessions made up about half of the academic total.

That was almost three years ago. Since then, additions have been made to the scholarship program through endowments such as the Hankins program begun this year and the General Motors Scholarship begun last. But the current inquiry shows that the College itself has not contributed substantially of its general funds to the academic scholarship program, though more students are included.

In fact, for the 1956-57 school year, the Honor Scholarships established in 1951 to the amount of \$10,000 per annum have been discontinued. This means that

no student of ability unable to show evidence of need in financing his education can receive a scholarship. That is, with the exception of those 246 students who claim concessions by virtue of being faculty children, children of ministers, ministerial students, rehabilitation students, or wives of other students and student athletes.

The scholarship report for the year ending June 30, 1956 shows certain comparisons that are hard to ignore in a full discussion of College financial aid to students.

One may readily see that the amount granted in concessions more than doubles that spent in actual scholarships to needy or honor students. And of that former amount, ministerial students still receive more than half. In order to claim a ministerial concession (full tuition) a student must present to the Scholarship Committee a written recommendation or license authorized by his own church, sign an agreement providing for the payment of tuition with interest if he does not serve five years in the ministry within twelve years from the last date of his attendance at the College. In this way, if a student fails to preach five years out of twelve after graduation, his concession automatically becomes a loan to be paid back with interest.

ON THE other hand, children of ministers who make their living by the ministry and wives of bona fide Wake Forest students receive half tuition with no reservations. The physically handicapped students who have been approved for assistance by their State Divisions of Vocational Rehabilitation are able to get both tuition and general fees paid. The State pays the general fee and the College remits the tuition. Also included in the concession program are faculty children who receive full tuition for the school year. All these are granted without need being a consideration.

The major part of speculation on the scholarship program may involve athletics, but certainly not all. There are equally pertinent questions concerning the concession program.

First, "Should concession be granted to those students who do not have a need for financial assistance?"

Certainly there are students preparing for the ministry that could easily finance their educational program. It would be foolish to suppose that only needy students are becoming ministers. And there are many ministers whose salary surpasses that of other students' parents. For example, parents in the teaching profession do not make substantially more than do some ministers, nor do factory workers, mechanics, taxi drivers, and so on down a long list.

It is admirable that wives of students make efforts to continue their college work and that rehabilitation students have more of an opportunity to attend college than they once had. It is also a wise policy that the College faculty be supplemented by consideration for their children. But if the policy of the College Scholarship Committee dictates that need be the first, and usually final, consideration for scholarship applicants (excepting, of course, concessions and athletic scholarships) it would seem to be a logical extension of this policy to require evidence of financial need from other students receiving aid.

Second, "Should not concession holders be required to maintain an average equal to that of other academic scholarship students?"

Since concessions at the present time are not based on need, there would seem to be justification in requiring some sort of evidence of worthiness. If it is not in need, the maintenance of a certain quality-point ratio is the alternative. Perhaps the combination of both need and scholastic achievement would be the most ideal position and would insure the College against a promiscuous passing out of favors to unworthy students. For after all, the amount given in concessions is a fair slice of the whole scholarship program and is, in the final analysis, money lost to the College.

Were concessions left out entirely from the report, the comparison between those amounts given strictly as scholarships would approximate proportionately the same result as in 1953. For athletic scholarships nearly doubled the academic grants in 1956. This comparison is struck on the basis of only the amounts spent on tuition and general fees and does not include what is given in room rent, food,

s College Scholarship Program

L. M. WRIGHT, JR., "OLD GOLD AND BLACK" EDITOR 1952-53.

The entire situation, wherein alumni of major colleges and universities throughout the country are actively and avidly engaged in fund-raising for athletic programs while no corresponding activity is made in behalf of academics, constitutes an indictment against the colleges and universities, against the men and women who teach in these institutions, and against those who are products of the institutions. It is, indeed, an indictment against higher education itself.

JASPER L. MEMORY, CHAIRMAN
SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE
W.F.C.

The primary concern of the members of the Scholarship Committee is to see to it that, in the selection of the recipients, there is faithful compliance with the purposes and provisions of the donors. Members of the student body can help by bringing our program to the attention of worthy students both here and in high school.



ROBERT AND ARNOLD HOFFMAN, FOUNDERS OF ROBERT AND ARNOLD FOUNDATION

We feel that very often a student who is not too outstanding in college may make good in later life. Our foundation is to provide aid at Harvard for needy students who do not quite make the scholarship or honor grade.



JESSE HADDOCK, ASSISTANT ATHLETIC DIRECTOR W.F.C.

The majority of student athletes could not acquire a college education if athletic scholarships were not available. There has been criticism of many athletes as to their behavior, manners, etc., while in college. But to see some of these return to their home towns and become civic leaders is gratifying and is, in one way, a justification of the athletic scholarship program.

CLARENCE E. LOVEJOY, NEW YORK TIMES EDITOR

75,000 college students hold scholarships valued at more than \$11,000,000 annually. Scholarships have long been regarded as essential in a democracy. Otherwise, higher education would be limited to the rich. Scholarships cover many kinds of help, although basically the word ought to mean an outright grant with emphasis on scholastic ability and taking into consideration financial needs. Today it is hard to understand the criticism leveled at the senior Joseph Pulitzer when in 1889 he started twelve scholarships in New York City and stipulated that poor boys only should receive them. Obviously, college officials handling scholarships must examine applications with care and discernment and must evaluate the applicant's own financial resources and reasonable expenses.

and \$15 per month laundry money.

In addition, the athletic department employs student tutors for athletes at a fee one-third higher than in the other academic departments. The present rates are one dollar for tutoring student athletes, 75 cents for students other than athletes. Such a policy is inevitably going to draw a distinction between athletes and other students despite the athletic department's intention to "make athletes feel that they are no different than other students."

But if comparing those total expenditures of all aid to students including those who receive scholarships, concessions, and athletic grants-in-aid, the comparison might be slightly more encouraging than it was three years ago. In 1953, the amounts were \$41,467 for non-athletic grants, \$82,760 for athletic grants. For 1956, the non-athletic grants totalled \$60,147. The totals for the athletic grants were unavailable. However, it was assured that the figure was at least as large as 1953's.

Immediately the question is raised, "Is it a justifiable policy for the College to follow?"

There is not much doubt that a good athletic program is indispensable to a college as far as publicity is concerned. Athletics serve as an advertising medium to prospective students, to college supporters, and to the general public. In addition, athletic grants give some boys a chance for a college education that might not otherwise be able to have one, just as scholarships to needy students do. But there seems to be an overlapping in the two programs, since those who receive athletic grants have the equal chance to receive scholarships set up for students who need financial aid. In fact, out of four possible Norfleet Scholarships last year, only one was issued.

So the issue, "Is the athletic program worth it?", remains, save perhaps in the minds of those who deal directly with the department. For student athletes have made it pretty obvious that financial aid for an education is more important than "the love of the game." In the events of Spring, 1956, in which the rumored possibility of athletic de-emphasis at the College spread over the campus, several athletes said in essence, "I don't care if I never play in another game; all I care about

is getting my scholarship."

If Wake Forest is to hold her position among the colleges that yearly spend enormous sums on what is called "big time" athletics, she will necessarily have to increase that amount she now spends to enroll top student athletes. The competition between schools promises an increase in deference to a decrease in funds spent in the program. Where the athletic department will obtain the funds is a problem of serious consequence.

Either the department will have to increase its gate receipts or solicit private contributions in greater number and larger amounts. For it is imperative that the College not continue making up deficits from general funds. In the present program, the athletic department tries to raise its revenue to meet its expenditures. If it fails to do so, the College must pay the difference. For 1956, the athletic department's deficit was \$85,000 and it was paid out of the College's general funds. Such deficits assume a more serious aspect when one chemistry class has 91 students enrolled, showing a real need for another professor in that department.

Events of the past summer among other schools of the nation should arouse a desire to plot a cautious course as far as subsidizing athletics is concerned. A report on schools of the Big Ten conference, including such institutions of higher learning as the University of Michigan, Illinois, and Minnesota, disclosed that all but one were giving "full-ride" scholarships which include tuition, room, board, general fees, and laundry money brought many suggestions to clean up athletics, football in particular.

"Full-ride" scholarships are nothing new to Wake Forest. But it must be noted that Wake Forest holds a strict policy in recruiting athletes to its athletic program. They are not offered cars, clothes, false jobs, or memberships in country clubs. Any private contribution to the College's athletes must go through official channels. Therefore, the College does not subject itself to embarrassing situations such as the one involving two state-supported schools in North Carolina in the recruit of a freshman athlete. Neither do they have students declared ineligible for play by the independent action of alumni or friends as do some other schools.

Georgia Tech football coach Bobby Dodd said this summer with his suggestions as to how to "clean up" college athletics, "... more schools are undergoing the pressure of having a winning football team." Wake Forest is subject to this pressure. Its expanded facilities and enrollment will subject it to even more, but

SCHOLARSHIP PROGRAM 1955-1956

Scholarships	Amount
Honor scholarships (30)	\$11,020
College scholarships (48)	6,000
Junior College (4 of 5)....	600
Norfleet (1 of 4)	200
Thurman Kitchen (1)	190
Athletic (101)	33,630

Concessions	Amount
Ministerial (173)	\$29,925
Ministers' Children (45) ..	3,895
Faculty's Children (13)....	2,375
Total	\$93,657

Athletic Scholarship	
Total	\$33,630

Concessions Total	42,037
-------------------------	--------

Academic Scholarship	
Total	18,010

Grants in Aid to	
Athletes	"unavailable"

Total spent on	
Athletes	"unavailable"

Total spent on other	
students	\$60,147

at the same time, they provide some hope for a better balanced financial program in which the athletic department is self-supporting as it wishes to be.

On the other side of the picture, George Preston Marshall, owner of the Washington Redskins, asked last week, "What's wrong with giving a boy a scholarship to play football? Is it any different from giving a scholarship to a kid who stars on the debating team?"

If the athletic program is designed to attract top student athletes to the College in order to establish its status among other colleges and universities, then the academic scholarship program would seem to serve a similar purpose in addition to helping needy students.

Each September many students of high scholastic ability enroll in other schools than Wake Forest, because they have re-

ceived scholarships through competitive examinations. These students may or may not require financial assistance; it is of no consideration in their particular type of scholarship.

Although recognizing need to be the primary consideration and a real reluctance to have students of need sacrificed to hold an opposite view, there is still much to be said for making competitive scholarships available to outstanding students. The Honor Scholarships, established in 1951 and lasting for five years, was that type of plan. A fund of \$50,000 was appropriated from College funds to use. Students receiving these scholarships did not have to prove their financial need; they had only to prove themselves scholastically outstanding and therefore of tremendous value to the College community. But when the Honor Scholarships were not renewed this summer, that integral part of a well-rounded program of College aid was discarded.

As much as Wake Forest is desirous of maintaining its position in inter-collegiate athletics, it should also desire to maintain its position in academic circles. If Wake Forest loses students of high scholastic ability to other schools, it is surely as bad as losing a top athlete to the other team; and perhaps, in the long run, worse.

A college's effort to keep the two, academic and athletic, in good balance is a task of tact and good judgment, for factions of the two departments exert considerable pressure. As Scholarship Committee Chairman Jasper Memory says, "The very nature of the work is such that for every person granted an award there will be two dozen who will claim they were 'done wrong.' The committee knows, however, that such reactions are normal, that it was ever thus and perhaps always will be. The only compensation it gets or wants is the satisfaction of knowing that it is doing its best to be honest and fair, and faithful to the purposes of the donors."

That the College scholarship program needs to be enlarged, revised, and publicized is of little question. But within this assertion are questions of how to do it and how soon. In dealing with these, there are countless modes of reasoning and many variations of opinion. Enlargement is sure to come in one way or another, so the exercise of caution must be in attaining the proper balance for the good of all branches of the College. Publicity must be carried out, so that the College can use its present funds to the best advantage, for the most worthy students. But a revision is, by far, the most serious problem and the most needed one.

Personality Portrait: J. Frederick Larson

A Climate for Learning



THE ARCHITECTURE that Jens Frederick Larson has developed reflects both the dignity and the impressiveness of his personality. This impressiveness is obvious when one sits at the dark table in the middle of a large room at the "Larson & Larson, Architects" offices. Covering much of one wall is an excellent photograph of the scale model of the new Wake Forest. This, too, is impressive. As Mr. Larson stands by the display and points out features of the campus, one feels that here are two personalities of like characteristics. A college with a rich heritage and a new campus and the man who created that campus with the goal of preserving the heritage. He is a large man with greying hair and mustache, dresses well and neatly and has the appearance of an artist. And for Larson an architect is an artist.

As an artist, Larson has created a style which utilizes the "classic elements of good proportion and design," neglecting many of the modern trends of prefabrication. And one is easily convinced that his stand is justified when between puffs of rich tobacco smoke he explains that there is no art in contemporary architecture. Contemporary architecture is designed for function, economy and speed, with little concern for beauty. But many choose the contemporary styles over the classic because it is considered cheaper. The beauty so evident in Larson's architecture causes one to think it expensive, but the simplicity sometimes makes it as much as fifty per cent cheaper. He can cite at least one instance, with figures, where his type buildings cost only a little over half as much as a contemporary styled building serving the same function.

Mr. Larson has at his command a thorough knowledge of all types and phases of architecture. In a conversation he explained in detail the difference in types of architecture in regard to support, proportion and design. It was at this point that Mr. Larson revealed his opinion that contemporary architecture is a matter of prefabrication and premeasured blocks.

He is recognized as an expert in educational architecture and readily agrees that this is true. Such a statement, though coming directly from him, leaves no im-

pression of egotism; after all, it is through his accomplishments that he merits this recognition. His title of expert is almost justified by virtue of experience alone, thirty-seven years, and all that in the field of educational architecture. His preparation also attests to this. He attended Harvard and then Dartmouth where he received his M.A. in 1928. He was for a while an "architect in residence" at Dartmouth. Later he was awarded the L.H.D. degree by Washington and Jefferson College where he has done much work.

BUT TO tell J. Frederick Larson's story as an architect would be leaving out much of interest. According to his *Who's Who* record he was awarded the Legion of Honor (France) and the Victory and British War Medals while serving the Royal Flying Corps in World War I. Also in addition to his regular work he has written one book on college architectural planning in America and while at Dartmouth was a lecturer on architecture. He is a member of both an architect and an engineering society and several clubs. In a discussion of the arts and crafts, in which he commented that this is the age of hobbies, he revealed that he sometimes takes off and does a little painting. All this is fitting for his compelling personality. Also appropriate is the pipe which he always carries and for which he has excellent taste in tobaccos. He says he wouldn't be himself without the pipe. And like many who are fond of smoking pipes he has photographs of himself showing his.

Such remarks as that about the necessity of his pipe, and the "age of hobbies" makes conversation with Larson a pleasure. Some of his comments, while serious and almost profound, carry a touch of wit. Such is his opinion that there is no art in contemporary architecture. Once, as a passing statement, he said that windows, with the air-conditioning of today, are only psychological things. One can detect something of deep self-respect in Mr. Larson when he tells the story of how many young men, graduating from school and then finding no art in their architecture, ask to work with him for a few years before going into their own business.

But it is in the field of architecture that Larson has excelled and most of his work has been on educational institutions, including the Colby College campus, Lehigh University, University of Kentucky and many others. In space, his work has ranged from Xavier University, Nova Scotia to the American University in Cairo, Egypt, involving such accomplishments as the International House, Univer-

sity of Paris.

It was Wake Forest College, however, that brought Larson to the attention of most of us. He moved south when both the College and the Reynolds Foundation wanted his services for the great undertaking of a complete college removal. This choice was understandable because, as he says, he is the only architect in the country dedicated to educational institutions. He observed that this was a great opportunity and, in his opinion, other architects would have liked to have done the job. The selection of Larson has been profitable for both parties, for Larson has obviously enjoyed his work with Wake Forest, expressing enthusiasm about every phase of the college and its future progress.

AFTER four years of work around the rolling hills of Forsyth, Larson moved his offices from New York to Reynolda. Although some distance from Bos-

ton where he was born in 1891, the country is appealing to Larson because it is a good location to live and to work. When asked about its suitability for a college he remarked that the location was ideal. He appreciates the region to the extent that the contours of the land helped dictate the plan of construction. This is seen in the approach to the campus by both roads, that dip and rise again as they enter the elevated college square. Further use of the lay of the land is evident in the park like setting of the President's home and the area around the faculty apartments. Now settled in the new area that he likes so well Mr. Larson is practicing with his son, Nils F. Larson, in a partnership started in 1955. Their permanent offices are now maintained at Reynolda.

When Larson began work on the new campus he planned nothing unusual or spectacular. He remarks that he was not interested in bringing glory to himself but primarily in preserving the heritage

Boundary

In my haste . . . impetuous nature . . .
I seized the moon of life . . . and dashed it
against
the
wall
of
heaven.

As it lay . . . inert . . . wounded . . . tearful,
Its own weeping sought . . . to drown my
utterances

as
light
grew
faint.

Smothered . . . by falsehoods of heart and mind,
My tears will offer . . . a bitter cup,
drunk
in
oblivion
and
regret

I, too, am inert . . . wounded . . . tearful,
Hurled by promises . . . and dashed
against

the
lap
of
earth.

ANN LAURINE CLARK

that was Wake Forest. The architectural character he chose seems to have evolved from "the functional, regional and climatic needs of the new college." This same attitude is seen in his handling of other colleges such as Colby for which he also designed an entire campus.

Many observers marvel at the cost of the Wake Forest campus. Actually it was done economically and there was much saved, but at no sacrifice, and nothing was lost in this effort. By his tone and manner one can see that from Mr. Larson's point of view, nothing has been forsaken in regard to function or beauty. He states that the opportunity here was the best and that the highest beauty has been achieved at Wake Forest.

When discussing the general layout and architecture of the present campus, Larson explained that the Smith-Reynolds Library, Reynolda Hall and Wait Chapel are the key buildings. These three were intended to be "monumental in character." All other buildings can be complementary, for these are the center of the campus life and attraction. They are of "simple architecture in harmony with the major buildings and will serve as foils to them to prevent architectural monotony." From an architectural and aesthetic viewpoint, Larson seems to have the Chapel as a personal favorite. It possesses dignity he says. He also explained that the acoustics in this building are perfect and any problems are due to the loud speaker system and can be solved.

"The Chapel has been conceived to be the predominant symbol, . . . of the College and its Baptist faith. Early in the design stage Dr. Tribble said, 'Let there be one tower to symbolize one God.' . . . The Chapel is to be placed at the head of the College square where it will play an important role, both spiritually and architecturally."

About Reynolda Hall Larson has said, "This Center will be a dignified building with great charm expressing the warm friendship of a southern mansion. This is to be the common home to all Wake Forest students during their collegiate as well as their 'home-coming' days."

"The Library is functionally planned for student and faculty use. The building will have an inviting quality and be designed for ease of obtaining wanted information and facilitating studies."

These are the "big three," and they have been constructed with the personal touch of a master in the field of education. The same personality has been given to other buildings, especially the gym-

nasium, which Larson says is unique. It has been created for an intramural program, that is, for the use and service of the greater number since "the Gymnasium has new importance on the American Campus. . . ." Another building of interest to many is the unconstructed Fine Arts building. Larson, who seems somewhat interested in this particular building, expects this to be started in two or three years, all depending on demand. He adds that this is no minor college any more.

ONE GROUP of buildings as yet unconstructed is called the Humanities group. "The Literature and the Social Science Buildings are designed to accommodate a lecture room seating two hundred and a classroom group seating from thirty-five to seventy students each. . . . Careful study is being made of all developments in teaching facilities, lighting and ventilation to arrive at the best solution of faculty-student relations in class work. . . . There will be three Science Buildings. . . . These buildings call for very technical planning and will express their functions in simple architecture."

Song of Myself

I sing of myself

In tones melancholy. . .

Of a shattered life left

By fleeting folly

On the gray rocks of Reality,

Its corpse a symbol obscene

Of moral disintegration's totality,

Fruit of an illusive dream.

Of my lost treasures I sing

In a voice pregnant with grief,

Of my mind's mad product, chagrin;

For my soul is there no relief?

But of what good to sing

Of precious pearls I did bind

So foolishly on one weak string,

Never to replace, never to find!

—W. KENDALL NUNN

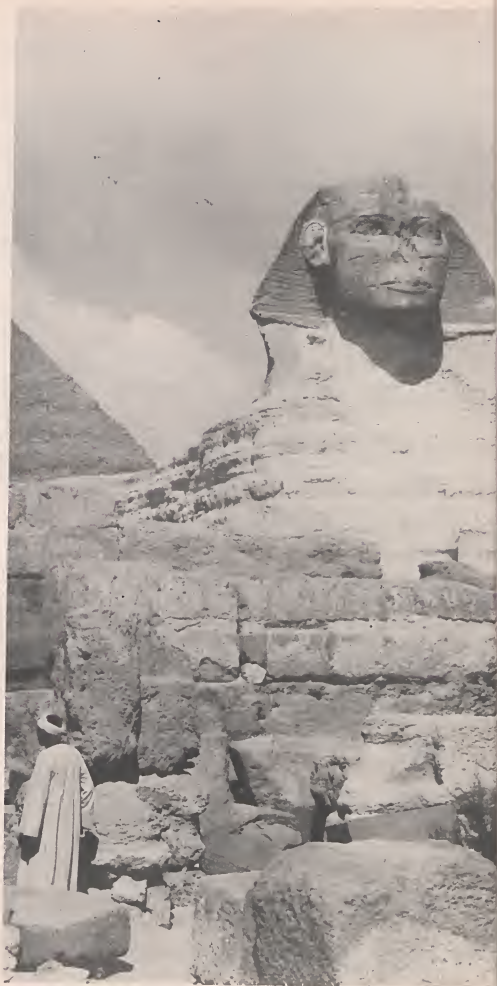
It is quite clear that Larson himself recognizes this institution as no minor college when he speaks of the future. When asked about the time of completion he was quick in his reply that a college is never done; it is always growing. The size of Wake Forest has been a common subject of discussion among many groups and Larson has his definite and well thought out views. Eventually, Wake Forest will accommodate five thousand students, three to three and a half thousand undergraduates and the rest in the graduate school yet to be established. This is somewhat different from the many large state universities that Larson thinks have problems because of their size. That the problem of size and number will be reduced for large colleges with the coming of junior colleges is an opinion of the man so respected in the field of education. This, of course, is a system long in use by the Baptists of North Carolina. Larson is clear in that he has no hand in determining the size of the school but seems to believe that the size will be determined, as will much else, by the demand.

In a recent conversation, Larson explained some matters that seem to be of

concern to many at the present. One is that of the position of the girls' dormitories. Rather than being off center as they now seem, they will really be nearer the center than those of the men when actual completion of the academic campus is reached. Why the particular buildings were chosen for early completion has also been explained. The three major buildings are the center of the college and of college life. It was essential that these and living quarters be first in construction and that they be completed. Thus none of these buildings can be added to; they are complete for the future. The presence of these particular buildings make possible operation of the school on this campus without necessary completion of every feature. Class buildings can be built later, and thus the college can grow and add when necessary without disrupting the scheme of the individual buildings or of the campus as a whole. This method of building an entirely new campus was thought out in connection with the Colby College in 1931. In 1944 the college was completed under this plan and Wake Forest is progressing in the same order.

And in the development of the campus here, there will be brought to realization an "extraordinary opportunity in higher education which will mean so much to Wake Forest College, Winston-Salem, and the State of North Carolina." And the guiding hand has been that of a man, Jens Frederick Larson, an architect and an artist, an artist who has created his masterpiece.

—C.H.R.



From Port Said on the Mediterranean Sea to Suez on the Red Sea there is a man-made waterway known since 1869 as the Suez Canal. It is one of the most important links in the world transportation. This canal is one hundred and three miles long and cost over 148 million dollars to construct. Although the idea had been considered many times before, it was left to a French engineer to finally form a company and begin construction in 1859. Ten years later a French yacht led a procession of ships in the opening ceremonies. The private company which began operation of the canal was given a concession which was to expire in 1968. On July 26, 1956, however, the country of Egypt nationalized the canal and assumed control from the company. If she is truly sovereign, Egypt feels, she is justified in such action provided she compensates the past owners for the nationalization. This action by Egypt, whose relations with Palestine are already causing world anxiety, is brave and somewhat surprising to the West. The immediate response is to blame Russia for the matter but all recognize that the countries of the near-east are on the move toward development and prestige. As a result of all this, President Nasser has become one of the most important men in the world today. NEWSWEEK describes him as dynamic, shrewd and ambitious. Taking over the country not long ago ruled by King Farouk he has said, "The British press charges I'm trying to build an empire?.. We can discuss that too if you want—but I will not discuss Egypt's sovereignty." This statement reveals the attitude of most of the Arab nations who are feeling their power. A Wake Forest student who visited the area this past summer gives his impression of these people and the country.

Suez: Summer 1956

FOR THREE weeks there was nothing but water and water and sun. The temperature rose to one hundred twenty degrees Fahrenheit. It was so hot that fifteen minutes after a small giant-size wave had roared across the aft deck the only remains to be seen were batches of hard sea-salt scattered in various corners and crevices.

The sea seemed to change colors as fanatically as a green leaf lizard—from the navy blue of the Gulf Stream to the untainted azure of the Mediterranean. On July 5, as the sun beat down vertically upon the gray hull of the Norwegian "Fensal," we espied what appeared to be another sea; the water seemed to change from a sky blue to a dirty green. At fourteen knots and two hours later, a huge sand barge loomed up before us. We had entered the harbor of Port Said, the gateway to the Middle East. Above midship a green flag with a white quarter moon was flying. After the pilot had taken his place on the bridge, we began to ease into the entrance of the Suez Canal. On either bank were rust-colored turrets topped by spheroidal vaults. Women sitting on rubbish heaps chipping hard cement off bricks plagues the bank.

This was the beginning of the Middle East, the coveted oil fields. This was Egypt. Egypt the ancient, the godhead of the bare, sandy Arab League, the future puppet state. A bare, sandy desert as far as the eye could reach, men clad in rags and women striving against nature with only nature as a tool; this was Egypt. Egypt, defying the Western bloc by playing it against the East. Egypt, the country that can never belong.

Egypt, a young camel standing between two great lions knowing that each one wants it for a meal, is hoping that the lions will fight and kill one another so that she can gather up the remains. She has either miscalculated or is willing to take a tremendous chance, for in this case the battle ground is more likely going to take place over the camel's carcass.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we were well into the Canal when Moses and his followers came aboard—fifty or sixty in number. This was not the same Moses who had led the Children of Israel across the Red Sea some years ago, although this particular Moses was eighty-four years old and had fifty sons and four daughters. (He did not say how many wives he had, although he did mention the fact that a good wife could be purchased for around two thousand dollars.) Moses, a merchant of the highest stratum of trade, has rights with every ship that uses the Suez. When one of his daughters becomes ill, he has a private plane flown from the United States with a certain medicine. You can be certain that Moses is the one out of a million—in Egypt, one out of nineteen million.

THE MEN who came aboard with Moses were of various character, but basically they were the same as men all over the world. They knew fear and, to conquer what they feared, they were willing to give their lives. Most of them spoke English fluently, which was not surprising since the American ships and American sailors are richer than those of the rest of the world. Nevertheless, next to the Israelis the Arabs hate the Americans

more than anyone else in the world.

If you are wondering if the Arabs are justified in disliking America, Americans, and America's resources, you must realize that when dealing with love and hate and man, reason is of little importance. Man does not need a good reason to love, nor does he need a good reason to hate. He practices them both as his nature demands. War is not any easier because it is started over love instead of hate. War is war, love is love, hate is hate and there is little distinguishing difference in the three. The only important thing that exists is what happens, not whether there is a reason for it or not, especially after it has already happened or is inevitably going to happen.

In this case there is a reason for the Arab viewpoint, and it is natural. Material and psychological aspects combine to form the growing Arab social-mind. It is the social force which is pushing the Arab world to her own death. This social force is the result of a materialistic psychology. Every people has its psychological climate. The Arab's is perfectly normal, but in the last decade a materialistic aspect has been added. This material force makes her realize that she now has great potential strength. This realization would have for centuries adapted their world view to a bare existence. The problem is that now they are unable to grasp the full strength of their potential. It is true that they realize the extent of their material resources, but what they fail to realize is that they are in no position to make war against the Western World or to trust the East, for it would take an imbecile to believe that the Union of Soviet Russia would

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18



Decisions are doubled for the college athlete even though he has much of his college life patterned for him between studies and grueling workouts. The greatest decision for him is if it will be worth it all. Not even a veteran of the squad can help here. . .



Its Problems and Pressures

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL



It takes the staff plus some to keep the "big boys" going all day until that last sentence in the English I theme has been written by a hand that at 6 p. m. was almost too tired to lift a fork.

Maybe if there is an ounce of energy left there will be a note home reading: Dear Mom, It's rough. Big place too, but I'm okay. Sometimes a fellow gets all mixed up about what's right to do and all the time you wonder what the coach and the other guys think of the way you play ball and whether or not they think you're tough enough to take it. . . .

It is difficult to overcome the "brawn" but no brains" idea that is attached to the athlete. In some ways the athlete loses some of his identity in his effort to be a good team member. Some girls think of football players as heroes, but every boy on the team hopes to meet a girl who will like him for just being himself. . . .



shut her eyes to two thirds of the world's oil resources. And it is a known fact that the Russians would have no use for the Arabs as a people, especially a people demanding independence proportional to wealth exceeds that of her deliverer.

Egypt does not actually hate. She has simply learned the essence of pride. She has realized her wealth.

The common Arab is told that he lives in one of the richest districts in the world and his pride swells. He then sees two rebuilt American destroyers, which now belong to Egypt and are virtually the extent of her navy, and he thinks that with these he can conquer the world. It is this shortsighted pride that is leading Egypt into dealings with Russia. She is acting like a child by looking only at the moment. Her primary goal is to dispel her socially superior Westerners—mainly the Americans, French, and English. The ill will that she has for Americans stems from the fact that she realizes that America represents the strength of the West.

Egypt is like a proud young man who has developed hate for the wealthy old lady who has done the most for him. He does not actually hate her, but her social position, which is so much a part of her that to destroy it would mean destroying her; therefore, although his hate is not directed toward her personally, it is so much a part of her that the two were inseparable. He resents what she has been able to give to him and that he is unable to return her kindness.

THIS IS the reason Egypt has always hated America, and also the reason why she has never before voiced her hate. But now that she realizes her potential, she is raising her voice in protest. She still hates America, because America represents an impasse to her social ambitions. It is possible that she did not even realize the symptoms, but they definitely existed. The Arab world has felt a social inequality since Alexander the Great defeated Darius III in the battle of Arbela. Her voice has been inaudible because until she recognized her potential resources, she had had to reconcile herself to the incontrovertible fact that she was materially inferior; therefore socially inferior. But now that she has learned that she is not only rich, but holds the life line to her social superior's prosperity, she is determined to be recognized as a nation in her own right.

SHE REALIZES the extent of her material resources without fully grasping the fact that the Western world not only has a greater potential in resources but has had for centuries to develop. The new rich Arab world hates anything that seems to stand in her way to realizing glory. American strength represents the force that can stop her. Russia is playing up to her whims. The fact is that the Russians themselves have never been a socially superior race. Russia is in a different time element; therefore, even if it were possible for the Arabs to defy the West successfully, the Russians are not to be feared until the time comes.

Whereas Nasser thinks of himself as playing a separate roll from the world descension movement, he is actually keeping a perfect rhythm. His part as the formidable foe of the world is about as ridicu-



THE YALE RECORD

lous as Little Charlie, an Arab, who tried to tell us that there were two million Egyptian soldiers standing prepared for war along the Suez Canal, when Egypt's army numbers only around three hundred thousand. Even Moses, who is looked up to by half of Egypt, asserted that for every Arab who died, twenty-one Americans would answer with their lives. This he asserted, without the slightest comprehension of how it would be carried out, for Egypt does not have access to the atomic bomb except through Russia, and

it is doubtful that Russia would endanger her position by strengthening a country for which she has plans of exploiting.

Nasser and the Arab world can do either of two things. They can conquer the world or do with Russia, as Italy did in the Second World War with Germany, become puppets. The former is preposterous but the latter is inevitable if she maintains her present day policies.

Perhaps the French and English could, and would, compromise their position in the Middle East, but they could not back out completely. The French built the Suez and the English bought controlling stock some years later. The Suez Canal is an entirely different situation from the colonialized countries. The Suez was legally built and operated by the French and English. Ever since it offered passage to the first ship, it has been run by the French and English as a business. Neither the French nor the English feel that they are taking unjustly when they retain control over something that they built and have operated for over a hundred years. The Canal also represents the maintenance of international social prestige, for England and France use 40% of the oil taken from the Middle East oil fields.

As children fight over an all important game of marbles that they will later deem childish, so a World War III is entirely possible.

Society cannot do an about-face over night, but it does yield to pressure. There has never been a war that had a definite purpose in itself, but it cannot be denied that wars change trends of society. As to whether wars change society for the good or worse is unimportant.

The Arabs who came aboard the "Fensal" were dirty and smelly, but they were proud. Whether or not they are justified in their ill will toward Westerners is immaterial. If a war should develop in the Middle East, it will not really matter whether their reasons for their actions or our reasons for our actions were good or not.

Even when we left the Canal, a Whale followed us.

—ROBERT FITZGERALD

ger
try

do
er
did
ny,
er-
in-
ld,
in
ck
ez
ck
n-
al-
ilt
sh.
rst
and
ch
ng
er
al-
er-
nd
he
nt
m
ly

er
re
te
ed
to
od

n-
re
and
r-
ne
er
or
le



Fiction . . .

Mac

THROUGH those last hot days that came in September I spent as much time as possible with Mac. Even though we scarcely talked about it, we both knew that soon he was going to leave and would probably never come back to Kenton. My school didn't start until the twenty-third, so I had almost the whole month for vacationing after having spent the first part of the summer working with my step-father at the paper.

I could get up every morning and say, "Nothing to do today but see Mac." But Mac was going away, probably even before I did. There was no reason for him to stay in town any more he said. Somehow I felt he added, "Especially since you won't be here." He never said that though; I just had the feeling he would have said it if he had been able to.

We didn't do anything much. Mac had quit his job at the grocery store, because he said they weren't paying him anything and since he was going away he could just loaf for a few weeks. Lots of people, including my step-dad, thought Mac had loafed too much.

"That boy's never coming to anything. How can he make anything of himself if he won't even help his poor old father?" My step-dad had once said as he talked to Mother.

Mac called his father a bastard and said there was nothing wrong with him but liquor and whores. I believed Mac and, once, when taking up for him I used the word "whore" as he had applied it to his father. Mother said since I was being sent away to prep school I could have chosen a better word. She suggested prostitute which made everybody laugh, so they forgot all about Mac and my taking up for him. Mother is funny like that sometimes. I knew she didn't approve of Mac but she didn't want me to be hurt by what anyone said.

Like I said, we didn't do much. Sometimes we went out to the lake and swam. On one afternoon we met Elizabeth Woods who lived next door to me. I had never liked her and when she started flirting with Mac, I guess I became pretty irritated. When we finally got away from her and were in the showers Mac said,

"That girl needs to learn a few tricks. Your next-door neighbor, Ronny old boy, acts as if she is ready to go on the streets. Or maybe, since I guess all you people on the Drive have money, she'll be hiring herself a gigolo."

I DIDN'T appreciate the remark about "you people on the Drive," but I was glad to hear how he felt about Elizabeth.

Mac wasn't like me when it came to girls. He was good-looking and realized it in an inoffensive way. He dated a lot sometimes and then would go for months without even looking at a girl.

"I'm just an animal, Ron," he once laughingly told me. "I have seasons of heat just like any bull."

Usually I would date Helen Murphy every Saturday night. She liked classical music and some other things I like and most girls don't. We usually went over to the Lake Drive-In or to a dance. Sometimes we'd neck a lot, and sometimes we'd do nothing but sit in the car drinking out of a bottle of bourbon I had sneaked out of the house. Sometimes we talked about, as she said, "going all the way." I guess we might have later on but she moved out to California or somewhere, and I've only received one letter from her since October.

Mac wasn't in one of these heat periods in early September and Helen moved away after the first Saturday night. So we had no interruptions from girls, though when we went out to Jerry's for a hamburger and a beer, we'd talk about how nice that wench in the blue shorts was or how did the wench in the bareback dress manage to walk with all that.

Through those two weeks I am afraid we didn't say much about anything. We seemed to be contented to play records, read Millay, drink, and ride around in the car. It was hot and it didn't rain once, so there seemed to be no incentive to any serious thought at all. Sometimes when I was lying in bed early in the morning, I would think today we'll talk seriously.

On the Friday before I had to be at school on Monday Mac came by, and I suggested we go down to the beach for one last fling.

I had to beg my step-dad, but he finally said it was my car and my money to do as I wanted. We had a cottage, though we hadn't used it but a few week-ends during the summer, because of rough going at the paper.

Mac had gone up to my room while I asked to go and when I returned he said, "They didn't bitch, did they, Ron? I

don't want you to get in to any trouble because of me."

I went over to the record player and put on the "Surprise" Symphony and sat down on the floor beside the player. For some reason I was mad because they had bitched and he knew they did. It made me, I thought, pretty much of a kid in that I had to take it away from my parents about the friends I had chosen.

Mac came over and sat cross-legged opposite me. "... Damn, did I say something I shouldn't?" he asked.

I KICKED him on the kneecap and said, "No, you idiot. No, they didn't say anything. Why should they? As a matter of fact they gave me a couple of bottles of bourbon." I was lying, but the bottles would be easy to get out of the house.

"Well, I'll go home and get some things and meet you here in about an hour," he said.

"No sense in your walking way over here, take the car or I'll just come by after you. It's right on the road to the beach anyway," I said. I'd never been to Mac's house and, for some reason, this seemed to be the perfect time to see in the house. I didn't mean to pry or anything like that. I was just curious about how he lived.

Mac hesitated for a moment and then said, "Well, uh, but maybe you'd better wait more than an hour. I've got to get some things downtown for the old man."

Two hours later I drove up in front of his house. It was a large house that had once been white but was now streaked by soot and rain scars. A tall weeping willow was standing in front of the porch, so the walk was made to curve around it.

The windows on the second floor were all open but those on the first were closed and the green shades were pulled down.

I got out of the car and walked up to the front door. There was no doorbell or knocker. I knocked on the door with my fist and waited. Soon I heard someone coming down the stairs. Mac opened the door. He was smiling a sort of uneasy smile.

"Come on in, Ron boy, see how the other half lives," he said, laughing. "And pardon the state of undress." He was wearing only his shorts.

I came in and followed him up the brown staircase to his room which was at the top of the stairs. There didn't seem to be anyone else at home.

Mac's room was in disarray. A large four poster bed was unmade and covered with old clothes and boxes. Books were all over the floor, most of them open about halfway. There were old calendars on the

flowered wallpaper, pictures of girls in various states of undress on the chifonier, and a collection of Rouault prints I had given him for Christmas on the back of the closet door. There were several bottles of wine, each about three-fourths empty sitting in corners on the old red rug.

The room was what you might call bohemian, like maybe something Truman Capote would describe in one of his novels. The whole thing seemed to suit Mac and wasn't at all like it would be at my house where it would seem like bogus. Not that Mac was bohemian in any real sense, like people are supposed to be in Paris or Greenwich village. He wasn't artistic, because he didn't write or play the piano or paint. But despite the fact he had just graduated from high school in June, he was well-read and knew a lot about plays on Broadway and things like that. Yet he also has a real interest in football, because he had been his high school's co-captain last year.

I sat down on the bed after clearing away some socks. "You know, it's funny that I've known you for two years, Mac, and this is the first time I've ever been over at your house."

"Yeah, I guess that is rather funny," he said as he stuffed his swim trunks into a canvas bag, "but there was never any occasion before, though."

I started to answer something about how there could have been when someone knocked on the door.

Mac looked up from the bag and said, "Yeah, who is it?"

A woman's voice answered him from behind the door, "It's me, Mac, Jo."

"What the hell. . . ." Mac started to say something but got up and opened the door. He didn't seem to care that he was only wearing shorts.

A tall, fat woman walked in. She was wearing a dirty chenille robe under which there was obviously nothing. Her yellow hair was streaked by grey and the top of her head was in rollers.

"I just wanted to meet your friend, Mac," she said and turned to me. "Mac ain't a great one for bringing his friends around, especially his friends with nice cars. Is that your car?"

I had stood up when she came in. I stood awkwardly in front of the bed and answered her, "Yes, ma'm, it is my car."

She started to say something else, but Mac broke in and said, "This is Ron Highton, Jo, and this is a sort of step-mother of mine, Jo Martin."

"You're Charlie Highton's son, then. I

used to know him real well. Who'd your ma remarry?" she asked.

I felt embarrassed that she had known my father. I answered, "Mother married Clyde Stamey four years ago. He owns the paper." I don't know why I added that last remark except I wanted to get away from this woman who was so familiar. I wanted her to know I was better than she was.

"Let's go, Ron," Mac said looking embarrassed but not upset by her remarks.

I said good-bye and she told me to come around sometimes after school even if Mac had gotten into his head to go to New York or someplace. I told her I went away to school which made her frown and look sort of funny at Mac.

We went straight down the stairs and out of the door to the car. I hadn't seen Mac's father but I guessed he was somewhat of an invalid, even if he were a bastard like Mac said.

Mac drove the car the four miles to the beach in almost complete silence, though now and then he would whistle "Love Me or Leave Me" or "Sous les Ciel de Paris." They were his favorite songs.

I wanted to talk about Jo and the statement of "sort of step-mother" but I didn't dare. He seemed to have forgotten the whole thing.

I did say to him, "I like your house, Mac. It's real nice in an odd sort of way. It kind of reminds me of the ones we saw in New Orleans last Christmas." He only smiled for an answer.

When we arrived at the beach we parked the car in front of the cottage and looked out at the sea. "Clair de Lune" was on the radio, so we just sat there for a few minutes until it was over. Suddenly I had the desire not to say anything about families or his going away or my going away. I only wanted to swim and raise a quiet sort of hell.

We unpacked the car and made up two beds in the cottage. Then we put on our trunks and went down to the water. It was pretty cold, for the sun was already beginning to set. We went in anyway.

We swam around for a while and then lay on our backs and floated. I remembered a line from Whitman and quoted it, the one about the young pushing their white bellies to the sun. Mac laughed and said that there was no woman watching us from a window, so we didn't have to act sexy.

My teeth began to chatter, so I suggested we go in and fix something to eat. He was sort of reluctant but came anyway.

As we walked back up towards the

house, Mac said, "I guess there will be no more swims after this week end. And then after this week end, I don't know when we'll have any more swims. Maybe in Zanzibar like we always said."

I didn't know how to answer, so I just smiled at our old Joke about Zanzibar. He put his hand on my shoulder, and I decided not to try to bring up anything more. I just sort of cancelled everything but the reality of the next two days.

We fried the chicken Mother had fixed for us and drank two cans of beer a piece. We washed the dishes then went out on the porch.

There was a half-moon over the ocean and a lot of clouds racing out to it. The ocean looked phosphorescent.

Mac sat down on the porch rail and said, "On a night like this, Ron, we need some wenches, some real sexy wenches."

I nodded and sat down in the rocking chair. I thought of poor old Helen and her horn-rimmed glasses.

After a while I got up and mixed some bourbon and coke in paper cups. I put an LP on the portable and carried the drinks back out on the porch. Mac was still sitting on the railing looking at the moon. He took the drink from me without turning around. I straddled the railing and took a long drink from the cup.

"You know, when I was a kid I used to look at that moon and swear that one day I'd go to it. Of course, I got out of that idea, but now, tonight, I have that old feeling of wanting to go." He thought for a few moments and then said, "No, maybe it's impossible to go to the moon, but I mean I want to go somewhere as far as the moon."

I had never heard him talk like this before. When he had first mentioned going away in July he had just said he wanted to go to get a better job and maybe go to college later on.

I waited for him to say something else but he didn't. He just took several big swallows of the bourbon and threw the cup out on the sand.

Finally I suggested going over to the movies. That's not what I wanted to do, yet I couldn't think of anything else to do or say. Mac nodded O.K., though I could tell he wasn't enthused or even had the slightest desire to go.

We listened to the radio as we drove over. When we got into town we decided to go see "Moulin Rouge" again. I guess I enjoyed the movie but it was sort of sad, especially the music. It reminded me that I was sad without admitting it. "C'est avril de nouveau" the song said and I

BOWMAN GRAY STADIUM



"Better get some sleep tonight Joe . . . Wake Forest will be watching the game from here tomorrow."

thought how Millay considered April a deceiver.

After the movie we got another beer and then drove back out to the cottage. We went straight to bed. In the middle of the night I had to get up because the bourbon and beer hadn't mixed well with me. Mac was sleeping and I tried to be very quiet so I wouldn't disturb him. As I came back to bed, feeling a little better, Mac met me in the hallway.

"Hey, I didn't know what happened to you. Are you sick?"

"Just a little," I said embarrassed.

"I wish you'd learn to hold your liquor, Ron boy, or not drink at all. Yeah, that's what I wish. I wish you wouldn't drink at all," he said, almost tenderly.

We went back into the bedroom and after a few minutes of standing at the window breathing the salt air, I lay down on the bed and soon was asleep leaving Mac still looking out the window.

The next morning Mac woke me up by pouring ice water in my face.

I jumped up and yelled, "What the devil. . ."

"Now, now, my boy, no vulgarity this early in the morning. You needed something to shock you into sobering up, you little sot," he laughed as I got up and put on a pair of dungarees.

He had already cooked breakfast. We ate the ham and eggs and talked about what we'd do this Saturday. All the melancholy of yesterday seemed to be completely forgotten.

We spent the morning in the water though it was almost as cold as it had been the day before.

"Fall even comes to this part of the South," Mac said, acting as if he were a poet declaiming.

We ate a late lunch and spent the rest of the afternoon sunbathing on the beach. I was supposed to have done twelve hundred pages of reading for the summer and had only completed about six hundred. I was reading aloud from "The Orestes" or rather trying to—I had to squint because of the sun and should have been wearing my glasses anyway.

I read where Clytemnestra says, "But if you have in hand some graver matter, that is man's work, to whom we shall impart it." Mac looked up and said, "Hell, I wish I had some man to impart my troubles to." He laughed then but I had a feeling he was talking about his father. I closed the book and put it over my eyes. I just refused to think about it. Soon I was asleep. When I awoke Mac was gone and my watch showed that it was almost

five. I got up and went to the house.

As I approached I saw that Mac was sitting on the porch talking to a long limbed girl in a bathing suit. I had never seen her before, though she kind of reminded me of a girl I had dated one week-end last year at school. Her hair was down in her eyes because of the wind and I guess she was pretty sexy looking. She smiled as I came up the steps.

"This is the owner of this chateau, Belle," Mac said.

"Hi, Ronny," she smiled again.

"Hi," I said. For some reason I felt awkward and unsure of myself. The girl obviously liked me or she wouldn't have smiled. I told myself, but I still felt uneasy. Maybe it was because Mac was sitting off looking at us as though he had planned for me to feel awkward.

"I invited Belle to go with us to dinner, Ron boy. We'll go over to that new Italian place," Mac said.

I said, "Sure. Good plan. Nice to have some feminine company even we have to share it." They both laughed at this.

Mac drove Belle back to her cottage while I showered and changed clothes.

When he came back he said, "You don't mind, do you Ron? She's really quite a looker, and you know I feel that heat rising again." For some reason I blushed at this, though I had never done so before.

On the way over to her cottage Mac told me how she had walked by and they had started talking. He had offered her a drink and she had accepted. That's how they wound up on the front porch. I wondered why I hadn't awakened but didn't say so.

Belle, that was her real name, was a secretary to a law firm over in the neighboring town of Oaktown. She had already graduated from high school and gone to Business School for a year. Mac seemed to be impressed at this for some reason.

Mac went in and got her by himself though he asked me to go with him. I had the feeling I might be intruding on the whole affair. But it was too late now to back out.

She was smiling even more than she had been and as we rode along she complimented me on my car and said she understood my father owned THE HERALD which she read. I said it was my step-father. I don't remember whether I said it curtly or not; I don't think I meant to, but after I said it she shut up.

Mac cut the radio up very loud and soon we were all three singing "Singing in the Rain." I began to think after the first few minutes of awkwardness were

over that the night was not going to be so bad after all. Still it wasn't exactly what I had planned.

There were a few people at the little Italian place, Luca's, I think it was called. The season was over and only the people from the near-by towns came to enjoy the last of the warm weather. Luca's was naturally pseudo-Italian with checkered table cloths, candles, and bread sticks. It was pleasant enough though, especially the Neapolitan music that was playing. We were shown a back booth. Mac sat down beside Belle and I sat facing them. For a moment, despite the fact there was still not a friendly atmosphere at all or maybe I should say there was a strained feeling, I had that old feeling of Mac being a sort of father, but now Belle was added. I could not think of her, a girl in Bermuda shorts, as a mother.

After ordering spaghetti and Rhine wine, we talked about the season's closing. Belle, it seems, had spent a great deal of time at the beach with her employer. She gave a funny sort of laugh when I asked her were they engaged or anything like that. She asked me how old I was. Mac didn't say much through the whole meal but looked at Belle a lot and ordered a second bottle of wine.

I insisted on paying the check because I knew Mac didn't have much money and he would need it when he went away. Walking out to the car I realized that the next day would be the last day. We wouldn't even have all of that. I had promised to be back early in the afternoon in order to pack the rest of my things.

The moon was out again though out towards the sea there was lightning. We rode along at about seventy miles an hour. The radio was playing some rock-and-roll music. I began to feel drowsy from the wine and heavy food. I was empty, too, in my mind; I couldn't think only feel a sort of deadening nausea. I soon noticed Mac was looking white and running his hand over Belle's arm.

Mac drove back to the cottage and, without speaking, we all got out and went up on the porch. "Fix us some drinks, Ron. We all need a drink," Mac said as he sat down in the rocking chair.

I went into the kitchen and poured drinks. When I came back on the porch, Belle was sitting in Mac's lap. I was embarrassed but I gave them their drinks and made some nasty joke I had heard about the old maid necking.

I sat down on the steps, my back turn-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

TIME

We live for the splendor of another day,
For the new coated sky
Tarnished in red, as it lay,
Not moving, just standing by.

Each tree like a star
Representing some edifying kind
Of good-will afar
Is the goal of perfection we strive to find.

We seek a new world,
But still of this earth;
A new type pearl. . .
A new kind of worth.

Bring nothing back,
But bring anew,
For we only lack
That which we never knew.

—Robert Fitzgerald

PLIGHT

Behold the unborn man
The man who never was
Whose strange desire, a funeral pyre
Was there, yet never was
He waits, the unborn man

But what is left for him
And others of his kind
When fire is gone, yet on and on
It taunts this man, mankind
And who shall pray for him

Life, the long, short wait
Which men cannot endure
And fires and pyres and strange desires
Are one, the same, endure
Each must wait, must wait

—Bill Heins

POEMS

REFLECTING MAN

What are some men
That they walk
The fertile land
Seeing sky, earth, life. . .
Seeing but not seeing?
That they are warmed
By the light of life,
And say, "Hell, it's hot!"?
That they see a
Miracle, and say,
"Damn, it's raining!"?
That they toil
Till death, only to sustain life?
That die, never asking,
Never knowing why?

—Lamar Robinson

ed to them. I drank the bouillon then got up and fixed some more drinks. They continued to neck and I made drink after drink. About twelve we were all pretty high and I had even lost my feeling of not wanting to think. I couldn't think.

Then Mac suggested we all go in the water. Belle said it would be impossible since she had no swim suit. I told her mother had one in the bedroom she could use. We all got into our suits and ran down to the ocean though it was already beginning to rain by this time.

"What the hell," Mac said, "What the hell, water's water."

The water was dark and it crashed on the surf with a roar so at first I hesitated to go in. Mac had already run in, pulling Belle with him. Noticing my hesitation he came back out and took me by the arm and pulled me in, too.

The water was icy and the rain was coming down even harder. Belle was screaming but Mac wouldn't let her out. The sea seemed to be swallowing up everything in me, but I was still frightened by the strong undertow that kept pulling me further out. With some difficulty I managed to swim back to the shore. Belle finally managed to get free of Mac's grip and came out too. Mac stayed in the water though I yelled at him.

Belle sat down on the sand, despite the rain that was by now a storm. I tried to get her to come with me to the house but

she started crying and told me to go to hell and leave her alone. Mac came out of the water then as I started to turn away.

He picked Belle up and carried her up to the house. He didn't look at me. I followed them to the porch and when I got to the rocking chair I sat down out of exhaustion even though it was raining on the porch too. I couldn't feel anything except the urge to go to sleep far away from Belle and Mac.

When the thunder became deafening I got up and went in the house. I went into the bathroom and dried myself off with the towels Belle and Mac had used. Then I vomited on the floor and thought about what Mac had said about not drinking. I wouldn't any more I told myself.

I went out to the kitchen expecting, I guess, to find them there; but they weren't. From the bedroom I heard Belle crying and I knew what I had closed out in my mind was happening. For some reason I felt relieved. Mac was an animal and he was having an animal passion in the next room. I tried to stop from crying but couldn't help myself. I went into the livingroom and lay down on the couch repeating, "the damn animal, the damn animal."

When I awoke Mac was sitting beside me in the dark. At first I did not understand where I was or even who Mac was. The storm had passed and through the window I could see the stars shining over the ocean. I was cold, though the window was closed. It's finally fall I thought

without knowing why it was fall.

I remembered what I had gone to sleep saying and realized the animal was sitting beside me looking at me. I was not afraid as I had feared I would be.

When Mac realized I was awake he said, "I'm sorry about tonight, Ron boy. It just wasn't the liquor you know. It was something that's really bad in me."

I know I should have said, "No, no that's not it." I wanted to, because he was sensitive and understanding, not at all bad, but I didn't because I wanted to be rid of Mac and all the Macs.

He continued to talk without my answering. "But then what can you expect from a lazy bastard like me. I'm going to New York but I don't know what I'll do. Probably nothing. What can you expect from me though, I mean with Dad and everything."

I felt a warm glow of sympathy flow over me but it was tainted with the thought, "Stop feeling sorry for yourself, stop making excuses." I wanted to say something yet I felt myself unable to speak.

Mac got up and walked to the door. As he opened it he said "I'll be seeing you." He slammed the door after him.

I wanted to tell him to come back. I even got up and went to the door. I saw him walking up the beach towards Belle's cottage.

I once heard he got to New York, but he never wrote me.

—J.D.M.

Almost everyone at home will read

THE STUDENT . . .

if you buy a subscription today.

SEVEN ISSUES \$2.50

October Review

FRANÇOIS Sagan is only twenty. She seems to have all the sophisticated airs, prejudices, and curious notions common to youth and especially common to young people who have lived in indifferent, yet endearing, cities like her native Paris. Because she published her first novel two years ago, at an age when most American students were just leaving high school, there has been much written about her and much said about her and the way of life she depicted. In that novel, *"Bonjour Tristesse"*, Mlle. Sagan's Cecile was not only bored and sophisticated but also unscrupulous. Not that the unscrupulousness was psychopathic; it was shown as far too natural for that. Of course, maybe all adolescents like to think they are resting comfortably and safely in their bed of neurosis.

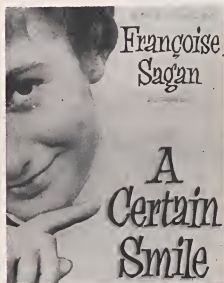
Bonjour Tristesse was a sensational best-seller. It generally received good reviews because the writing was charming and detached, and everyone wants to ally himself with a Cecile who can say, "This is boring; let's do something different; let's be vaguely happy at least." People, especially those Americans who *know* they are bourgeois, want to think of life in such a detached, existentialist way. Frustratingly enough, though perfectly natural, they are unable to do so. The bourgeois, with families and money problems, cannot afford to have mistresses or to sit in the Rue Saint Jacques and discuss philosophy.

If newspapers and magazine articles about her are to be believed, Mlle. Sagan is a delightful person, a natural actress, an advocate of suicidal driving, and a devout bohemian. The way she dresses has been discussed in detail as has her purchase of each new sports car.

A Certain Smile is her new book. Everyone is debating whether or not it is better than *Bonjour Tristesse*. Some say that it is more mature; some say it is only the other novel with a less contrived plot but with the same characters and same air. One reader even advanced the theory that the most noticeable thing in this book is the impression that she had her first sexual affair between the two books.

The plot of the novel is the eternal triangle. There is no new twist to the story. A young girl is in love with an attractive older man who is happily married. When Dominique first meets Luc she says to her-

self: "He is the kind of man who seduces young girls like me." This does not at all upset her. Though she has been seeing Luc's nephew, Bertrand, for a long time and he is in love with her, she wants to have an affair with this older man—she wants a man instead of a boy. She does not want to lose Bertrand though, for she realizes she needs him, though she has no real love for him: "Trust, esteem and tenderness were not to be despised, and I thought very little about passion." She also has no desire to hurt Françoise, Luc's wife, who shows a great deal of kindness to her. Dominique is essentially a humble person; indeed, she seems wrapped up in her unimportance.



Finally after seeing each other often, Dominique and Luc go away to the Riviera for two weeks of passion. Here Dominique discovers that she is in love with him, and he is not in love with her. Therefore, after a fashion, she is happy in the way romantics are happy about unrequited love. Life seems miserable because all living has to be done for the next moment when the beloved can be seen. This is especially true of Dominique, who likes to be left alone and do things as she pleases.

The inevitable discovery by Françoise shatters the love affair, though for a while Dominique pretends that Luc will come back. And then the discovery she makes in her mind, after waiting so long, is that the discovery of the affair is not so much the cause of the break-up as is Luc's lack

of interest.

Dominique cannot go back to her old pillar of strength, Bertrand, because he has had the good sense to break up their affair. And Alain, her latest pet, is merely analytical. Yet, with an innate sophistication which is closely connected with common sense, she wakes up one morning hearing Mozart and feeling happy though a few moments later she knows she is alone again.

So goes the story of Dominique's first affair. Vaillant once said, "Love is what happens between two lovers." This thing, *that*, has happened to Dominique and now she can go on to more of *that*.

It is hard to believe that girls act this way, even "little existentialist girls from one of the cafes around Saint-Germain-des-Pres." This book is from a very young writer, though who has the right to think they do, to act as if they did.

Among those young people who aspire to know and to participate in the arts there is a certain feeling that they have a right to be a little pretentious. Perhaps they do. And since the book is written in a charming manner and is not depressing in the way *Bonjour Tristesse* was, the book makes a pleasant afternoon even if one does smile a certain smile after the two hours of reading.

...

Last spring this reviewer was asked to write a book column which would discuss several current works as well as giving news from the world of books. This was done for the last issue; previously two or three people had written short reviews.

Whether or not reviews should be left in the hands of one person is debatable. It is difficult for one person's reading tastes to be a gauge for literary value. Even with suggestions from the editors and others and a real desire to be as objective as possible, prejudices will necessarily govern choice of books to be reviewed and comments on them.

This month only one book is discussed. In future issues (most of the time) more than one book will be reviewed and pertinent comments will be made on writers, writing, readers, and reading. Occasionally there will be guest reviews.

—J. D. M.

WELCOME

to Winston-Salem

FACULTY and STUDENTS

of

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

*A Friendly Greeting Awaits
You at the*



W. Fourth St. at Marshall



On the Campus

QUALITY MEN'S WEAR

"Ben Wants to See You"



CUSTOM-MADE HATS

CAMPUS DELIVERY

Returned

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

behind him. He walked slowly into the kitchen and sat down at the table.

Linda brought the fish to the table and sat down. Claude helped himself and sat in silence, forgetting to listen to his wife's gossip. He remained sitting bent over his plate, tearing the rich flesh from the fish as she fell silent. The only sound in the room was the noise made by the cars passing on the highway beyond the mill and the clash of their forks on the plates. Several times Claude felt Linda's eyes on him, and knew that he should speak and explain his silence, but he could find nothing to say. He decided he would wait until he had finished eating, and then calmly announce that he was going out with Hank tonight.

When he had nothing left on his plate but a pile of bones he sat up and pushed his chair back from the table. He wiped the back of his hand across his mouth and started to get up.

"Don't you want nothing else?" Linda was looking at him. "You didn't eat enough for a baby."

"No, I ain't too hungry. I ate something up town." Claude was impatient, fishing for an opening.

"You ain't sick, are you?" she asked.

"No, I feel okay." He paused for a moment, then stood up. "Well, guess I'll go uptown and shoot some pool or something," he said.

Linda looked up at him and smiled. "Oh no you don't," she said. You promised you'd take me to see that new movie tonight."

Claude tried to smile back. "I know, honey, but I met Hank uptown this afternoon and we . . ."

"Hank Bottom?" Linda asked the question sharply, the smile gone from her face.

"Yeah, honey. Hank."

"Claude, you know you promised me you wouldn't have nothing to do with that Hank Bottom. Every time you've ever been with him he's gotten you into trouble."

Claude felt himself growing angry. "Hank ain't ever gotten anybody in trouble. Any trouble I got into I got into myself."

Linda looked at him with a pleading expression. "But, honey, you promised me when we got married. . ."

"Hell," he interrupted her, "it's just like Hank said. You've already started telling me what to do." He felt a sudden need to get out, before she started crying.

"We'll go to the show tomorrow night," he said as he turned away and started into the dining room. "If I'm back," he added. He had felt a sudden desire to hurt her.

A few minutes later Claude parked his Ford in front of the poolroom and slid out. He pushed his way through the screen door and into the crowded front room. The air was greasy with the smell of frying hamburgers, and the noise of everyone trying to talk above the sound of the juke-box made the walls seem to close on Claude. He walked over to the counter, one end of which was pushed up against a plywood partition separating this room from the one in the back. Gus was standing behind the counter over his grill, perspiring profusely although he wore only a pair of cotton pants and a t-shirt over his heavy body. Claude shouted to him and he turned around. When he saw Claude he wiped his hands on his apron and walked to the counter, a grin of recognition on his face. He bent over and put his head close to Claude's face so he could hear him over the noise in the room.

Claude jerked his thumb toward the partition. "Hank still back there?" he asked.

Gus straightened up and nodded. Claude turned and started back toward the door. He heard Gus shout to him and when he looked back Gus held up a cold bottle of Budweiser. "Weddin' present," he said. Claude went back and took the bottle with a nod. He drained it and set it back on the counter, nodded to Gus again and walked through the door into the room with the tables.

All six tables were taken, and the wooden bench running along the wall for the length of the room was covered with spectators. On the last table Hank's game was just breaking up, and Hank was arguing with Bill Davis, hands gesticulating violently as he described a shot. Claude waited until Hank looked up and then motioned to him. He looked surprised when he saw Claude, and leaned his stick against the table and started toward the front of the room. Claude watched him swagger down the length of the room and knew he must have had a good night. Hank walked up with a wide grin. He

reached into his pocket and dug out a freshly opened pack of Camels and tossed one to Claude. He stuck one in his mouth and shook his head. "Man, I was good tonight. Won twenty-five bucks. Damn if I feel like goin' home now and givin' it to the old woman." He lit the cigarette, then peered at Claude through a cloud of smoke. "What're you doin' here — your wife send you out on an errand?"

Claude grinned. "Not this time. I got kinda tired of sittin' around the house, so I thought I'd come and see if you had somethin' planned for tonight. Thought maybe we could pick up some lightnin' and get up a game of black-jack."

Hank looked interested. "You got your car?" When Claude nodded Hank grinned and said, "I was beginning to wonder how long it was gonna take you to wake up." He grabbed Claude's arm and started toward the door. Then he stopped and looked back toward the rear.

"Wait a minute. I don't think Bill's doin' much tonight. Never knew him to turn down a game yet."

Claude waited while Hank hurried back to Bill's table. Hank drew Bill aside from the group of high-school kids he was shooting with and spoke to him for a moment. Bill nodded and motioned with his head toward the pool table. Hank walked back to where Claude stood.

"He'll be ready to go in a few minutes. He's trying to take a bunch of kids. We can wait for him in the car. It's hot as hell in here."

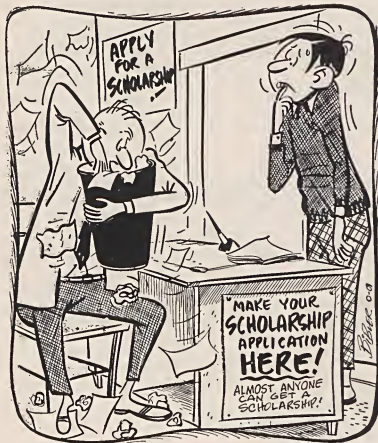
They walked back through the crowded front, nodded to Gus, and strode out into the night. The sidewalks were deserted and the only sounds came from within the poolroom. Claude opened the car door when Bill came running up behind them.

"It's a good thing you all asked me to come along," he panted. "Them kids was pickin me clean." He waited for Hank and Claude to climb into the front seat and then slid in on the outside, beside Hank. "Where're we goin'?" he asked Hank.

Hank shrugged, and Claude started the motor. He backed the car out into the street and jerked it into low. He stamped hard on the accelerator and the little car jumped ahead, its tires screaming on the asphalt.

Bill glanced toward Claude and grinned. "What you got under that hood?"

Claude shoved the car into high. "Nothing much," he said. They picked up speed as they sped through the Negro section of town, out on the highway, and as the



THE STUDENT

"Why, yes - I have your application here somewhere."

Calendar

- OCT. 5-25 Four Centuries of European Drawings
Winston-Salem Public Library Exhibit
- OCT. 11-12 Inter-Faith Forum
Woman's College, Greensboro
- OCT. 11 Organ Dedication, E. Power Biggs
Wake Forest College Chapel
- OCT. 12 Dedicatory Service
Wake Forest College Chapel
- OCT. 13 Mark Ryder and Emily Frankel, Dance Drama
Woman's College, Aycock Auditorium, Greensboro
- OCT. 16 Louis Untermeyer, Concert-Lecture Series
Wake Forest College Chapel
- OCT. 16 Navy Band, Civic Music Series
Greensboro
- OCT. 22 Opera Theatre, Civic Music Series
Greensboro
- OCT. 25-26 Social Science Forum
Woman's College, Greensboro
- OCT. 26 Swedish Male Chorus, Civic Music Series
Reynolds Auditorium, Winston-Salem
- OCT. 29-Nov. 3 "The Innocents", College Theatre
Wake Forest College Library
- OCT. 31 Winston-Salem Symphony with Clemens Sandresky
Reynolds Auditorium, Winston-Salem
- Nov. 5-8 Penick Lectures
Woman's College, Greensboro
- Nov. 14 Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Civic Music
Reynolds Auditorium, Winston-Salem
- Nov. 12-17 "The Crucible", (by Arthur Miller)
Winston-Salem Little Theatre

town limits flashed by the window he pressed his foot harder on the gas. He played with the white line on the highway, letting it disappear under the left front fender and began to feel good. He shoved the accelerator the rest of the way down and watched the speedometer needle swing past the hundred mark.

"Slow down, damn it." Hank was staring angrily at him, his face white. "You want to kill us before we even get started?"

Claude eased his foot off and the roar of the wind outside the car died. He relaxed the grip of his sweating hands on the steering wheel. He felt Hank's elbow in his side, and glanced toward him.

"Turn left at this filling station up here," Hank said. Claude nodded and found the brake pedal with his foot. He turned into a narrow rutted road and fol-

lowed it up to a farmhouse. The house was large and decayed, the huge old front porch sagging in the middle. The headlights reflected off unpainted weather board and a few broken windowpanes stuffed with newspaper and cloths.

CLAUDE stopped the car beside the house and Hank crawled out over Bill. He looked back into the car and told Claude to turn off the headlights.

Two large dogs came racing around the side of the house, barking loudly. Hank crouched down and whistled. The dogs stopped short and watched him, no longer barking. Then they began wagging their tails and whining to be petted.

As Hank began scratching the dogs behind the ears a large man in faded blue overalls stepped around the side of the house. He peered at Hank, squinting in

an effort to see him in the moonlight.

Hank looked up. "Howdy, Carter," he said. He raised from his crouch and nodded slightly.

Carter watched him suspiciously. "That Hank?" he said. "My eyes ain't as good as they used to be." He watched Hank as he walked closer, then let his shoulders slouch in relief as he recognized him. "You don't know who's gonna come drivin' up into your yard nowadays," he said apologetically.

They talked for a few moments in low tones, then Carter nodded. They walked around the corner of the house together, the dogs following at their heels.

As the two men disappeared around the corner Claude relaxed, stretching his body out and letting his head fall back against the seat. He watched the sheet of lightning flickering in the sky in front of him and felt his eyes grow weary. He heard Bill light a cigarette beside him and sink back against the springs to wait. He tried not to think of Linda, alone in their house.

Hank walked quickly around the side of the house, holding a gallon jar in his right hand. He waited for Claude to straighten up then slid into the front seat beside Bill. "I got a gallon," he said. "You guys owe me some money."

Claude started the car and turned back down the little dirt road to the highway. When he reached the highway he turned on his headlights and looked over toward the other two.

"Anybody know where we're going?" he asked.

Hank shrugged. Bill threw his cigarette out the window and said, "Might's well go to my place. Ain't nobody but me livin' there. Just turn left onto the highway. I'll show you how to get there."

Claude drove out onto the highway. Hank looked at him. "Don't be in such a damned hurry this time. If we get caught now we're in trouble." Claude grunted and settled back in the seat.

After they had gone several miles they turned left off the highway onto a wide dirt road, and then onto a narrow trail disappearing away into the woods. A few hundred yards up this road they came to a clearing, and the headlights picked out Bill's house. It was little more than a shack built out of second-grade lumber which had never seen a coat of paint, weathered until it blended in with the Spanish moss hanging from the large live oaks surrounding the clearing. Claude stopped the car in front of the house and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

On The Campus . . .

Louis Untermeyer

Louis Untermeyer will appear here next Tuesday evening as a guest of the Concert-Lecture Committee. His program marks the first in this year's series of concerts and lectures. He will appear on this program as a lecturer, but this is only one of his many activities. He is a poet, editor, critic and an anthologist. (One of his books is an anthology of modern poetry used in one of Wake Forest's English courses.)

Before making himself known in contemporary literature, where he has acquired a prominent position, he appeared as a semi-professional pianist and later as a successful business man in his father's jewelry manufacturing establishment. But after two years of study abroad, he retired and devoted himself entirely to literature.

A native of New York, Untermeyer was born in 1885. His early schooling was, as he says, "fitful and erratic." He has boasted that he was the least educated writer in America. But any fault in his education has not affected his success in today's world of literature. He has lectured in every state of the Union except one and has conducted seminars at various universities where he was "poet in residence."

Untermeyer divides his own works into four kinds; his poetry, parodies, translations and his prose. His first great declaration came with *Challenge* in 1914 which included such poems as "Prayer" and "Caliban in the Coal Mines."

It is in "Prayer" that this beautiful line is found: "Give me the heart to fight—and lose." Very famous are these words from "Caliban."

God, if You wish for our love,
Fling us a handful of stars!

Untermeyer totals the volumes of prose and verse that he has written, compiled or edited at more than fifty, thus justifying his description as one of the great names in contemporary literature.

E. Power Biggs

A tall, well-built, black-haired man with the square cut jaw of a boxer and a quietly genial manner, called "Biggsie" by his friends, will be a visitor tonight to the Wake Forest campus. The man is E. Power Biggs, noted concert organist and Bach interpreter, here to dedicate the new organ in Wait Chapel. In recent years he has caused a rebirth of the organ as an important instrument simple, purer style of Bach's own day.

Since 1942 Biggs has been giving recitals over the Columbia Broadcasting System on the famous Baroque organ in the Germanic Museum at Harvard University. Chiefly through this medium he has not only effected a renewal of interest in the organ, but also has begun a movement to change organ methods. Biggs disapproves of the still prevalent 19th Century fashion which called for bigger and boomier organs. With the creed that "authenticity is best in both organ and performance" he has dedicated himself to the baroque style—the in the music world.

Dissatisfied with the average organ program of church selections, transcriptions, and show pieces calculated to display various stop effects, the British born musician, who rarely pulls all stops, felt the musical appreciation of the American people had reached a point where the finest organ music would have widespread appeal. His popular Sunday radio series has verified this belief and also given him an opportunity to present the complete organ literature of Bach and many others.

Having travelled in Europe, Canada, and the United States on his tours, Biggs is in a unique position to evaluate the organ as an instrument. Biggs observes that every instrument you approach is different. "A pianist," he notes, "can be reasonably satisfied that most pianos will be about the same. An organist has to climb up to his instrument; he's got to make friends with it."

—JOHN ROBERTS

Hi Neighbors



We Are Glad To
See You Here

IF WE CAN SERVE
YOU PLEASE CALL

Men's and Boy's Wear
for 45 Years

4TH AND CHERRY

*The Stuart Bondurant
Realty Company*

REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE

Dial 4-8344

Reliable
REALTORS
Friendly

312 W. Fourth Street
(Ground Floor Nissen Bldg.)
Winston-Salem.

Returned

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

they clambered out, Hank cradling the gallon jar in his arms. They walked up the shaky wooden steps to the front porch and Bill pulled open the front door and walked in.

Claude and Hank waited while Bill fumbled around inside the house looking for a match. When he found one he lit a smacking kerosene lamp, and they walked into the single room which Bill used for his living quarters. An unmade cot stood against the wall opposite the front door, and a few wooden chairs pushed under a large, oil-cloth covered table in the center of the room. Bill removed the parts of a dismantled shotgun from the top of the table and Claude and Hank sat down.

"I gotta finish fixin' that gun one of these days," Bill said. He dropped the pieces on the bed and looked back at the other two. "You all want somethin' to eat?"

They nodded and Bill went to a shelf on the wall over a sink. He brought down two cans of sardines and carried them to the table. "Ain't got no crackers; can't keep 'em because of ants," he said. He pulled up a chair and sat down, throwing a dog-eared pack of cards on the table.

Hank set the jar of whiskey down beside the sardines and waited for Bill to cut. Then he and Claude cut. The deal went to Bill, and he began shuffling.

"Blackjack okay with you guys?" he asked. When they said yes he began dealing.

Hank reached to the middle of the table and grasped the jar. He unscrewed the top and lifted the jar to his mouth, gulping the clear liquid down in quick swallows. He handed the jar to Claude and wiped his mouth off with a bare arm. "That Carter sure makes good whiskey," he said. He watched Claude greedily.

On An Oak

Firm planted in the forest floor,
Reaching to embrace the azure canopy,
Your grandeur in awed silence I view.
Yet not always were you
The guardian of the glade.
A microscopic speck was your beginning,
A spark so small that became
A budding orb of life, fell into
The dusky damp of dead and dying leaves,
Then as changed the seasons,
Forth from its shell
Your soul began to creep.
Know I whence you came, but
A thousand years could not explain a leaf.

—LAMAR ROBINSON

Claude drank the whiskey angrily. For some reason this didn't seem like all the nights in the past when he and Hank had gotten drunk together. He kept thinking about Linda, and it looked like he was going to have to get drunk to forget her.

Hank reached over and took the jar away from Claude and took several more swallows. He set the jar down on the table by his right elbow. "If you all want any," he said, "just reach over here and get it." They settled back and looked at their hands.

For the next two hours the deal changed hands constantly. Hank began losing heavily and it wasn't long before he was pulling at the bottle almost as often as cards were dealt. By three o'clock his money was gone and he sat slumped over the table supporting himself on his spread elbows, his face loose and sullen. Claude was sitting back in his chair, slumped and staring dejectedly at the wall. All he wanted was to get home. He had left Linda almost six hours before. For all he knew she might not even be there.

Bill had the deal and was going around the table for the second time when Hank suddenly grabbed his wrist with his right hand. His reddened eyes were fastened on the deck, and a flush was creeping up his neck.

"Ain't that card already been played once?" Hank said. "I had it hand before last."

Bill stared back at Hank coldly. Claude raised up and spoke. "Shut up, Hank. He ain't cheatin'."

"All I'm saying is, he ain't supposed to have that card in the deck."

Bill twisted his arm free with a sudden motion. He stood up and wavered in front of Hank.

"Hank, you're a liar. I don't cheat."

Hank stared back at Bill for a moment, until his head became too heavy for him to support and he let it fall forward onto his chest. He stared down at the table, but he continued talking to Bill.

"You callin' me a liar?" He looked up again, his face deep red.

Claude reached over and grabbed Hank's shoulder. He felt sober and scared. I'm sorry, Linda, he thought. Just let me get out of this and I promise. . . .

"Take it easy, Hank," he said. "Bill ain't cheatin'. You just need a few hours sleep. C'mon and we'll. . . ."

Hank shoved Claude's hand away and reached down into his pocket. "Don't nobody call me a liar like he did," he said. He began pushing himself up from the table. When he was halfway up Claude



"Four flights up, then six back down . . ."

reached over and hit him on the temple with his fist, putting his weight into the blow. Hank grunted and sat down. The chair went over backwards and took him with it to the floor. Hank's head struck the hard boards and he rolled out of the chair onto his side. He lay for a moment and then began to snore.

Claude stood stupidly for a moment, rubbing his fist into his right hand. Then he looked at Bill.

"I had to do it. No tellin' what he was coming out with from that pocket."

Bill was silent for a moment, staring at Hank. Then he shook his head. "Might as well let him sleep there until morning, I guess. Old Hank gets pretty mean when he's been drinking. And he's sure been drinking tonight."

Claude suddenly put his hand over his mouth and ran to the window. When he wobbled back to the table, he stared at Hank lying on the floor snoring. Then he shook himself like a dog shaking off water.

"I guess you can have the rest of the stuff, Bill. I gotta be gettin' home. Tell Hank I'm sorry when he wakes up, but I just figured I'd better do it. Hank's wrong about a lot of things."

Claude walked out the front door and slid into the car. He breathed deeply of the night air to try and clear his head. He reached over and started the motor, and as it caught he looked once back toward the house.

—TOM BUTE

A Day For Caution

TOD GOD and man has Wake Forest always been dedicated. And though the College seal reads only, "pro humanitate," certainly the spirit of the school has implied that "for man" is not enough. Dedication Services for the new campus are sure to incorporate the inspiring theme. Hearts will quicken with the stirring symbolism; minds will rise to the noble challenge. But the Dedication will have lost all value if "man" is not recognized to be the students that overflow the mammoth buildings, if God is left sitting uncomfortably atop the Chapel spire.

Impressive ceremonies may gloss over the picture for a day or so, as the precision beauty of the campus delayed the now prevalent dissatisfaction. But when the complaints begin to sound again, the noble challenge and stirring symbolism will be of little comfort to students who fear the loss of their identity and feel their privacy invaded and their privileges curtailed or, worst yet, ignored. Student grievances are not without justification. The College was presented as "the promised land," and the shock at finding it lacking was a real one. Many students have suddenly realized, as some members of the faculty have for a long time, that splendid structures do not make a college. The realization may lead in two dangerous directions—complete resignation to the will of others or total disregard for the will of others.

A program of agitation has been planned by the Student Legislature, but it, like the student body, is mixed with apathy, bitterness, and a genuine reluctance to seem ungrateful. Students have begun to liken their situation to oppression, which it is not. Analogies have even been drawn from philosophical discourse, such as John Locke's Social Contract Theory. Of course, these comparisons are far-fetched in any practical application, but they serve the purpose to point out that the College, if so dedicated, should exist for the students first.

That the College should be a carefully landscaped park for alumni reunions before being a place where student needs are served is a disastrous policy. It is perhaps as equally fallacious an assumption. But despite the fact that College officials say they want students to be aggressive and

ask for what they want, there is an old question of why, in the construction of a new campus and the formulation of a new policy, were student needs, problems, desires, and personalities not the primary guide in every endeavor? Perhaps they were and that they only seem not to have been when one is on the outside looking in. And that is exactly where students imagine themselves to be—on the outside, the first of a forgotten college generation.

Rapid expansion has brought many new problems, but the question of the student's relationship with his God is an old one, multiplied many times over with increased enrollment. No reminder is necessary that students come to this campus with varying convictions, differing faiths. And though the College must retain its denominational flavor, God must remain the guardian of every heart and soul. Pressure on students of other denomina-

tions to conform to Baptist beliefs is as much out of place here as it is anywhere. And perhaps a program in which Baptist students are exposed to the thought of other faiths, whether Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish, is not out of character in a school which prides itself in free academic and religious thought.

That this Dedication implies a re-dedication of mind and spirit is extremely significant. But it also implies an exercise of caution. Serious examination of the road ahead, even if the College has already travelled far along the way, may avert the perils that obstruct a dedicated path. Otherwise the College may find herself beyond return on the road of the "nouveaux riches" who conveniently forget their past; she may find that a sound relationship with those around and with their God has been neglected too long.

—D.L.B.

Our Policy

REALIZING that *THE STUDENT* has, in the past, selected somewhat arbitrarily the material for final publication, the editors announce the formation of an editorial board. This board, which includes the editors, the associate editor, one editorial assistant, and the art director, will read, discuss and vote on all contributions to the magazine. This insures each contributor that his work will be carefully read and thoroughly discussed before any decisions are made. It will be done by a group whose tastes differ immensely. It is a fair policy, and the editors believe, the best one.

The Student will attempt to meet the requirements that its peculiar problems impose. The College magazine has long fought being "typed" as a literary or humor publication as such, trying to anticipate the protests from the student body and interested parties on campus. Several times in the seventy-odd years of its existence on campus, it unavoidably became

one or the other. But in recent volumes, the trend has been to combine the best of the two and to add non-fiction of student interest. The magazine will strive to continue this policy, hoping to improve the quality rather than to narrow the subject matter.

Because *The Student* is a College publication, it must reflect the interests, ideals, and the culture of the students. This function is specifically outlined in an article, "The Good College Magazine," which is distributed to each new editor.

The Student sincerely aspires toward the "good college magazine." If there is any goal of the editors, it is to be genuine, a virtue lost to the pseudo-intellects, the charlatans, and the philistines of a college community. We have no ban on sincerity, only on imitation and disguise. To those who honestly wish to express themselves in simplicity and significance, the door of *The Student* is always open.

—D.L.B.

*Portrait
of the
Month*

*Betty Sue Knott
Class of 1958*



A portrait - - the perfect gift for any occasion

Grigg Studio
on the campus

THESE PORTRAITS ARE SELECTED EACH MONTH FROM THOSE MADE AT GRIGG STUDIO

Refreshing new idea in smoking

Salem

A color photograph of a man and a woman in a lush, green park setting. The man, wearing a plaid shirt, is leaning against a large, leafy tree and looking at the woman. The woman, wearing a light blue dress with a dark belt, is standing in front of the tree, looking back at him. In the foreground, a pack of Salem cigarettes is prominently displayed, tilted at an angle. The pack is blue and white with the word 'Salem' in a large, elegant script. Above it, in a smaller oval, it says 'Menthol Fresh'. Below the brand name, it says 'FILTER CIGARETTES'. A single cigarette is visible protruding from the top of the pack.

**menthol fresh
rich tobacco taste
most modern filter**

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Take a puff, it's springtime! Refreshing as this spring scene *looks*—that's how new Salem *tastes*. Full rich tobacco flavor with a new *surprise* softness. Try all-new Salem...first cigarette of its kind. A wonderful new experience!

Salem refreshes your taste...you'll love 'em!



THE STUDENT

VOLUME 72

NUMBER 2

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

NOVEMBER 15, 1956



*Dust off
that favorite story*

OR

write a

brand-new one



T H E S T U D E N T

Short Story Contest

1st Prize \$10

2nd Prize \$5

RULES

- a) Contestants to be undergraduate students of the College.
- b) Entries to be typed or legibly written and addressed to "Short Story Contest." More than one story may be submitted for judging.
- c) Name, story title, class year, and local address to appear on a separate sheet attached to the story. Stories to carry no identification on the manuscript.
- d) Entries to be left at the publication offices, 224 Reynolda Hall, or mailed to THE STUDENT, Box 7287, Reynolda Station.
- e) Judges to be THE STUDENT Editorial Board and a member of the English Department.
- f) Editors reserve right to publish winning stories. All entries become property of THE STUDENT magazine. Contest closes midnight, January 7, 1957.

Contest closes midnight, January 7, 1956.

The Demon In Us . . .

A COLLEGIATE STAGGERED into the Blue Danube one night and in a loud voice yelled, "When I drink, everybody drinks!" He summoned everyone to the bar — the musicians, hatchback girls, waiters, and guests. Everybody took a drink. When he finished his whiskey, he yelled again, "When I take another drink, everybody takes another drink."

Once more everyone gathered around the bar. They even called in the taxi drivers, doormen, and a cop from the corner. When he finished that one, the drunk took a dollar out of his pocket and slapped it on the bar. "When I pay," he screamed, "everybody pays!"

• • •

Two fleas fell in love and one lovely day they got married. Young, industrious and ambitious, the fleas worked hard and saved their money. They sacrificed fun to assure the future. One day they counted their money and were overjoyed to find they'd saved five dollars.

"If we can save five we can save ten!" they agreed, so they continued their thrift. They toiled, economized and planned, spurned the frivolous pleasure of other fleas. Finally came the day when their savings totaled ten dollars.

That day they went out and bought their own dog.

• • •

It was the first time she had been to dinner with them, and they smiled indulgently as she refused a whiskey and soda.

"I never touched it in my life," she explained.

"Why not try it?" urged her host. "See if you like the taste."

She blushed and shyly consented, and he poured her out a mixture which she delicately put to her lips.

After the first swallow she frowned and placed the glass on the table. "This isn't bourbon, it's scotch!"

• • •

Then there was the janitor who worked in the girls' dorm and was entrusted with a pass-key to every room in the building.

The following week the Dean ran across him and asked, "Why didn't you come around Friday for your pay, John?"
"What! Do I get wages, too?"

• • •

The moon was yellow
The lane was bright
She turned to me
In the autumn night
And with every glance
She gave a hint
That what she craved
Was real romance.
I stammered, stuttered
And time went by
The moon was yellow
. . . and so was I.



Jim is a boy. Jane is a girl. Jim is Jane's brother. Jim and Jane live in a house. Mother and father live in the house, too. Spot is a dog. Spot does not live in the house. Spot has his own house. The family also has a cat. The cat's name is Tiger. Jim is a good boy and Jane is a good girl. They both love their Mom and Dad. They also love Spot and Tiger. They watch Spot run. Jane and Jim laugh and watch Tiger run. Jane and Jim laugh and watch Spot run after Tiger. Spot is not a good dog. He hates Tiger. For that matter, Tiger is not a good cat. Tiger hates Spot. Spot runs fast. Tiger does not run quite as fast. Tiger gets bitten behind the head in the neck. Just before Tiger dies, he manages to scratch Spot's eyes out. There is blood everywhere. Jim and Jane laugh. Jim and Jane laugh and run. See Jim and Jane laugh, and run, and play.

MIKE POSEY, *The Virginia Spectator*

THE Anchor

Headquarters For:

ARROW SHIRTS
ARROW SLACKS
ARROW TIES
ARROW UNDERWEAR
WORSTED-TEX SUITS
WORSTED-TEX TOPCOATS
WORSTED-TEX SPORT COATS
WORSTED-TEX SLACKS
ALLIGATOR RAINWEAR
HAGGAR SLACKS
PURITAN SWEATERS

and a host of other famous labels!

Anchor Menswear
Main Floor

FINE WATCH REPAIRING

and

SPECIAL ATTENTION

to

STUDENTS & FACULTY

of

WAKE FOREST

UNDERWOOD JEWELERS

- ELGIN
- HAMILTON
- BOLIVA
- BULOVA
- TISSOT
- KEEPSAKE
- DIAMONDS
- ETERNAMATIC

106 W. Fourth St.
Winston-Salem

USE OUR CONVENIENT LAYAWAY PLAN
Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

The COLLEGE INN

STEAKS — SPAGHETTI
PIZZA — SALADS

*Between Wake Forest
and Winston-Salem
on Reynolda Road*

VISIT

DEACON'S DEN

Rathskeller

3 Button Stripe Coats
In Tweeds, Harris Tweed and
Shetland.

Ivy Pants 12.95 up
Good Selection
MODERATELY PRICED

JERRY NEWSOME

Representative at
Wake Forest

TOWN AND CAMPUS SHOP

Cherry Street
Across From Bus Station
Phone 7030

T H E S T U D E N T

VOLUME 72 NUMBER 2 • WAKE FOREST COLLEGE • NOVEMBER 15, 1956

The Demon In Us.....	1
Student Profiles.....	3
Cricket Gets a Carrell.....	5
Design for Service, by Tom Buie.....	6
The Bowman Gray School of Medicine, since its beginning, has successfully met the problems of a growing medical school program to become one of the south's leading institutions. This feature relates the exciting history of the school and reveals its future plans. Since the removal of Wake Forest to Winston-Salem, it has been realized to what extent the Medical School is a vital part of the College's educational program. The article introduces the reader to the school and to some of the personalities responsible for its growth.	
Cynthia, fiction by Jerry Pierce.....	9
From the Press, by Bill Connelly.....	11
Forum: Graduate School—Past and Prospective.....	12
The question of whether or not the College should re-establish its graduate program is being carefully studied by a faculty planning committee. Staff writer Nancy Jo Smith investigated this committee's plans and suggestions as well as the College's graduate school of past years. Evaluations of the question and reflections on graduate school life are subjects for the forum opinions.	
The Essence of Being, poem by Bill Heins.....	14
Science Fiction Today, essay by Jerry Matherly.....	15
As might be surprising to many people, science fiction writers deal with not only space and time travel and technological advancement, but with social relations, government, and even theology. All of this is a subtle pattern woven by imagination and psychology. In the essay, examples of these science fiction subjects are cited in the works of various authors. The essayist says that science fiction is being written and read by people of sound intelligence, those genuinely interested in the world of tomorrow as observed by science fiction today.	
Calendar.....	16
Southern Exposure, fiction by Jack Robinson.....	18
Organ Tones, poem by Owen Herring.....	21
November Review.....	23
Each year a selection of the best short stories is made from those published in American publications to receive the O. Henry Memorial Awards. The anthology for 1956 includes sixteen American authors writing on a variety of themes. The reviewer of the book has added some comments on the gradual dominance of the short story in the literature of today. As a regular feature of the magazine, the Review acquaints the reader with some of the more recently published works and the trends of contemporary literature.	
Simplicity, poem by Larry Pearce.....	24
From the Editor's Desk.....	28

Profiles

WITH THE SECOND issue of THE STUDENT, the editors begin a crusade, as all good editors should. But, in keeping with the general feeling around campus, it is neither intellectual nor aesthetic. Our crusade is for the revival of potato soup.

There have been numerous arguments among staff members as to who ate it first. The record now stands at fifteen years ago; it is appropriately held by one of the editors. The *California Pelican* from the University of California recently had an article on potato soup, which, much to our dismay, was more of a joke. But it is an indication that such a crusade might be well-accepted.

We will consider our crusade successful at the first sell-out of potato soup in the cafeteria. Thereafter, THE STUDENT will relax complacently, knowing that it has done something worthwhile — for potato farmers.

Fiction in this issue is the work of Jack Robinson and Jerry Pierce and represents two entirely different worlds and styles of writing. Jack is a newspaper man of long standing. He is an Army veteran, a junior, and is married to a young lady from Missouri.

Jerry is a junior from Durham who plans to go into the ministry. He is active in the College Theatre, having recently played the male lead in "The Innocents."

Sophomores Libby York and Jean Hurst are the fiction illustrators. Libby is from Mt. Airy and has been one of THE STUDENT's cartoonists for over a year.

Among those writing feature articles were Nancy Jo Smith from High Point and Bill Connelly from Morganton. Nancy Jo's investigation of the proposed graduate school is a thorough job and presents many questions to those who read it.

Bill, managing editor of *Old Gold and Black*, had written a personality portrait that gives a little more insight into what sort of personality sits at the editor's desk of the College newspaper this year.

The editors pay tribute to the editors, Owen Herring and Shirley Mudge, and staff of last year's STUDENT which received first-class rating by the Associated Collegiate Press. Between now and the December issue, congratulations to those who voted for a grateful Thanksgiving.

Shoes For ALL OCCASIONS

clear vinylite
white dyeable ripple cloth



A Friendly Greeting Awaits
You at the

Guild House

OF WINSTON-SALEM

W. Fourth St. at Marshall

FLY TWA



... for study or fun abroad!

TWA's Travel and Study Tours take you to 22 cultural centers abroad. Study at universities in Europe... the Near and Middle East. Or tour by private station wagon and bus... attend world-famed festivals... really get to know distant lands! And with TWA's Time-Pay Plan, you can fly now for only 10% down... take 20 months to pay. Call your TWA travel agent or send coupon.

John H. Furbay, Ph.D., Director, TWA Air World Tours
Dept. CM, 380 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Please send me information on

- ☐ Summer Tours ☐ Time-Pay Plan
☐ Independent travel to

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Tel _____

FLY THE FINEST
FLY TWA



You are always welcome
to browse
at

Glyn's

Junior, Regular and
Tall Fashions

Where young and exciting
Fashions are shown.

—Open Fridays til 9—



CAMPUS DELIVERY
PHONE 4-9271
CUSTOM-MADE HATS
451 WEST END BLVD.

Cover

A falling leaf meanders down to the ground in front of the College Chapel which stands as a symbol for the awe-inspiring work of Nature. Artist Bert Walton has captured the autumn spirit. The forceful strokes of her pen show the intensity with which the foliage of summer makes one glorious effort at life before dying with the approach of winter.

There the leaf lies alone, waiting for the rains to soften its brittle skin and pound it into the ground below. But still the towering spire of the Chapel will stand, a starting point against the naked November skies. It guards the graves of many such leaves while pointing always upward to a promise of new life.

Staff

Dottie Braddock, *Editor*
Charles Richards, *Editor*

Jerry Matherly, *Associate Editor*
Editorial Assistants: Owen Herring,
Robert Fitzgerald, Becky Lampley,
Tom Buie, Nancy Jo Smith

Bert Walton, *Art Editor*

Art: Libby York, Ann Clark, Esther Seay, Bill Wiggins, Jean Hurst
Lynne Laughrun, *Production Mgr.*

Typing: Betty Sue Kerley, Judy Knight, Tommy Laughrun, Ann Weir

Phoebe Pridgen, *Circulation Mgr.*
Circulation: Kay Adams, Mary Louise Brown, Nancy Coley, Ann Bolton, Babs Avard, Barbara Edwards, Judy Freeman, Betty Hollifield, Camille Pilcher, Beth Scott

Dale Holland, *Business Mgr.*

Advertising: Betty Bolt, Mike Price, Karen Walker, Jo Ann McMillan, Nancy Webster, Bob Edison

• • •

THE STUDENT, founded January, 1882, is published monthly, except summer sessions, by the students of Wake Forest College. Office located in Room 224, Reynolds Hall; address correspondence to Box 7287, Reynolds Branch, Winston-Salem, N. C. Printed by Winston Printing Company, Winston-Salem. National Advertising representative W. B. Bradbury Co., 219 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription rate: \$2.50 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Winston-Salem, N. C.

Wake Forest Laundry and Cleaners

Our main office is located in the basement of the N. W. Men's Dormitory. It is here for your convenience and satisfaction and will offer to you the best and quickest service available.

Good on Campus Service for:

FINISH WORK

FLAT WORK

DRY CLEANING

REGULAR 3 DAY SERVICE

One Day Service

In by 9—Out by 5

Cricket gets a Carrell . . .

CRICKET HESITATED outside the massive oak office door, straightened his tie, and walked in. Behind the imposing desk sat the director of the College Library, now named the Z. Smith Reynolds Library. He looked down across the desk at Cricket who was standing on tip-toe, trying to appear taller than he really was.

"May I help you?" the man asked.

"Sir, I'd like to sign up for a carrell."

"These study rooms are restricted to professors right now. Are you on the faculty?"

Cricket was surprised at the question, but he reasoned that in a place this big there would be many people who did not know every professor. So he crossed his fingers behind his back and nodded.

"What department, Professor. . . ?"

Cricket was at a loss for a department so he said, "Cricket, sir."

"Wonderful game," the man said. "I didn't know they had organized a team."

Cricket looked at himself in the polished surface of the desk. The lack of sleep was beginning to tell on him. He had to get away from the crowds that woke him up at all hours of the night by pouring water or pitching firecrackers into his crack.

Apparently the man must have noticed the deep circles beneath his eyes, for he said, "Carrells are certainly nice for people who like to enjoy some peace and quiet."

Cricket leaned wearily upon his umbrella. The end slipped on the slick floor and he nearly fell down.

"Take this to the lady at the desk and she will give you a key," the man said, handing him a slip of paper and pointing out into a vast room.

Cricket took the paper, thanked the man,

and backed out of the office, his fingers still crossed behind him. The woman at the desk led him up a dark flight of stairs, around empty book stacks, and to the carrell, which was one of many rooms along the walls.

As Cricket walked into an enormous space, he said to himself, "Ah! here's all the room I need."

He hopped up on the book ledge and settled down upon its hard top. Cricket pointed toward the door with his umbrella and said casually to the woman who was about to leave, "Just lock it from the outside."

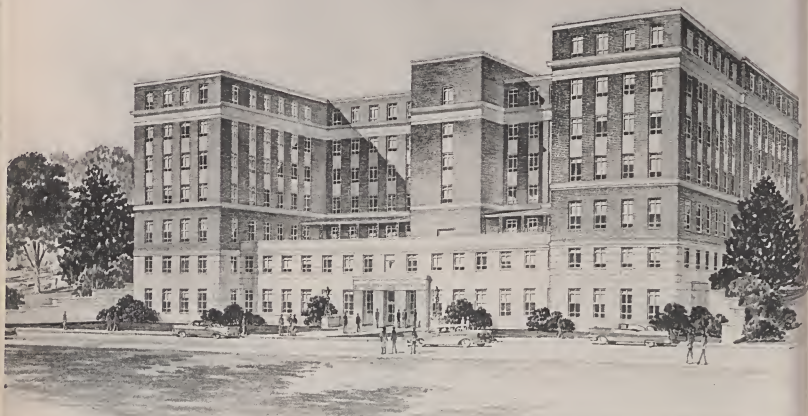
Immediately he fell asleep and woke up much later to find himself surrounded by darkness and silence. The door was locked, he had no key, so he wondered just how he was going to get out of the place. He jumped down to the floor, using his umbrella as a parachute, and climbed up the door. The slick surface made it difficult, but when he was near enough to the door handle, he hooked the handle of his umbrella around it and pulled himself up to the keyhole. From this point it was a simple process to slip into the keyhole and come out on the other side.

Using the same strategy, Cricket got through three more doors, found his way across campus, and got home just as the fireworks and floods began.

Exhausted, Cricket lay down in the puddle and fell off to sleep again thinking, "Keep your carrells; there's no place like home."



Design for Service



Proposed design for the new addition to Bowman Gray School of Medicine.

LARSON & LARSON ARCHITECTS

THE WAKE FOREST student who enters the doors of the Bowman Gray School of Medicine will very probably feel at once that he is on familiar territory; the informal and friendly air which permeates the manner of everyone on the staff will remind him that the medical school is part of Wake Forest College. He will also probably notice, as he speaks with members of the staff, that there is an undercurrent of expectation here. He will understand why when he learns that the medical school is ready to expand its physical plant for the first time since coming to Winston-Salem in 1941.

Bowman Gray School of Medicine is that sort of school; it is made up of the kind of people who can't be held back, who must be forever advancing and improving.

Throughout its history of financial crises and near-disaster, it has continued to become a better and better school; in spite of every crisis it has advanced further toward becoming one of the top medical centers of the South, and perhaps someday in the nation.

It was in 1900 that the president of Wake Forest College, Charles E. Taylor, submitted in his annual report a strong recommendation that the college establish a Department of Medical Sciences which would be integral with the School of Liberal Arts. The Board of Trustees responded by immediately ordering the appointment of a committee, and then, on its recommendation, ordering that a chair of Pharmacy and Medicine should be established. It was decided that instruction in medicine should

be delayed until the fall session of 1901, but complications arose which caused the further postponement of enrollment in the Department of Medicine. It was not until the fall semester of 1902 that a two-year medical department was finally established, two years after its conception, under the further promptings of President Taylor. Dr. Fred Cooke was appointed head of the department at an annual salary of one thousand dollars, and was given seven hundred dollars with which to purchase equipment.

Requirements for admission into the medical courses were the same as those for the Liberal Arts College; completion of high school. The fee for students was set at five dollars a year, and tuition was thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents a term.

During the first year there was a total of thirteen students who registered for the medical course. Since this number was much larger than had been expected, the Trustees found it necessary to authorize the appointment of newly-graduated physicians as faculty.

During the first two years the department suffered from a lack of space, and was quartered in the basement of the gymnasium. Space was provided during the third year on the top two floors of the Alumni Building, and the school remained here until the erection of the William Amos Johnson Medical Building in 1932-33.

Immediately following the State Baptist Convention at Shelby in 1929, a proposal to move the Medical Department to Winston-Salem was made public by college officials. But the coming of the depression drained the college of the necessary funds, and the medical department was almost closed down during these years. Then, in 1934, a committee from the Chicago office of the Council on Medical Education came to North Carolina to inspect the two year medical schools located at Wake Forest and the University of North Carolina. Certain members of this committee came with a determination to condemn the two year schools and thus take away their accredited standing.

With realization of the danger, college officials of both The University and of Wake Forest held numerous conferences to consider the problem. They were able to convince the governor of North Carolina of the importance of the schools, and in 1937 a committee was appointed to study the problem raised by the determination of the Council to refuse to grant accredited status to the two-year medical schools. C. M. Mull, now president of the Board of Trustees, conferred with James A. Gray, Bowman Gray, Jr., and Senator Gordon Gray to try to interest them in the situation. He was commissioned by them to offer money to the University for the establishment of a four year school, which was to be located in Winston-Salem. Because of violent opposition by alumni to any removal of the Medical School of the University, the offer was declined.

Mull, determined to make use of the Grays' offer, went into conference with Dean Carpenter and Dr. B. J. Lawrence. Acting as intermediary, he returned to the Grays with the suggestion that they offer the fund to Wake Forest under the same conditions. After some discussion, the Grays agreed and made the offer to Wake Forest through Mull.

ALTHOUGH A great deal of consternation was caused by the discovery that the fund offered by the Grays was only six-hundred thousand dollars rather than the five million dollars that had been anticipated by the college, the plan was passed by the Southern Baptist Convention. The Baptist Hospital aided by offering its facilities to the medical school, and groundbreaking ceremonies for the Bowman Gray School of Medicine were held in April, 1940. The cornerstone was laid into place almost exactly a year later when the Medical School came to Winston-Salem; local practitioners would be forced to raise their standards in order to continue working at the hospital. At this time, medicine in Winston-Salem was seriously deficient; there was no fully accredited hospital, and only a few specialists were available. The standards at Baptist Hospital were so low that they could not secure approval for internships.

Dr. Frank Johnson, Assistant Professor of Surgery, performs an operation at the Baptist Hospital.



In the beginning, the Bowman Gray School of Medicine had neither adequate funds nor an established reputation. It was kept operating mainly through the efforts of its staff, which was made up, in large part either by young men who were able to see the school as a chance for rapid advancement, or alumni of Wake Forest, who were interested in the advancement of the college.

During these years the going was exceedingly rough; in 1943, the medical school was almost forced to cease operations. Expenditures began to exceed income, and Dr. Kitchen and Dr. Carpenter were unsuccessful in getting help from the nation's medical fund foundations. Faculty morale became dangerously low, with members of the staff claiming that devious tactics had been used to induce them to become part of a school which lacked adequate operating funds. But in spite of the extreme dissatisfaction among the faculty, only one member left the school.

The clouds began lifting in 1946, however, and by the latter part of 1947, unsolicited gifts in excess of two million dollars had been received by the school. In 1946 the school received as a gift from Mrs. Nathalie Gray Bernard, the huge Graylyn Estate for use as a neuro-psychiatric hospital. James A. Gray contributed 18,000 shares of Reynolds "B" stock, and Gordon and Bowman Gray each gave \$125,000. According to Dr. Carpenter, these gifts saved the school of medicine from "imminent decline and perhaps extinction."

After this final rescue from near-extinction, Bowman Gray School of Medicine was able to advance rapidly in both local and national prestige, until it became accepted among many as one of the South's leading three medical schools, in a category with the medical schools of Duke and Vanderbilt University. An indication of this rapid advance in recognition is seen in the total of research grants received by the School: by 1951 a total of almost a million and

a half dollars had been received. In the years 1955-1956 alone a sum of more than \$280,000 was received for research.

Today, the city of Winston-Salem is appreciative of the benefits which have been concomitant with the coming of the school of medicine. And those interested in the welfare of the school recognize the tremendous importance that its location in Winston-Salem has had upon Bowman Gray. When the school first came to the city in 1941 it had a faculty of eleven, and a total enrollment of seventy-three. The enrollment for the term of 1956-57 is two hundred ten, and the faculty composed of both full-time and part-time teachers, now numbers one hundred seventy-one.

The Baptist Hospital, too, has benefited greatly since becoming associated with the Bowman Gray School of Medicine; in order for any physician to be a member of the staff of the hospital, he must be among the faculty of the medical school. Also, many new departments have been added

in the fifteen years since the school first opened its doors in Winston-Salem. At that time, there was no department of preventive medicine; such a department has now been added to the hospital. Graylyn, the center for psychiatry and neurology, has been a tremendous advancement for the hospital. In addition, there have been added departments of medical illustration, neuropathology, and neuropathological surgery.

Unfortunately, these advancements have caused a serious situation to develop in the medical school. The increase in faculty and student enrollment, and the expansion of the departments of the school, have brought about a lack of space in the present building. The faculty of Bowman Gray have made it their objective to "establish and maintain standards for the operation of the Bowman Gray School of Medicine to make it second to none." In order to achieve this goal, funds must be obtained which will make it possible to expand research facilities, the library, and the experimental animal quarters.

IN ORDER that such expansion may be realized, it is estimated that there must be an addition of almost fifty-two thousand square feet of floor space to the present building. During November and December a limited fund-raising campaign will be carried on by the school to raise enough to complete a total of one million dollars.

As a part of Wake Forest, it is anticipated that the medical school will correlate its activities with those of the college more than has been done in the past, now that both are located in the same city. There has already been a certain amount of interaction between the two since the removal of Wake Forest to Winston-Salem. The Student Health Service of the college is the responsibility of the Department of Preventive Medicine of the medical school, and sometime in the future the foreign language department of the school will become a vital part of Bowman Gray's graduate Program. Bowman Gray School of Medicine is at present the only branch of the College that gives advanced degrees, both the M.D. and the Master of Science degrees, as well as degrees in nursing, medical technology, and anesthesiology for graduate nurses.

Wake Forest can be justly proud of its medical school; it has overcome immense obstacles to become one of the great medical centers in the South, if not in the nation.

-TOM BUTE

Members of the Medicine School faculty discuss the medical program for their students which number approximately 250. Standing is Dr. Martin Netsky, Professor of Neuropathology. At left is Dr. Robert Morehead, Professor of Pathology and beside him on the right is Dean C. C. Carpenter.





Fiction . . .

Cynthia

MY CAR SLIPPED and lurched to the side as I turned down a narrow street in an off-beat section of the metropolitan area. It was lucky for me that I had raised the convertible top at my lunch hour since it started to rain with no warning. As the wipers parted the water on the windshield, I could see the last brown autumn leaves blown and tossed about by the wind and the rain; it was well into October and the wind blew sharply through the barren trees. I don't know why I thought of the trees, the rain, or the season; for not only was the day dismal, it had been damn tough for me. That morning of all mornings, things at the office had gone wrong; statements were late going out, the office boys were late to work, and the damned addressograph machine jammed. I tried to clear my mind; I thought of Cynthia. I began to look forward to having lunch with her. We had been engaged for four months, the happiest months of

my life. The thought of having lunch with her put me in a better mood, for I knew she would cheer me up.

But lunch, for some reason, was different that day. When I picked Cynthia up I had sensed that something was wrong. Her very presence, though, made me pretend that I didn't notice. Conversation did not come in an easy way, as usual, though we had no arguments or cross words. The hour was almost over and as we sipped a second cup of coffee, the explanation for Cynthia's actions came. She said, "Phil, I know this is going to be hard for you to understand, but please, please try, darling. I have to break our date for this evening, and—please don't ask me why—I can't tell you."

In all the months of our engagement, that was the first date Cynthia had ever broken without giving a reason. I simply nodded, smiled, and said nothing. It had never occurred to me that anything might

ever come between us. The rest of the afternoon, thoughts of her ran through my mind. What important plans could she have for the night that she couldn't tell me? Was she seeing another man? My mind was crowded with these thoughts. I'd never felt like that before. If another woman could have replaced her in my heart it would have been different, but no one could have ever taken Cynthia's place. As the fingers of fear and doubt clutched me tighter, I became a man without reason.

I returned to work, but I didn't seem to get anything accomplished all afternoon. Six o'clock finally came and I hurriedly left the office. As I stepped out of the elevator and walked out into the street, the October air was chilly and damp, and I thought a drink would do me good. So, instead of having dinner as usual, I walked down the block to the *Sans Souci* bar. The lights were soft and the music was relaxing, but even with all the atmosphere and two Manhattans, I couldn't get the thought of her out of my mind. I knew that there was nothing I could do, there or anywhere. So, I walked out onto the street again. All around me there were people—people with a purpose, with an aim. There I stood, in the middle of them all, with no purpose nor any aim, with only my mixed emotions and time on my hands. The city was overbearing, Cynthia had disappointed me, and I was lost. Time seemed to stand still for thirty minutes, and then I found myself driving through the darkened streets of the city.

Aimlessly I drove away from the business districts. As I drove, the rain came down harder and the drops hit forcefully on the canvas top of my convertible. The bright lights of the city were gone; the noise and bustle of city life had vanished. It was quiet, and I felt all alone as I stared at the dim street lights through the windshield, now clouded with the heat of the car and my cigarette smoke. Street corners ceased to have any meaning except that the end of one block brought on another.

THEY WERE all alike with their row upon row of dirty brownstone houses, long since empty of their wealth. Now and then a sandlot baseball field appeared. The maple trees, growing along the sidewalks, had shed their leaves over the street, walks, and strips of yard and no one had bothered to rake them up. They combined with the rain to form the dirty brown, wet blanket over which I drove. One street marker after another whizzed past me. One of them,

however, seemed vaguely familiar — I knew that I was somewhere in the old section of the city and very probably around 122nd St. — yes, it was 122nd St. I remembered, then, when I had seen that street before; it was about six months ago that I had driven down it with a friend. He had pointed out one of the small hotels on that street. I remembered that it was one of those “very transient” transient hotels for which this area of the city is so well noted.

Without stopping to reason and before I realized what I was doing, I had circled the block and parked in the little unpaved parking lot adjoining the hotel. I sat for a minute in my car; I tried to reason with myself, then, to be sure I wasn’t doing something that I had no right to do or something that I would be sorry for. I tried to think what Cynthia could be doing, who she might be with, why she couldn’t tell me the reason — why — why? The red neon blinking off and on in front of the hotel broke my train of thought. I felt a trickle of cold sweat as I began to think, “What do I have to lose; Cynthia will never know. Anyway, she’s probably sitting comfortably before a fire in somebody else’s apartment, drinking *his* martini, while I’m sitting here alone, afraid, and cold in this damned rain.” That was enough persuasion for me to open the door and get out. As I walked the distance from my car to the hotel entrance, I kept telling myself that I had a perfect right to defile my character if nobody cared for me — If Cynthia didn’t care.

“Oh, to hell with Cynthia! I know what I want and I’m going to get it; it may cost me more than money, but I’m going to get it.” These thoughts ran through my mind as I walked into the reflection cast on the sidewalk by the red sign overhead blinking off and on, “Rooms \$2.50 up.” I walked over to a bellhop standing in a corner of the dingy lobby. He said, “Yes, sir?”

“Say Buddy, what have you got around tonight? I’d like to have some fun.” My voice sounded strange, but he understood. He paused a minute, gave me a three-quarter once-over and nodded for me to step outside the door with him. We walked out to the sidewalk, exchanged a few words to the tune of five bucks, and I walked back into the lobby, headed to the desk and registered under an assumed name.

The bellhop took my room key and started walking up the narrow wooden stairs. I followed him up to the second floor and into a little two-bit room; it was even dirtier and dingier than the lobby downstairs. The room was flooded with red

light from the sign outside the window. The walls had been painted, God only knows when, with a dirty shade of blue-grey; now they were stained with rusty brown watermarks of years long past. In one corner, attached to the wall, was an antique wash basin which dripped with amazing regularity. The bed, if you could call it that, was pushed against one wall; it had an old ironstead and was made up with ragged, though clean, sheets. I took a deep breath, slid out of my raincoat and threw it across the bed. The hop said, “Just sit tight mister, take a smoke and relax. I’ll be back in a few minutes.” With those words he closed the door and left.

Here I was alone again. Now I had time to think and wait, but how much time, I didn’t know. Just the same, I began to question myself. Was I doing the right thing? Was I justified? What would sweet Cynthia, my Cynthia, say if she ever found out? These and a thousand other thoughts ran through my head during those few short minutes. Before I had time to answer any of my questions, I was distracted by noises in the next room. The walls were thinner than the second sheets I typed on every day at the office, so I didn’t have to *try* to hear what was going on in the next room; it came to me plainly as I lay there on the bed. In the dark I slowly lit a cigarette and waited. A girl had just gone in to the man in the next room. Maybe I would be next. I tried not to think about it, for I knew that that was exactly what I would be doing in a very few minutes. It was a God-forsaken place and reeked with hell — stale perfume and the darkness of age. Then I knew I was afraid.

THE NOISES in the adjoining room started to distract me from my own thoughts; they were getting louder. There was very little talk, only an occasional “Oh,” or “Come on, bud, I got people waitin’.” Yet the sounds were so suggestive, so vulgar, so heart-breaking to a man engaged to marry a fine, pure and faithful young woman. I knew that soon the slut might be sobbing softly, hurt, tormented; but still knowing that she had to go on with this one, another one, and still another. I knew, too, that she may come to even me that night, and that I would become a part of her, a part of what she stood for — lust, passion, and common prostitution. It made my heart hurt when I thought of that and then of Cynthia. I lay there quietly with my own thoughts bathed in emotion.

Now all was quiet in the next room; all I could hear was my own breathing, soft, slow, yet strained. I waited for something to happen, some sound, some footstep, but there was nothing. Then, out of the stillness came a long, low moan of pain, or was it passion, from the next room. My heart beat faster now. I could feel my pulse in my very temples. I knew the time was drawing near when I would be playing the role I had begun to hate while lying there listening to the hellish and vulgar noises flowing like animal passions from the next room. The time of desire had passed from me; all I wanted to do was to get away from the dirt, the filth, and the shame that I was becoming a part of. But, how? What could I do? I sat upright on the bed and, before I knew it, I screamed, “God, forgive me!” It seemed as if the walls shook for a second and then it was quiet again; the silence was almost deafening. I was shaking with terror. “Oh, God!” I screamed again. This time there was no vibration, no shaking, only silence. I got up, pulled on my raincoat and walked quietly out the door, down the stairs, and out onto the street. I breathed deep—“Ah, good clean air.” My body movements were uncontrolled as I moved away from the door.

The rain had stopped now, but there were puddles left in the holes of the parking lot. The red, blinking light glittered in each one as I walked past them to my car. I wanted to step in each one to shut out the red light and the thoughts that would not leave me. I knew that now I was free, yet I felt crowded inside. Relief had flooded my mind, but fear was still there telling me that it would always be night! I found my car where I had left it, but as I drove quickly downtown, I felt as if a dozen cars were trailing me down every street. Of all the streets I drove over, of all the buildings I passed, of all the cars I met, I remembered nothing of my departure from the hotel on 122nd Street till I entered the Neptune Bar.

I sat at the bar well into the morning, drinking and thinking. All that I thought about, I could never tell; I only know that, through it all, I still had the feeling that it would always be night. I thought that there would never be any more day for me.

As the bartender turned on the main lights and signalled for the last call, my mind screamed out—“tomorrow: light—and with the grace of God—Cynthia.”

—JERRY PIERCE

Lloyd Preslar, The "Gentleman . . .

From the Press"

He doesn't seem much different from the average student. Except for the groggy demeanor and nicotine stains he might be mistaken for the typical grouchy undergrad struggling toward a business degree and dreading military service.

But who could really describe that perennial campus wonder who inherits the editor's desk at *Old Gold and Black*? How can he survive his 29-week marathon with less sleep than a night watchman and still maintain a respectable academic record?

Lloyd Thomas Preslar, *Old Gold's* present whipcracker, is No. 41 in a line of sleepy Pub Row citizens dating back to 1916 when the paper was founded. And he is typical of that special breed of men who have nurtured *Old Gold* from an inky tabloid to one of the nation's better college publications.

Preslar is a gregarious, 21-year-old senior with exquisite eyes of bloodshot brown. And he is human when you get to know him. He hails from High Point (or says he could if he had the voice) and can lay claim to fame as a pianist, actor and one-time winner of a "Beautiful Baby Contest." Furthermore, he reportedly is the only student of the College who can write 14 column-inches describing a postage stamp.

Each week he works approximately 40 hours for the enlightenment of the Wake Forest students. And then, of course, comes a full class schedule for the enlightenment of Preslar. While other students date, dance, view TV and the latest movies, or gather for that nightly bull session, he spends hours taking the pulse of the campus, and many more pounding a typewriter. Not that he's a martyr, but because he loves every minute of it. (Or almost every minute.)

The editor is perhaps the most misunderstood man on campus. To his reader he may seem an outspoken critic, a harsh judge, a skilled, prolific writer, or just "that guy who spelled my name wrong." To a professor he may appear only as a punchy, half-interested pupil on the back row, who nods and jumps through most lectures but still manages to score high when quiz time

comes around. Late hours are hardly conducive to alert class participation and ideal study habits. But Preslar still has produced a record far above average.

To other students, his ready wisecracks—always offered at precisely the right moment—may classify him as the typical, carefree and careless collegiate, viewing life as an insolent joke. But these don't know him well, nor are they aware of his sincere dedication to his College and its students, and to the higher ideals of life. Many are offended by his sharp verbal jests, which may cut deeply if one does not understand the assailant. The bewildered frosh who wanders into the office in search of his math professor leaves in a state of shock when his plaintive query is answered, "No buddy, I don't even believe in him."

The freshman reporter stands by limp and helpless as the editor slashes his story mercilessly with soft lead pencil guided by a skilled left hand. But as the weeks roll on the reporter learns many of the elements of good journalism while the fruits of his labor are neatly chopped up. Preslar never hesitates to offer advice and assistance, or criticism when needed. His praise is rare and, when given, well-earned. The new reporter is urged to be satisfied with only the best he can produce.

To friends and staff members of other publications, it perhaps is quite a jolt to have the cheerful editor saunter into the *Old Gold* office, eyeball his visitor a moment and quip "Joe, why the hell don't you get out of here!" Or the enthusiastic "project pusher" may be slightly dismayed when his front page publicity hopes are shattered by "Weeell, I just don't know whether we can help you or not. Doesn't sound too damn good."

Still, the editor is not without sympathy. His wit is not keyed for the sensitive, but his assistance is on call for those in need. He will listen patiently and understandingly to legitimate groans and gripes, but refuses to "buy" petty snivelings and selfish whines.

Large editions of eight and ten pages,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

Forum: Graduate School

TO BE FULLY acquainted with the history of the graduate school at Wake Forest College one must go back to the early days of the College when, like other colleges of that time, Wake Forest gave the degree of Master of Arts, both "in course," that is, to graduates with a bachelor's degree who had done worthy service, and as an honorary degree, *honoris causa*, in recognition of ability and distinction.

In the 1866 catalogue, a candidate for the Master of Arts degree was required to have a certificate from all the schools offered in the several departments which were: Language, Mathematics, Natural Science, and *Belles Lettres*; these certificates totaled twenty-six. However, in the catalogue of 1867, 1868-69, and 1869-70, the Masters Degree is not mentioned, the Doctor of Philosophy degree taking its place for which the requirements are about the same as those in the 1866 catalogue for the M. A. degree. Although offered, this degree was never conferred.

The catalogue of 1888-89 prescribed for the first time the courses necessary in obtaining a B. A. degree as basic for the M. A. and also required thirty hours for the M. A. The statements concerning the requirements for the M. A. were not definite and consequently caused confusion and abuse, which led students to combine courses for B. A. and M. A., thus obtaining both degrees in the four years normally required for the B. A. alone. As a result, the College in the 1892-93 catalogue set forth more definite standards and requirements. These are as follows: (1) The student must complete courses in B. A. before beginning M. A. (2) Surplus credits in B. A. could not be counted on M. A. (3) Two advanced courses required, totaling twelve semester hours. (4) Grade of ninety or above required to work on M. A. (5) B. A. and M. A. could not be received in same year. (6) Additional year for M. A. required to be done in residence. (7) Committee on Graduate Studies should approve course of studies. (8) A thesis to be written, and subject and course of studies submitted to committee. (9) Work required under head of department in specialty, and

a preliminary and final exam necessary to be given by the Committee on Thesis not omitted from this program but could and Work. Summer school students were obtain an M. A. after a residence of three summer sessions of nine weeks each. These requirements remained basically the same up until the M. A. degree was abandoned; later catalogues did add that thirty hours in residence and these were required with the major consisting of twenty hours. Six hours of graduate work would be accredited from any other recognized school, but no credits could be obtained by correspondence or extension study.

The graduate school was discontinued, not because the legitimacy of the degree was questioned, as some seem to think, but because of financial reasons. The Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools suggests that a college have \$300 spent in instruction for every student. Maintaining the graduate school naturally required more money, thus rendering it impossible to support the graduate school without taking from the undergraduate. This financial situation was further aggravated by the influx of veterans from World War II. As the majority of the veterans were undergraduates, the ratio of undergraduate students per capita to the amount of money spent was greatly overbalanced, making the graduate student suffer even more. As a result, Wake Forest decided to discontinue the graduate school until a time when sufficient funds would be available. Although the College agreed to discontinue the offering of an M. A., it was impossible to do this suddenly. A gradual discontinuance was necessary because of the students who had begun in good faith to pursue graduate work and could not abandon their credits or transfer them to another school. So, though the last appearance of M. A. requirements was found in the January, 1949 catalogue, the college continued to offer M. A. degrees until many of these "half-way" students had completed their study.

Today the College has decided to offer the M. A. degree once more, but again finances are extremely important, and a large endowment is necessary before these plans may be pursued to create an effective

and worthy graduate school which will be in keeping with the high ideals of Wake Forest College.

BEFORE ATTEMPTING to open a graduate school Wake Forest must strengthen its undergraduate faculty and school in preparation. In regard to the faculty, the teaching load should be lightened and members qualified to teach graduate courses selected. Stimulation in the form of scholarships and leaves-of-absence should be given to members of the staff. Care must be exercised in admission of students by a required entrance examination and an academic guide for students to choose the right subjects in order to have a planned unity and a meaningful sequence of studies. Also, scholarships should bring to the campus a large number of able students who will increase the intellectual calibre. The Committee on Graduate Studies has recommended that the Hanks Foundation be used for undergraduate studies alone with additional funds available for graduate students.

Plans for our new graduate school are under the direction of a Graduate Council, elected by the faculty, which consists of the following men: Dr. E. W. Hamrick, Dr. J. W. Nowell, Dr. H. L. Snuggs, Dr. A. C. Reid, Dr. E. C. Cocke, and Dr. Henry S. Stroupe, who is the chairman. This committee is concerned with determining what departments are qualified to offer graduate work, what professors are trained to conduct the courses, what courses are suitable for the graduate program, what applicants and graduate students are to be awarded fellowships and assistantships, and who shall be approved as candidates for graduate degrees. Of course, this committee will work in conjunction with the Dean of the Graduate School, yet to be appointed. At present, this council is concerned with a research and publication fund which will aid members of the faculty in furthering their interests and abilities in preparation for graduate school. The Trustees have made an appropriation of \$2500 for this purpose.

At this point one may question the advantages of a graduate school at Wake Forest and ask if this costly addition is actually worth the time, effort, and money.

Past and Prospective

FROM THE BULLETIN OF EMORY UNIVERSITY GRADUATE SCHOOL, 1956-1957

Training scholars for positions of leadership, particularly in education and research, is the primary objective of the Graduate School of the Arts and Sciences. Included as a part of the basic philosophy of the school are two very important concepts: (1) An emphasis upon a specialized area of study supported by a background of general education which extends into the graduate program; (2) An explicit concern for the ethical goals of scholarship and education which emphasize character and values in a way that will produce responsible citizens as well as distinguished scholars. Underlying these and other concepts is the dedication of students and faculty alike to the constant ideal of quality.

PAULINE BINKLEY, WAKE FOREST, 1956
DUKE UNIVERSITY GRADUATE SCHOOL

Graduate study presupposes a mastery of methods of study and the body of knowledge embraced in the undergraduate program, and, therefore, the work in graduate school is accelerated and the experience is an intensive one. The student is stimulated by specialists and is encouraged to do independent thinking, but the specialized studies have to be pursued rapidly and vigorously. There do not seem to be enough hours in the day nor enough days in the week for the student to do adequately what he wants and is expected to do.

JUSTUS C. DRAKE, INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH, M.A. WAKE FOREST, 1942

Wake Forest College is not now adequately equipped for the revival of graduate work. Without a library full of a great range of books and magazines that graduate students need to do a thorough job of research; without teachers of recognized ability in scholarship and lightly burdened with class-room duties so as to have time for the direction of research; without highly qualified students attracted by this wealth of materials, by this graduate staff, and further by subsidization in the form of scholarships, assistantships, and fellowships—without these expensive and indispensable requirements the reactivation of graduate work now would be one of the most culpable mistakes that Wake Forest College could make.

DR. HENRY S. STROUPE, CHAIRMAN
GRADUATE COUNCIL, W. F. C.

During the last two years the faculty of Wake Forest College has carefully studied the question of adding graduate instruction in the liberal arts. The advantages accruing to both undergraduates and faculty from having graduate students on the campus have been pointed out. At the same time, the faculty realizes that graduate work is expensive and time-consuming, and that Wake Forest must be prepared to offer instruction of true graduate calibre before the program is launched.

THE STUDENT EDITORS, WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

The Wake Forest graduate program of past years may have been valuable, but there can be little doubt that it was limited. The inadequacy of funds and library facilities, as verified in the accompanying essay, lead the editors to but one conclusion: The College is not in any position now to re-establish the graduate program. And it will not be ready until the undergraduate school has been developed as it should. If Wake Forest is to have a successful graduate program, it must have at the center a strong liberal arts college. The editors believe that any prestige to be obtained by instituting a graduate school now would be small recompense for a program that proves inadequate and possibly injurious to undergraduate work.

The Committee on Graduate Studies in a lengthy report has listed five valuable reasons. In brief, they are:

1. The presence of graduate professors and students engaged in advanced research and study would stimulate all teachers and students and aid in producing a superior atmosphere of scholarship.
2. The addition of library resources and laboratory facilities would strengthen the undergraduate program.
3. A superior quality of graduate work would enable the College to serve the public schools of North Carolina and of other states.
4. The growing demand of graduate work for ministerial students would be met, thus producing a better educated ministry.
5. The demand for additional college teachers, especially in the next few years, would be aided by offering graduate studies.

The graduate school should consist of at least five departments in which a sufficient degree of competency and preparation have been attained to allow work to begin. However, before any department may be certified, it must meet the following requirements:

1. The Graduate Council must choose two persons from another institution to inspect the department's library facilities and to report as to whether these facilities are adequate.
2. The same procedure must be followed with regard to laboratories.
3. To conduct a graduate course, a staff member of a department should hold an earned doctoral, should have sufficient research in the field in which he plans to teach, should have been productive in research in his field, should be a member of at least one learned society in his field, and should be currently involved in a research project in his field.
4. The department must have at least four courses to offer which are adequate as graduate courses.

Any member of the staff of the graduate school must not teach over nine credit hours a week and should not direct over five theses at one time.



As of 1953, our library had a book stock of 84,376 volumes in comparison with Duke University's stock at the same time of 1,123,598 volumes. In the year preceding October, 1953, our library added 4,474 volumes; at this rate it would take about two hundred thirty years to achieve the 1953 collection of Duke University. It is proposed by the Graduate Committee that before the graduate program begins, the annual library appropriation of \$35,000 for books, periodicals, and bindings be increased by fifty per-cent so that when the program is initiated the appropriation will be \$52,500

annually.

A student to become a member of the new graduate school must possess unusual ability and have excellent undergraduate records. A minimum of twenty-five wisely selected students should be chosen each year. In order to attract and keep superior graduate students it will be necessary to provide financial aid in competition with other colleges and universities in the state, and this aid should be in the form of fellowships and assistantships in the total of about \$55,000.

A well-balanced program of study should

include the physical sciences and also experimental psychology, both of which would require more equipment. A budget of five hundred dollars per year per student should be provided to begin this program, although later it may be decreased as equipment may carry over from one department to another. In conclusion we find that assuming five students at the beginning in each science department (biology, chemistry, physics, and experimental psychology) with an equipment need of five hundred dollars, there is a total need of ten thousand dollars.

To total the estimate of the annual operating cost of graduate studies, assuming a total of fifty students and ten departments offering graduate work on an annual basis, we find that the sum, which includes library expenses, graduate faculty salaries, salaries in dean's office of half-time dean, secretary, financial aid to graduate students, research and publication fund, and scientific equipment amounts to \$155,000. If the number of graduate students amounted to one hundred, the total expense would be \$225,000. This sum does not include the strengthening of the undergraduate schools which should have an additional \$83,235. When this has been done and all other qualifications have been met in regard to department and staff, the College must devote an additional \$96,250 per year to permit the initial acceptance of graduate students.

Thus, the success of our new graduate school hinges on our ability to obtain additional funds. The rapidity with which this new program is initiated depends upon finances and may be as near as a year or as far away as five years. The opinions of various members of the faculty vary as to when they feel their department will be ready to offer graduate work. In the English department the opinion is expressed by one professor that five years would be necessary to accumulate the material requisite to graduate courses. However, many feel that a tentative date could not even be stated.

Regardless of the time at which we will be able to take this big step, the graduate school cannot be inaugurated until the requirements are printed in the January catalogue of the preceding year. Thus, in answer to many interested inquiries, Wake Forest College could not possibly offer graduate work next year. But sometime in the near future when more funds are obtained, the college will have her Graduate School.

—NANCY JO SMITH

The Essence of Being

The essence of being

Is the joy found in the radiant eyes

Of a young mother who watches her offspring

With calm, compassion and complete detachment

Two heartbeats, two outlooks, as one

In rhythmical tempo

And the essence of life

Is the search of a lost poet for that metaphysical realm

A plane of understanding on a level of constancy

Which he renounces in moments of despair

Two creators of life

One bound to earth, one having no earth

Yet both have witnessed destiny

In their respective worlds

—BILL HEINS



Science Fiction Today

T ONIGHT I HAVE been rereading Ray Bradbury's magical story, "The April Witch." This rereading was supposed to put me in the frame of mind to write an essay on the nature of science fiction or the questions science fiction asks. In many respects it has had the opposite effect for which it was planned. For one thing, this book has nothing to do with so many popular notions about science fiction. There are no space ships, no robots, no wicked villains on satellites manufactured on Mars. Rather "The April Witch" is a story from the imagination dealing with psychological subtleties. This may well be thought of as the basis for any good work of fiction and, indeed, it is, but in the hands of a science-fiction writer of Bradbury's caliber there is a definite crystallization of psychological whys and psychological hows. And, too, there is this aura of magic surrounding the story which has a strict other-worldliness only capable in science-fiction.

Contrary to common opinion science-fiction is not read by adolescent morons wishing to build space ships. Many readers are well-educated people, such as Louis Untermeyer, who has said, "I read science-fiction like mad." Nor is science-fiction the realm of the hackneyed writer who can sell only to the pulps. There are such writers as Bradbury and Isaac Asimov who put science-fiction writing into the category of literary art. This is not to say that there is not mediocrity in both readers and writers. Both are specialized people and both have the old human infection of leaning toward mediocrity.

Science fiction is quite often found in strange places. Most often it is found in the popular pulp magazines such as *Astound-*

ing Science Fiction.

At other times it is found in little pocket magazines and, on rare occasions, it finds its way into the avant-garde magazines and the magazines, such as the *Saturday Evening Post*, which have large circulation. Novels and an increasing number of anthologies are, of course, found under the hard cover of books.

Why an individual buys science-fiction to read is a question with two main answers. Probably the most often answer is that the person is bored and desires to be whisked away from his weary, everyday affairs. The other common answer is the individual's interest in science. Science-fiction can only take so many liberties with the actual facts of science. Any writer who attempts to write fiction using some scientific idea as its basis must have a background in the elements of all the various sciences.

The subject matter of science fiction is to many often misunderstood. Contrary to many rumors, science-fiction does not deal primarily with space travel and adventures with scantily clad heroines on other planets. This is well-shown in one of the masterpieces of the form, already mentioned, "The April Witch." Space travel and subsequent adventures are only two of the topics treated. Science fiction is also concerned with time travel having its basis in Einstein's relativity theory. And, of even more importance, it deals with the less sensational pursuits of technical progress (and its ensuing dangers), social relations, government, theology and psychology.

Beginning with da Vinci's dream of flight continuing through Jules Verne's account of a flight to the moon and down to current research with rockets and satellites, space travel has been, however, one of the most

exciting prospects for the writer. Since man's realization of the existence of other worlds in our own solar system and the strong possibility of their existence in other systems, there has been much speculation as to the nature of life on other worlds. To many it seems impossible that only on one lone insignificant planet was it meant that man should live. Then there is always the prospect of there being life completely unlike ours: of either being vastly superior or vastly inferior. Such writers as Robert Heinlein have taken the idea for a space ship and put their characters scientifically aboard to be carried away to battle with the elements and not to be concerned with any lurid adventures. This is especially well illustrated in Heinlein's juveniles, which are written with maximum simplicity and thorough explanation of scientific processes. Two of these books are *Farmer in the Sky* and *Space Cadet*.

One of the most frequent problems in space travel is its effect on the course of human history. To some writers space travel signifies the beginning of the "good" life; to others it signifies the emergence of a life completely void of meaning. Perhaps one of the most amazing theories on the importance of space travel and human history is Isaac Asimov's. In his several books on "future" history there is the idea that man will be carried to other, better equipped planets leaving earth the poor thing she is. Asimov visualizes in his *Foundation* and *Foundation and Empire* a galaxy wide empire with millions of worlds and quadrillions of people. Later in *The Stars Like Dust* and *Pebble in the Sky* Asimov tells of a return to earth and a discovery of ancient good having its origin here but long forgotten on the "colony" worlds.

Calendar

- Nov. 12-17 "The Crucible" by Arthur Miller
Winston-Salem Little Theatre
- Nov. 1-30 "Winston-Salem Presents . . ."
Public Library Exhibit, Winston-Salem
- Nov. 18 Greensboro Orchestra with Harold Cone, soloist
Woman's College, Greensboro
- Nov. 19 Joyce Grenfell, comedienne
Woman's College, Greensboro
- Nov. 22 "Civilization on Trial" by Arnold Toynbee
Discussion Group, Public Library
- Nov. 22 Great Books Discussion Group
Public Library, Winston-Salem
- Nov. 22-24 Thanksgiving Holidays
- Nov. 29 "The Baker's Wife," French comedy
Film Friends of Winston-Salem
- Dec. 9 The Messiah
Music Department, Wake Forest College
- Dec. 11 "Amahl and the Night Visitors"
Winston-Salem Symphony

TIME TRAVEL stories have steadily gained eminence since Einstein's theories have been understood better by laymen. According to Einstein time is the fourth dimension, is in the nature of a place. In adopting this theory interesting assumptions have led some to believe all time is co-existent. The past, the present, the future are all "now" but separated. Like in space travel the big "if" is the machine, the necessary apparatus that transports people to these different realms.

One of the best stories concerned with time travel is Bradbury's "The Fox in the Forest." This story deals with a couple living in a future time which is cruel with wars and regulation of lives. The couple, due to hard work, is allowed to take a vacation in the past but only on the promise they will return immediately after vacationing. Their effort to stay in the past of 1937 and its ill success has a strong hint of an Emersonian theory of not being able to escape responsibility. Other stories about time travel are funny in the depiction of the subject's inability to become accustomed to prevailing mores. This is especially well illustrated in the person of Smith in Heinlein's *Beyond The Horizon*. In this book manners are shown as so important that duels are fought over them, and the logical mishaps of any man from our age can easily be seen. Some studies in science fiction probe the beginning and end of the world. In these works the

nature of creation is discussed and biological evolution plays an important role. Many views of the extreme future are very often upsetting, for they show our earth dead or dying. Occasionally the end is caused by natural events but at other times destruction is shown as the result of man's lack and negligence.

The past fifty years has been a time of astonishing progress in technical fields. Pure science, in becoming pragmatic, has given to mankind luxuries as had never been imagined in the preceding billion years of man's existence. Telephones, radios, movies, vacuum cleaners, electric blankets have, however, spoiled man while aiding him. Instead of appliances being slaves to man, man is growing more and more conscious of his slavery to automatic devices. Despite this consciousness there seems little that can be done to stop the ruling of the inanimate yet all powerful machine. Science-fiction has many stories dealing with the dangers of too much dependence on "every-day appliances" which include the as yet unperfected but completely inevitable phenomenon of the robot. Almost all science-fiction writers have a defensive attitude about technical progress. Let the rocket ships come they say. Let's all sail away to Cleopatra's Egypt. But let's not lose our individuality to the machine or sacrifice our few poor skills to the "better" mass production made possible by machinery. The main fault in their attitude is logically the shutting out of man's talent that

led him to develop such mechanical wonders. Yet it is true that there is a possibility of machinery becoming so complex and so domineering there will be, of necessity, a transfer of power to a few technicians capable of serving and improving machinery. The problem then becomes one of social structure.

Social relations in science-fiction are usually based on a hierarchical plan. The world of the future is shown as developing from the current movement toward a society with scientists at the head and the artist at the lowest level or completely nonexistent. There is little intermingling between various groups of society, though all are subordinate to each other. The chief measure of an individual's worth is, usually, the amount of intellect he is capable of using for the good of the state. Therefore most future states are seen as communistic or at least socialistic.

Two of the modern masterpieces of science-fiction deal with social relations and government, George Orwell's powerful 1984 and Aldous Huxley's Rabelian *Brave New World*. They are opposite in their viewpoints of how society will develop in that to Orwell the near future is sordid, cruel, completely dominated by war and government supervision and to Huxley the world of the day after tomorrow is pleasure-drugged, having nothing to do but indulge in the most sensuous and coarse pleasures. But both visualize a sterile world, without feeling for beauty and truth.

1945's most powerful symbol is that of Big Brother who is forever watching individuals to see they do not go against ideas of the state. The fact that Big Brother is a vague person about whom little is known except his face appears on television screens and posters accentuates the feeling of a man-made God substitute. Big Brother as God is more like the Jehovah of the Hebrews — he is just and justly demanding.

Huxley's Eden becomes symbolic of a Utopia that must fail through its very Utopian qualities. The books asserts man does not like a Utopia. It asserts man is, by nature, independent and, if strong enough, will rise above strifing pressures and return to life as he thinks it should be lived. This a marvelous reassertion of faith in humanity as philosophers like Thoreau find it.

Robert Heinlein's *Beyond This Horizon* takes a decidedly different point of view from Orwell's and Huxley's. Heinlein sees the future world, despite regimentation, a good place to live with chances of becoming

an even better place. This progress is attributed to an act many call not only wrong but sacrilegious: natural selection of sperm for the fertilization of the best eggs. Every one is not happy in Heinlein's world beyond the horizon. It is simply not in the nature of man to be happy when he should be happy. There still exist frustrations and desires that make man miserable despite the fact he is very well off and is free to do as he pleases. Yet Heinlein suggests there may be a way of eliminating the "omery" in man's nature: the "Great Project" which would discover the very meaning of the supernatural and the eternal mystery of life after death.

Writers of fiction, as a rule, steer clear of any mention of theological questions. This they leave to theologians, to college students, to atheists. There is always a possibility of being misunderstood and of offending the reader. Writers, of course, have religious viewpoints such as can be easily seen in Tolstoy's works, but they do not carry these beliefs over into the field of attempting answers to questions dealing with the nature of God and the like.

Science-fiction, however, almost is forced to deal with such questions. Since exploration of the Universe and time are its chief concerns, science-fiction must bring in God's part in His creations. In one story the monistic theory of one reality, God, is shockingly depicted as the main character

comes to this realization only at the end of a highly dramatic series of events which pointed in that direction of thinking.

One of the most perplexing questions to people who would believe other beings exist on other planets is God's relationship with these beings. And because so many of us are Christians the question of Christ's intervention in other courses of history becomes a major speculation. "The Man," another Ray Bradbury story, treats this matter of intervention in a striking manner. The captain of a space ship, realizing his life has been pointless and is without hope of achieving meaning, sees a Man who seems to him to be able to aid him in his quest for a new life. The Man is always elusive, though, and the captain is forced to go from planet to planet in his search. The story carries the theme that man, personified by the captain, must come to know Christ through a self-examination of soul and mind.

Another weird story by Bradbury, dealing with religion, is the favorite "Mars Is Heaven." The crew of the first rocket ship to Mars discovers Mars is much like earth and on further examination that living on the planet are all of their departed relatives and friends. At first deliriously happy, then realizing their discovery of life after death, they become insane and finally die. This is perhaps the greatest of all paradoxes, death in heaven. Whether the

whole story is a dream conception or one of hallucination based on mass fear is a matter of conjecture. The story does offer, however, an insight into the nature of "heaven" and the reaction man, if he continued to be physical, might face. An impossible situation, perhaps, but a fine exercise for the imagination.

Pervading all works of science-fiction is a dependence on psychology and psychological endeavors. All future states must have had their subjects go through a period of psychological conditioning in order that the subjects will readily accept ideas and not go too often as their natural inclinations would lead them. Psychology of abnormal disorders contains many ideas for science-fiction stories, and science-fiction quite often presents depictions of these disorders. One of the most amusing stories is Alfred Bester's "Oddly and Id," which has to deal with the Freudian concepts of the *id* and the *ego*. Psychological motivations are the only type of motivations and differ in their presentation in science fiction in that are often shown as being this type of psychological motivation as opposed to this one. This is contrary to other writers' notions on motivation which they believe should be as strongly veiled as possible in order that the reader will be unaware of any psychological element. Science fiction possesses an amazing amount of subtlety not to adhere to this rule.

The final analysis of science-fiction results in the fact it deals with the imagination, that it is the product of those people who have extraordinary imaginations. Fairytale has been out of favor for some time with modern educators who are unable to see the value of a child developing a sense of the fantastic simply because the fantastic does not exist beyond the world of the mind. They are robbing children of great enjoyment, which can only be known where fairies and witches and their kin hold sway after midnight. Science-fiction, despite its logical basis, is the fairytale writing of today. It is only hoped that people will continue to want to find amusement in things removed from their offices, school-rooms, and kitchens. Life without a feeling for the supernatural, for the fantastic, for the ridiculous even is a life barren of potentialities for artistic creation. The emotions have to be stimulated in order to produce the sensual arts, and the only method of stimulation is a realization of that which exists *only in the mind*.

—JERRY MATHERLY



THE PRINCETON TIGER

Southern Exposure

THE SAWMILL owned by old man Turlington smoked the already ominous sky grey over "Nigger Town" as Bing walked down Pine Street.

"Hey, Nigger!"

"Yah Suh."

"Git outa th' road! Blacks ever whar yah go, just clutterin' up th' street."

"Yah Suh, Mistah white man, I's movin' now."

"Don't gimme any of your lip, nigger! Get outa my way 'foah I knock hell out a yah!" Whoosh! The battered car raised dust on the unpaved street.

"The white trash sho ain't got no use foah dis here nigger no moah!" He trudged on down Pine. His stature at fifty was bowed a little by time and work. Bing's brow was wrinkled, his eyes penetratingly kind, and his great head leaned toward the dusty earth.

Thunder rolled across the sky; lightning crashed into the earth giving promise to needed rain. The sky became solemn.

The houses that Bing passed were nothing more than shanties and were crowded together on this, the main street of the colored district. Children played all along the road, barefoot, some half naked, all dirty. They ran about like little savages, screaming and hollering. Across a back lot Bing saw Alice chasing her man, Tom, across the wood yard, and heard the vulgarity she threw at him.

Across the street Bing saw Lucy and waved. Her fat hand lifted in return. She was in the process of nursing her bastard baby. Both front and back doors were open in the one-room house Lucy called home, and as Bing glanced through the portals he saw the figure of a man in a rocking chair. "She ought maybe to tie her feet together at bed time," whispered the sage as he walked on.

A stink rose from "Cattail," the town's sewer that ran parallel to Pine. As Bing looked into the gutted ground he noticed two colored teenagers, a boy and a girl, wrestling on the bank of the sewer.

"Yah yungins shet up dat wallerin and fillin around and scat home. De Lawd guine to strike yah down. Ain't yah got no ratsin? Messin' 'round like dat . . . Huh!"

Further along Bing turned into a house that was surrounded by a white-washed slab fence. The building had on a fresh coat of paint and was by far the cleanest house on the street. In the ill-lighted four room house he was confronted by a tremendously fat woman with a broom in her hand.

"What in tarnation is yah bin?" Mary Lou demanded shaking the broom.

"I's bin down to Junie's playin' cards, and won myself five dallah's."

"Youse bin playin' dat georgia skin ag'in!"

"Mary Lou. . . ."

"Don't yah Mary Lou me, makin' excuses, a-tryin' to honey up to me. Yah ain't got no job and youse go down dat sorry nigger's house card playin', leavin' yah poah wife here to e'm dah money. Yah oughta be hoss whipped."

AL RIGHT, BUT I don't wanta heah no mo ah bout it. I always gives yah nuff money. Ain't dis house de bestis' on Pine Street? Ain't we got a fence like nobody's else? Ain't yah fat'n sassy and youah belly, ain't it always full? There's not no reason foah yah to be talkin dat away to me." Bing walked across the room and into the bedroom, a small affair equipped with chest of drawers on which a yellowed mirror propped. A rocking chair, an iron post bed, a stand lamp, and a coal heater completed the room. Beside the bed was a door leading into the back yard. Bing looked through the clothes rack, searching for something, then walked back into the living room and on into the kitchen. Mary Lou was busy pumping water from the hand pump.

"Is yah scen my black suit?"

"No, it ain't, I jest looked."

"Well, den I guess youse done sumpin' wid it. Why duz yah want yore Sunday clothes?"

"Preacher Jones got a tent meetin' ova on dat lot on Railroad Street. We's guine to go. Yah reckon maybe Abe would go to de meetin' wid us?"

"Yah know dat boy don't neveh go to church. De good Lawd ain't got no hold on him. Specially since he started shinin' up to de white folks." Mary Lou stated

this with a frown on her mouth. Sadness appeared on the face of the old man, but the food on the table took Bing's attention.

"Chittlin's 'n black eyed peas! I's wanted dem fo a long time."

The small clock on the shelf showed six forty-five as Mary Lou began to clear away the dishes. The yard door to the bedroom slammed.

"Is dat yah, Abraham?"

"Yes m'am."

"Why is you sneakin' in de back way fo?" When the woman didn't get an answer she questioned her son again. "Whar has yah been? Youah suppa is gittin' cold."

A few minutes later a well built youth came into the room. Unlike most of his race his features were prominent and clean. Abe looked about twenty years old, medium weight, light brown eyes, and wavy hair. His nose was straight. After changing clothes he wore only overall pants. His back was bare. The young man moved into the kitchen with supple grace, his muscles rippled as he slid into the chair.

"What do we have foah supper?"

"Is that all?"

His mother looked at him with a hurt expression on her face. "What duz yah 'spect, dat alla mode stuff de white folks eat?"

"Jest cause youah papa worked hard nuff to send yah to that big northern college ain't no reason foah youah actin high and bigity."

Abe had just returned from two years college in Illinois. It was Bing's dream that his son get an education. The loss of his job and consequent insufficiency caused Bing to bring Abe home.

"Is wantin to eat decently so bad?"

"Son, yah has been nearly like a stranger to us evah since yah come back to us. Why don't yah go to church wid us to-night?"

"Sit with a group of filthy, greasy pigs with snuff juice spillin off their chins, listenin to some ignorant slob givin off white man's propaganda . . . goodness of the whites, gratitude of colored for this charity and for colorin he paints a picture of the south a hundred years ago . . . colored women motherin the master's chil-



dren . . . all living as one big family. . . the master protecting his clan, and there was miles of cotton and tobacco, stretching to the river, bending in the balmy breeze and subject to the working hands of the negro slaves. No, I ain't goin to church with yah."

AT SCHOOL I was just as good as any white person. I even dated white girls!" Abe looked at his father and mother, then sheepishly, with a nervous grin boasted, "These southern gals like me too. Lucy Best wiggled her tail at me today. I've layed whites before and I'll get her." Bing jumped to his feet, fist arched in power.

"Lawd have mercy on us poah folks," the woman screamed. "Don't hit dat boy. He don't mean wat he's sayin'. Besides yah is in trouble wid de white folks. When yah started jabberin' to th' white folks dat it would be good to educate de colored dey seed dat yah got laid off work." Bing looked at his son, gave a defeated glance to the boy's mother and wearily slumped into a chair.

"Yes, I 's in touble wid th' white folks. I 's worked foah Mistah Landis nigh on twenty years in de hardware store. I would walk long de street, and de white folks would smile 'n say, dar goes a good nigger; dat's ole Bing. Ev'body say hello to me and smiles. Now all de good whites nevah say nothin. De white trash dey throw rocks, spit on me, cuss and even try to run me down wid dar cars."

Abe in the opposite corner of the room said sneeringly, "Everything was swell until yah bucked them. Now because you were sucker enough to trust their sense of justice you are out of a job. See what being, 'good ole Bing,' got you."

"I don't know nothin' bout dat. All I know is dat de good Book says all men is de same even ifen his skin is colored and de man in Washington say dat de Constitution say we is equal. I has lived wid de white folks evah since I was borned, 'n I know dey's bettah. Dey is smarter, dey is cleaner, dey has moah money, de yungin's don't go round playin' wid each other in broad daylight, pattin' each other's tails, wallerin' in de grass, or havin' children. When they ain't so sorry, den maybe de good white folks won't mind us livin wid dem. I heared tell dat educushun is de only way to git de nigger outa de slime . . . so I is foah educushun. I's de white folks friend, and I always is guine be, even ifen he don't have nothin moah to do wid dis old nigger."

"You are the white folks friend . . . at

the expense of your family. All my life people have known me as 'that good ole nigger's boy.' Yea, he is Bing's son, run get him, he'll carry out your slop for you. Listen! I don't want to be a good ole nigger like you. I only want to be an individual with a chance . . . a chance to live! I want to use my mind and body as it was meant to be used, not as a white's damn servant boy."

Mary Lou interrupted the quarrel of father and son. "Abraham is bein bad talk in lak dat 'n doin wat he is to de white folks, but he ain't in no trouble wid dem. When yah worked foah him, that wasn't no time dat Mister Kermit wouldn't give us anything we wanted. Last yeah he gavs us paint foah de house and bought us hogs so dat we could have sumpin to eat. We wuz people! Now we don't know wat we is guine to eat afta de hog meat is et. Yah shud not a spoke out to de white folks dat colored folks ought to be educated. Nope, yah sure shudna' done dat. Times wuz Misses Bancroft, Misses Landis, Misses Best and all de good white folks would ask ole Mary Lou to look afta de chilrin 'n clean de house. Now all I duz is sits 'n rocks. Don't nobody want poah Mary Lou no moah. We ain't got no moah white friends."

"I knows," Bing murmured, "why I wuz workin wid Mistah Kermit when Miss Brenda came into th' world. I taught her how to ride and told her stories and made little play things fo her. She called me Uncle Bing and I knows dat little chile loves me lak I loved her. I watched her grow into a fine woman, pretty 'n good. I don't reckon I'll evah see Miss Brenda ag'in."

ABE, WHITE folks have treated me right. Yah are goin to respect those white people so long as I live! Bing's voice was hard and demanding.

"Respect the things I hate? I'm not any white lovin bastard like . . ." Bam! Bing slashed the boy with a closed fist, slamming him to the floor.

"Lawd have mercy on us poah folks," the woman screamed. Abe's eyes filled with hate.

"Don't ever lay yore black hands on me again. I don't ever want another nigger to touch me!" There was a heavy silence in the room.

The lights in the house flickered as the wind increased. Thunder and lightning slashed outside. Then heavy steps were heard on the front porch, followed by a loud pounding on the door. "Bing! Bing Faison!" Bing looked at his wife, "I wonders who

in de world dat could be?"

"Bing! Come on out! This is the law."

"It's de Man!! Lawd, I ain't don nothin."

"Bing, dey has come to git yah foah a playin dat georgia skin! Somebody don tote on yah!!!"

"I ain't neveh been in no trouble wid de polease. Dey is my friends." There was open fear on the face of Mary Lou. Her slack mouth was open and wet with saliva. Abe's eyes were bright, yet not afraid. He seemed to know that the law was to come. Bing's face held only surprise. The old man raised his voice as he rose from the chair, going to the front door. "Ts comin Mistah Man." At that moment a coarse sound split the air. Several white men with the badges of the law hurled themselves through the splintered door.

"Why in hell didn't yah answer me, Bing?" A large red faced man shouted to Bing.

"I did, Mistah Rich, but yah wuz so busy a bustin' in my front door dat yah didn't heah me."

"Damn smart alec nigger," voiced the other man in uniform. He was tall and skinny with a malicious sneer tearing his mouth.

"Now, Mistah Jud . . ."

"Be quiet, Bing, you're under arrest."

"But Mistah Bill . . ."

"I said to be quiet, Bing, you're the last person I thought I'd have to jail."

"But I ain't don nothin to nobody, Mistah Bill. I wouldn't hurt nobody. Yah knows dat. Thar ain't nothin wrong wid playin a little bit of cards. Ain't hardly no reason foah lockin me up in jail. I ain't neveh been ina jail befoah 'cept to visit." Jud stepped toward Bing and belted him hard on the jaw.

"I ain't hearin no more mouthin from a damn nigger. Especially a nigger that's a killer."

"I ain't . . ." Jud's upswinging fist caught Bing full on the chin slamming him to the floor, unconscious and bleeding.

"Jud, there was no damn sense in that. I don't care what he's done. Come on, let's get him in the car."

"Yeah, this black bastard is goin to die for what he did tonight. He raped Mistah Landis's daughter, Brenda, and then cut her throat with his knife." Jud directed his voice to Mary Lou. "All you people say this nigger is a good one, Christian and all that. But he's just like all niggers . . . no damn good. I'm tired of hearing him run his mouth about niggers gittin more education, too. I'll see he don't do it

no more." Jud finished, picked up Bing and with Bill's help carried him to the waiting police car. Heads sticking out of the windows in that neighborhood were jerked back in and shades pulled as the men of the law put the injured man into the car.

Inside the house with the slab fence, Mary Lou wailed. Her son looked out the window with a wisp of a smile on his fist swollen face.

A crowd had already gathered outside the jail as the police hurried Bing midst angry shouts and several rocks up the steps. The jail was old and dirty, even the outside. The bricks were cracking and through the bars broken windows were visible. The crowd made a low rumbling with several voices making themselves heard. "Hang the black son-of-a-bitch."

"Killer!"

Rain was coming down in torrents now, but the crowd stayed intact. The thunder and lightning only reflected it's ugly mood.

Bing had regained consciousness. Inside the jail he saw the sheriff, the sheriff went on, "Well Bing, seems like you've finally come out in the open. What made you do it? You, of all people."

"Do what, Mistah Blalock?"

"Fakin' ag'in . . . I'll break yoah head open wid this blackjack." Jud reached for his pocket but the sheriff stepped forward.

"You hit him again and you'll not only

be put out of a job but I promise you, you'll have a long stay in jail — behind bars. I'm tired of yoah brutality. You hate anybody and anything that isn't like you. Sorry and no good!" The sheriff walked back to Bing. "No Bing, after killing and raping a white woman, how can you sit here and look so innocent?"

"I ain't killed nobody, Mistah John. You know I is a good nigger. The good Lawd ain't guine to let me hurt nobody."

"I always thought you were a good dorky, Bing, but at five-thirty this afternoon, at dusk, you attacked, raped and then killed Brenda Landis."

"Miss Brenda! Dead? Oh no suh, Mistah John. I loved dat chile. Yah is jest a 'spoffin me. Miss Brenda ain't dead. She'll tell yah dat I wouldn't hurt her."

"You mutilated her Bing, She's dead."

"Dead? Miss Brenda?" Tears ran down the cheeks of the old Negro. "She can't be dead, Mistah John. She wuz a good white lady."

WE ALL KNOW you, Bing. Ever since I can remember you've worked at Kermit's store. But lately you've been building up to something. This murder is the climax. Of late you've been talking the negro into thinking he should enter the social circles with the white people. You've stirred up a lot of trouble. That got you fired and you became bitter. That bitter-

ness led to the death of Brenda."

"No suh! I never told no black man to run around wid yuh white folks . . . Miss Brenda dead?"

"Yeah, talk doesn't come out like you say, Bing, and you know Brenda Landis is dead. You were seen at the park where her body was found. Your knife that even I know, you used to carve things . . . it was found at the scene of the crime."

"I wuzn't in no park t'day and I gave my knife to . . . to . . ."

"Gave yoah knife to who, Bing?"

"Nuthin, Mistah John . . ."

"Yeah, I'll say! You wouldn't give that knife to anybody."

"But I wuzn't at no park."

"Several people saw you, Bing. If you wern't at the park, where were you?"

"I's know yah won't lak this, Mistah John, but I wuz playin' georgia skin wid Junie Williams, his cousin, 'n James Fisher dat works for Mistah Turlington."

"Bill . . .", the red faced man looked at the sheriff. "Go check on his story. It won't hurt anything."

"OK, but you know it's hard to git a nigger to say to a policeman that he was playing cards."

"Try anyhow." Bill Rich walked out of the door with Jud accompanying him. "Now Bing, why don't you tell me the whole story. I've always liked you. I can't understand you doing anything like this."

"I ain't killed Miss Brenda, Mistah Blalock. Why I used to carry her on my back and learned her how to ride a hoss, and I used to make dolls for her. I watched her grow into a fine lady. I ain't done nuthin to her."

As the accused man sat with the sheriff in the confines of the jail, outside the crowd grew in size, men for the most with a smattering of women coloring the mass. Starting from a few drunks and trouble makers, now the crowd numbered over a hundred and was taking on signs of a mob. Good citizens were there, angry, afraid, led by the tremendous feeling of hate in the crowd. Several ropes were in evidence. In front of the jail one man sat on his haunches fashioning the end of a rope into a noose.

Along with Bing the sheriff sat opposite him and began talking in a softer tone. "Bing, five years ago my home was burned."

"Yah Suh, I 'member."

"You were the first person to offah me help. First, you saw that everything possible was saved, then you got several of yoah colored friends from town to help and completely cleaned up the damage. You

Organ Tones

Organ tones and dusty shafts of afternoon sunlight
a cathedral make.

The secreted organist in his pit or loft,
projecting his heart into the darkest of arched corners . . .

The lone listener,
lost in musical mystery . . .

The harmony of ten-fingered chords and tinted glass . . .

Anyone himself may find
amid shadows dim and dusty sunlight and organ tones.

—OWEN HERRING

even went so far as to offah to get men from the neighborhood to rebuild the house. White or colored, Bing, I don't believe I know a man with a heart better than yoah's."

"Yah wuz in trouble, Mistah John. Any Christian neighbor would do de same."

"Maybe so, Bing, but at different times you've befriended everyone in Faison. You are colored, and though I never had any love for most Negroes I have considered you a fine and good man, and I would rather have my right arm cut off than believe you murdered Brenda." The anxiety mixed with sadness and misery hurting the face of the white man made Bing touch the hand of John and with a little smile, say, "I didn't, Mistah John." Bing said these words softly.

"I believe you! I don't remember you ever telling a lie. I don't think you have the ability to lie, even for yoah life. But still the law has to be upheld."

"I know dat, Mistah John. And I knows dat yah won't let nobody hurt me neither. You a good man. Why, I 'member when yah wuz a boy I knowed yah would 'mount to sumpin'."

At that moment the conversation was shattered by glass from the main door splintering the hall outside the room. Several rocks bounded down the hall echoing against the wall. More rocks battered the padded door outside. The crowd was out of control now, screaming for revenge.

At that precise moment a loud banging on the back door was heard, demanding attention. "If any of those crackpots are trying to get in my jail they'll be sorry. I expected a few rocks, but no jail storming." Bing sat quietly while Sheriff Blalock went to the back door. A few seconds passed before the sheriff accompanied by two men returned.

"I only want to see him for a minute, John," said a strained faced man. His hair was disarranged, his eyes pierced with pain and weariness.

"Mistah Kermit . . ."

Kermit Landis looked intently at Bing. "John, what does Bing say?"

"He says he didn't even see Brenda today. I believe him."

"Of course, he didn't do this to Brenda," Kermit sat himself down, keeping control of his emotions with difficulty and spoke to Bing. "Bing, I let you go because of the things you were saying about whites and colored. It was bad foah business, but I would rather believe a white man did this than you. There isn't an inch of meanness in you. I know what Brenda meant to you." Breaking now Kermit raised his

voice hysterically. "Bing! Bing! Who could have done this to my little girl?" The man cried brokenly.

GET CONTROL of yourself, Kermit." Alex Best layed his hands on the shoulders of the bereaved father. "He wanted to come up here when he heard you had Bing locked up. He was sure Bing was innocent. I felt the same way." Bing saved my little boy's life that time he found him in the woods with a snake bite. I owe him for that."

"Wait . . ." Kermit Landis looked into the wet eyes of his former employee. "I don't know what is in the back of your mind when the talking you have done about the colored people and white, but I do know that you are a good man and not one to rant unless you feel you are right . . . right under God. The hardware store isn't the same since you left. It no longer has personality. When this is over I want you to come back to work . . . I need you now moah than ever."

Alex Best went into the hall. Speaking from there he said, "This crowd is getting out of hand. What are you going to do, John?"

"Nothing! They'll soon cuss themselves out and stagger on home."

Still from the hall Alex shouted, "John, there are a good many decent people in that crowd. Grady, Jack, Fuller and look at that . . . Festis Royal. What in heavens name is he doing out there? Everyone is soaked to the skin, panting around like naked animals . . . There's John Fowler . . . My God! There is his wife, Mary. Damn! You had better break them up, John!"

"Those people don want to hurt old Bing. Dey knows dat he ain't don nuthin wrong," the darcy said.

"I'll talk to them when Bill and Jud gets back, but I don't think they're dangerous yet. I know most everyone out there, and they haven't got the guts to break into my jail."

Outside Bill Rich and Jud got out of a car and turned toward the jail. The crowd swelled around them. "Jud," yelled a man close by, "where is dat damn white girl killer at? We're gonna hang the son-of-a-bitch sky high." A roar of approval to the speech accented the mood of the people.

"He's inside and that is exactly where he's going to stay. We don't know that Bing is guilty." Bill Rich flung this back at the pushing crowd.

"Nigger Lover . . ."

Jud laughed raucously, "Well, I ain't

no nigger lover. It would save you all money at tax collecting time if you would string him up now." The mob went wild at this. The law was on their side, a deputy anyway.

"Shut up, you damn fool! Do you want a lynching?"

"The damn nigger deserves to die. The niggers said they hadn't played cards, didn't they? That proves he was lying about whar he wuz. Anyway, another dead nigger isn't goin' to hurt nothin'." A black scowl masked Bill's face as the deputy shouted this for all to hear.

"Yeah, he's guilty, the lying bastard." "Killer . . ." The mob swept toward the steps of the jail.

"Look!" Yelled one youngish voice, "Ain't that Bing's boy yonder?"

"Dammed ifen it ain't . . ." A group of men ran to Abe and forced him up on the steps of the jail. "Yah didn't come heah to try to set yoah old man free did yah?"

"Naw, he wouldn't. He hates niggers as bad as us. Ask him. He don't think niggers are any better than slop foah th' hogs. Least ways he'd better not." An ugly laugh followed the voice. With no sign of emotion of any kind showing Abraham stood defiantly facing the mob. He was silent.

"Is yoah old man guilty?" Jud spoke loud with a gleam in his eyes.

Looking around at the people Abe noticed how quiet the town people had become. Waiting . . . Waiting for him . . . him to speak . . . to lead them. Ignoring Bill's warning not to answer the boy-man took one step toward the crowd and voiced, "He is my own flesh and blood, but . . . Yes! He cut her throat with his own knife." Bill grabbed the boy.

"You idiot, that's all this crowd needs, nothing will stop them now." Bill hit Abe solidly in the mouth.

"Yah tryin to protect a black when his son won't." The crowd swallowed Bill Rich and he disappeared in the angry throng. "Let's get at it."

"Yeah . . ." The mob seemed to be of one mind now. "Jud's got a key. He'll open the door."

"Yeah, he will if en he don't want to get the hell beat outa him." With the mob gathered around the steps and the door, Jud turned the key in the lock, the door swung open and the mob rushed through.

The rain suddenly stopped!

"Stand back. I'd hate to shoot any of you but no one is taking Bing."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

November Review

IN RECENT years, with the rise of the popular monthly and weekly magazines the short story has changed its color. No longer in vogue are the surprise, trick stories of such perennial favorites as O. Henry. Today's audiences are more sophisticated and demand better constructed plots, or no plots at all, and a better quality of writing technique. Even stories that appear in the *Saturday Evening Post* must possess literary value as well as amusement value. This is not to say modern writers are all masters of their form. It is rather that there are certain accepted rules for writing short stories that most of those who publish have learned well.

The so-called "little" magazines which have their origin, for the most part, in the universities stand in opposition to popular notions about the short story. By being opposite their stories have taken on an admittedly different hue which is, however, common among all of them. By some critics of this style, stories in avant-garde magazines are called "mere sketches" or "European pastel pieces."

Each year there is a book published in the O. Henry Award series which presents, in the opinion of its editors, the best of short fiction for the year. From the establishment of the series in 1918 by the Society of Arts and Sciences, until 1951 a volume appeared annually. There were no collections for the years 1952 and 1953 due to the death of Herschel Brickell, who had been editor for ten years. The new collection, for 1956, is the third edited by Paul Engle and Hansford Martin.

The present book is one of the best in a long line of remarkably good collections. Though it has no really surprising new talent like 1948's Truman Capote, each story possesses merit that makes it well worth reading.

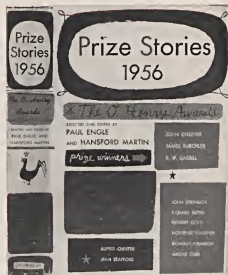
The prize-winners for 1956 are "The Country Husband" by John Cheever (from *The New Yorker*) first prize, "Pepicelli" by James Buechler (from *The Harvard Advocate*) second prize, and "The Prize" by R. V. Cassill (from *Perspective*) third prize. This selection represents one story from three different types of magazines. *The New Yorker* is in a class all its own (there is much talk currently of New Yorker-type short stories), for though it has a fairly large circulation it caters to

no mass taste other than the mass of supposedly cosmopolitan Manhattanites. *Perspective* is one of the best of the little magazines having no roots in a university. Surprisingly enough *The Harvard Advocate* is an undergraduate literary periodical at Harvard College. *The Advocate* had long been noted for its quality of fiction and, in the past year, it was of an astonishingly high caliber.

THE COUNTRY HUSBAND is an amazing story in that under its tranquil surface runs a psychological excitement of passion that is hard to define. The plot is concerned with one of those "autumnal romances so common to middle-age." Francis Weed, a Suburbanite happily married, finds himself desirous, after a near escape with death in a plane crash, of some young love. Author Cheever's perceptions of the animals of Suburbia are warmly alive with the warmth of his subjects, yet his insights stream from a wicked wit that is unrelentingly accurate. The characters of the story have perfectly achieved sophistication, and with this achievement they are prone to make all the mistakes inherent to sophistication. The end of the story suggests a return to imagination, to the unreal, to the world of the mind strangely removed from a routine of cocktail parties, yet, strangely a part of the routine: "Then it is dark; it is a night where kings in golden suits ride elephants over the mountains."

James Buechler's story "Pepicelli" is a touching account of one man's search, in the confusion of modern society, for his special apocalyptic moment. Pepicelli, after years of diligently working, going through the daily routine of meals and other monotonous activities, at last acquires his dream of a motorcycle. Then Pepicelli roars off on it "like a furious angel ascending from heaven." In this act he becomes a supreme symbol, a worthy image for the machine age. From such a young author this story shows a remarkable insight into human nature and its foibles.

"The Prize," like most of Verlin Cassill's stories, deals with the "haunted" and moving lives of ordinary people. By using the modern enigma of the prize contest, Cassill demonstrates the effects of jealousy and the American dream of obtaining the pot of



gold for nothing. The intensified relationships of son to mother and father and brothers are so well depicted that they show good reason to believe Cassill a major talent.

Among the other stories in the book "Head of a Sad Angel" by Alfred Chester is outstanding. Originally published in *Botteghe Oscure*, this story deals with the impact of a strong personality, in the form of an invalid music teacher, on a young American student. The setting is Paris, and this is partly responsible for some of the magic the story imparts. But the Paris of this story is no fairyland Paris of musical comedies, or even of the young Hemingway. It is a Paris of graveyards and recurrent symbols of decay and death. The person of the music teacher, a Polish countess once acclaimed in European capitals, is, indeed, a personification of the haunting decay of a mind. But despite morbidity, in the end, the triumph is one of goodness and human understanding.

Two well known authors are represented in the book, William Faulkner and John Steinbeck. Faulkner's story, "Race at Morning," is filled with details of weather and animals but is able to still be conscious of the eternal struggles of mankind within the bounds of Mississippi. There is only a refreshing hint of a sense of mankind's existence beyond the river and the wood. From John Steinbeck is a story, "The Affair at 7, Rue de M. . .," which is, as usual, excellent and powerful. The story, set in Paris, is removed from his usual haunts and has an unexpectedly comic turn of events.

—J. D. M.

Simplicity

Come back, my childhood
That I may understand as then I did,
The earth, the stone, the air.
There was a place where I could sit and dream,
And from where I dreamed I could have touched a star.
Come back that I might know the simple things,
And know with certainty again the things of earth.
Rocks were cool and things were clear to me the child.
Passing through the border country into understanding
Was but a simple task. The air was pure
And I had company with truth.
I stand in awe of childhood's truth—
The simplicity and understanding of a pure and perfect heart.
Come back to me my childhood,
That I might understand the knowledge that I have.

—LARRY PEARCE

Exposure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

The crowd bulged at the door. In the center of the room the three men gathered around Bing who sat in a chair. Jud stood to the side. "How did yah get in?"

"Bill was knocked out and someone took his key," Jud lied.

One of the crowd, a big man with hairy arms, noticed Kermit Landis. "Mistah Landis! What you doin heah? We're going to see that justice is done. This nigger is goin to die! Big-mouthed nigger!"

"Bing is innocent, Jasper."

"Now Mistah Landis, we all knows you

have been shocked, your daughter gittin raped and all, so if'en you'll jest step aside we'll hang this African bastard."

Jud had moved around behind the sheriff and the other guardians of the colored man.

"Jasper Tuttle, I had you in jail last week foah fighting and drinking. If you don't back out of heah now I'll see that you get the maximum for inciting a riot and attempted murder." The sheriff's shot gun pointed directly at Tuttle's stomach.

Somewhat meekly Jasper said, "But even

Faison's boy says his old man is . . ."

"Hold it, Mistah Big Sheriff," Jud snarled from behind the chief. "Lay down that shotgun fore I blow you to smithereens. Yah been lordin' it around heah long enough. When a sheriff starts upholdin a nigger when he kills a white girl, it's time foah a real man to take th' job." John Blalock looked at Jud, hate flaming his face red. While the attention of the sheriff his allies. His shotgun was jerked from his hands. The sheriff and his cohorts were forced in the nearest cell.

Bing was grabbed by many hands and pushed out of the room, into the hall and on to the door. Just before the open door stood Abe.

"Son . . ."

Abe stepped aside as the mob stormed by.

In the distance stood an ancient oak tree. It's massive arms snarled in defiance at dying. It had once been the hanging tree.

Bing was dragged under the oak. Someone had gotten a mule and it stood undisturbed under the tree. Midst the roar of the crowd, Bing's pleas went unheard. His hands were tied and his face was covered with his own blood.

"Awright, sit him on the mule! We'll teach this nigger what it means to mess with us whites." Bing was roughly planted on the mule. He looked at the mob, his eyes moving, passed every face until he caught sight of the face of his son. There Bing's eyes stayed. "Lawd, I didn't aim to raise him dat a way," Bing mumbled in prayer-like manner.

"What yah sayin, nigger? Say yoah last words foah all the world to heah."

The lynching rope was thrown over the lowest limb and secured. A few yards from the tree someone's imagination had led him to light a cross of fire.

As the rope was settled on Bing's shoulders Tuttle declared, "There's no use in tryin to alibi, Bing, people saw yah wid that black suit on in the park."

"Lawd, heah I's come . . ."

"Yeah, damn right, 'cept you ain't goin to th' Lawd. Hey! Where is th' mule whip?"

"Here it is."

"Well bring it here and git ready to hit this mule."

"Now wait a minute, I wasn't plannin on bein th' one that sent him to swingin."

"What's the maffah, you yellah?" Tuttle snarled at the speaker.

"Naw, but you started this, Jasper. You hit the mule." Jasper looked at the whip then nervously at the crowd. Suddenly . . .

WE'LL MAKE his son do it." All heads turned to where Abe stood. The faces of the would-be lynchers showed a mixture of hatred, pity and wondering.

"Git 'em," shouted Jasper. With this Abe walked slowly toward the trunk of the tree, his eyes focused on those of his father. Tuttle reached out, grabbed Abraham, and placed the whip in his palm.

Tuttle swelled with relief as he swaggered in front of Bing.

"Now! Even a nigger has got a right to say a last few words. Yah got any?"

Bing turned to look at his son.

"Yah white fooks is upset, cause yah think dat I has done sumpin dat is wrong. Yousse believes I killed Miss Brenda. The good Lawd knows dat my hands is white of dis sin. I understands why youse folks is doin' dis . . . thar ain't nothin else yah know to do, mad and hurt and all. I don't hold dis ag'in yah. I's not th' only man wat will die foah sumpin he didn't do!" Bing still looked at his son. The mob watched the changing expressions on the faces of the executor and his victim. "Neveh in my life has I done anythin to hurt a white man, I is yoah friend. But all ain't wat it seems, when yah think sumpin is good, de chances are ders rottiness inside. When youse white people, afta I's wid de Lawd, sees people actin lak dey was bettah den anybody else . . . den watch out, . . . dis is de truth, Lawd forgive the boy . . . I know my son . . ."

Viciously Abe slashed the rump of the mule and he leaped to leave Bing hanging in the air. The crowd was stunned by the suddenness of this act. With a smile Abe saw his father swing, a smile was still on his face as he turned to the crowd. But no longer was there vicious hatred on the faces of the watching whites. It had been replaced by the knowledge of the thing they had been party to, and realization that somehow a good man was dead . . . an innocent man. They looked uncertainly at the son. As the crowd stood in shocked silence a flash of lightning descended, destroying the mighty tree that had symbolically stood for the generations gone, leaving only half a trunk and the cragged limb on which a man was dead. The felled segment of the tree smothered the burning cross.

Abe backed away, fear naked in his eyes; he faded into the darkness of the North.

—JACK ROBINSON

There's Romance in the Air

Pure silk peau de soie
charmer frothed with pleated
chiffon. Cerise, blue,
emerald. Sizes 8 to 16. 55.00



Rendezvous Room
Second Floor

MONTALDO'S

THE Varsity GRILL

Opposite Wake Forest
Corner E. Polo Road
and Bethabara

Nearest
Restaurant
to Campus

Featuring:

Varsity-Burgers
Short Order Meals
and Dancing Soon



On the Campus

QUALITY
MEN'S WEAR

"Ben Wants to See You"



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are



LeVAN BROTHERS BARBER SHOP

We Have
Five Experienced Barbers
To Serve You

OPEN 9:00 A.M. TILL 9:00 P.M.

PH. 4-7718

Corner Polo Rd. and Cherry St.
Nearest Barber Shop to Campus

You don't pay the usual
high prices for fine quality
at—

Hawthorne
FURNITURE COMPANY, INC.

for

Distinctive Furniture
and
Interior Designs

1309 S. Hawthorne Rd.
Dial 2-2583
of Winston-Salem

Press

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

coupled with class work and quizzes, leave Preslar little time for such luxuries as recreation and sleep. He spends more time directing the production of Wake Forest's weekly than the average worker on a daily newspaper. And there are no breaks from the grind, other than a few precious holidays, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and spring vacations preserving the sanity of the *Old Gold* staff.

The week's push begins Wednesday night for the paper and generally ends shortly after sunrise Saturday morning. To meet production schedules at *Old Gold's* printer in Nashville, N. C., a number of pages must be written, laid out, and shipped by bus each night. Two trips are made each evening to the downtown bus station, the first at 11:30 p. m. and the second sometime before 7:30 the following morning. The staff manages to sneak in a few hours of sleep on Wednesdays and Thursdays. But Friday's load of front page, editorial and sports material, usually requires an all night stand. Occasionally late items are telephoned to Nashville on Saturday afternoon.

And how was he lured into this sorrowful state of affairs? When Preslar began his sophomore year in the fall of 1954, he enrolled in a basic journalism course under Dr. E. E. Folk. From there he was tantalized into the hallowed but dilapidated walls of the *Old Gold* office, and handed assignments usually passed out to green reporters. He learned quickly and well. By Christmas holidays he was appointed sports editor by Editor Dan Poole; and his work in that department was a major contribution to the paper's All-American rating that year.

After that first taste of journalism, Preslar was convinced he "had found a home." He followed up his first year on *Old Gold* with a summer job in the sports department of the *High Point Enterprise* and returned the following fall to become Managing Editor under Charles "Tex" Newman. Last spring he was chosen by the Publications Board as editor of the newspaper for 1956-57.

Preslar is majoring in English and minoring in history. He is a second lieutenant in the ROTC regiment and will receive a commission at graduation this spring. A tour of military service will follow and then—a newspaper job.

He still works with the sports department at High Point and bright fall Saturdays will find him at Big Four football

games writing color stories — after a strenuous week on *Old Gold*.

Meetings and other functions which the editor must attend are also time consuming and he occasionally appears on the program of one of the literary societies. Even on days that no actual writing is done, hours are spent planning and evaluating the paper and its work. Since few students feel it worthwhile to spare the time necessary to become a Pub Row regular, the bulk of work is left to Preslar and a small nucleus of staff members.

Preslar is a graduate of High Point High School and came to Wake Forest as the winner of an honor scholarship. During his high school days he became known as an accomplished pianist and at one time was encouraged by his teachers to set his sights on a career as a concert performer. He played for a time with one of the leading dance bands in the area.

But music had no appeal for him as a career. His interests turned to dramatics

and as a freshman here he was an active member of the College Theatre. In the summer after his first year he earned a role in "Unto These Hills," the famed outdoor drama of the Cherokee Indians.

When he returned to school as a sophomore, little did he know that when spring returned he would be an incurable news hound, doomed for life.

But Preslar's activities at the College have not been confined to publications. As a junior he served on the Men's Honor Council, having been chosen for the position in spring elections. He is a member of Sigma Pi Alpha, modern language fraternity, and Scabbard and Blade, honorary military society. In 1955 he was editor of the Student Handbook and also edited a program used last year in the BSU's "Religion in Life Week." He has also been elected president of the Publication Board for this year.

Preslar has mastered many of the fine points of newspaper work that often take

years to cultivate. But he still is a careful student, always learning, and seeking new ideas that might make *Old Gold* a more effective paper for the students. Traditionally, nothing is sacred to the newspaper in its task of keeping the Wake Forester informed. It has never been accused—justifiably—of a tame editorial policy. Any part of the College may be criticized, administration, faculty or student, if *Old Gold* feels its actions or policy is not in the interest of the school. The paper's motto, "Covers the Campus Like the Magnolias," is the policy it strives to follow as it struggles to gather every scrap of news important enough for the student to know. These are the things Preslar spends impossible hours to uphold. He learned from men who had forsaken many areas of college life for the same purpose. And he will pass it on to others.

Meanwhile, the weeks will wear on, and the editor will hear the same old complaints, intermingled with a host of new ones. He will handle all of them with patience and restraint as he knows he must—and as his predecessors and advisers have taught him. Some weeks the paper will achieve its purpose, on others it will not.

The Editor's classmates will toss the same old jibes as he passes. "Hey Preslar, wake up!", they'll say. He will be referred to as "Scoop," "Ace" and "the scandal sheet man," among others. Suite mates who don't quite understand "where that guy in room A spends all his time" will speak of "the lazy jerk" when he sleeps far into the afternoon after a hard week.

It is difficult to theorize on just why he does these things, why others have done it and still others will. Perhaps it's the little chill inside when you pick up the week's product at the bus station and peruse its every detail. Or that midnight hamburger and coffee after you've sent the package of copy on its way. Maybe the response to an editorial you felt was important, or the response that didn't come and you vowed to work that much harder. Or perhaps to walk across campus and see hundreds of faces hidden behind a little seven-column weekly. And certainly it helps to count the long string of All American awards.

But most of all *Old Gold* becomes a responsibility. Once you become a part of it, it never leaves you. And guys like Preslar won't leave *Old Gold* until the job is done —no less than the best.

—BILL CONNELLY



YORK

Bridges to Build

A MONTH OR so ago, newspapers all over the country carried an announcement of the recently completed first trans-Atlantic telephone cable, permitting direct calls from one continent to another. It was a brief article and, by its side in many papers, was a lengthier one with information about the proposed mechanical satellite to be launched from the earth's surface.

Judging from local response, the article on the completed telephone service was greeted by more wonder and astonishment than the other. Most people had assumed that there was already a direct inter-continental line, and had been for some time. The simultaneous appearance of the two announcements is extremely significant, for it supports the contention that there are many more bridges to build into our world, bridges not only of communication, but of friendship, understanding, and concern.

Certainly in this science-fiction infested world, emphasis is placed on the remote, the challenging, the romantic. It is to be supposed that with the discovery of the New World, young people on other continents turned their attention westward,

allowing their local interests to wane in the excitement.

It is a natural course. But for students, especially the many who have embarked on their last year of formal education, the fact that there is still much to be done within their worlds, both individual and collective, is important enough for a reminder.

Probably very few of these students will become renowned "bridge-builders." But that is of relatively little importance. What is important is that each student develop an enthusiasm for those opportunities that he may meet or create for himself. The challenges are many and diverse; some will seem to have little glamour or excitement, unless the individual finds these elements for himself. Others will be found discouragingly simple and requiring of little imagination, except for the person who can find some pleasure in mediocrity.

Always in the past, the college and university was the breeding ground for revolution and revival. Students were alive with the enthusiasm and interest that gave birth to some world-shaking events. College is surely the place to develop enthusiasm

for the simpler, as well as the finer, things of life. And it is the manner in which the student deals with problems at hand that determines whether or not he has the qualities of a "master-builder."

It is not supposed, even for a moment, that enthusiasm and interest are commodities that can be auctioned off to students at bargain prices. They have their life in spontaneity. But perhaps an appeal can sometimes become the germ of conception. There is basis for hope that within this college generation there are those who shun the idea that all has been accomplished, there is nothing left to do; who realize that there can be found gulfs to conquer at every point of life. There is also the hope that these students will build up both their enthusiasm and their bridges, whatever they may be, before their preparation for the remaining years is completed. It is a hope that they will live now, enthusiastically, and not wait for the someday. For it is a pity if this college generation is no more than a million Alexanders who before mastering their world of today weep because there are no more worlds to conquer.

D. L. B.

The Preciousness of One

THE CREATIVE mind of man is a powerful force, but only so long as that mind is free to create in its own way. John Steinbeck says in *East of Eden*, "Nothing was ever created by two men . . . The preciousness lies in the lonely mind of man." Whether this is entirely true or not is of little consequence, but the necessity for the free and individual mind implied is of major importance.

The plea for individualism has been much treated, but apparently not effectively since, in spite of all the "calls to self-expression," there seems to be a deficit in the number of free and creative minds. There is an assumption here, of course, that to be free and creative, the mind must be an individual.

Those who speak and write often of the

college student find themselves forever returning to the "lack of individualism" and the "trend to conformity." The conformity itself may not be evil; the danger lies in forsaking self which is often necessary.

It is this forsaking of self that the college student should be concerned about — the student particularly, because it is so easy in college to forget there even exists in each of us a creative mind. It is the ability of creation that makes us individuals, for that matter that makes us human. That is why the lonely or individual mind must be preserved. It is the source of all preciousness.

The eternal problem seems to be how to shock students, into seeing the danger of being stereotyped copies instead of living, creative individuals. It is easy to become

satisfied with being a type, even if the category is shared with numerous others who possess the same traits.

This is where Steinbeck's truth becomes golden: the mind must be individual, for herein lies the preciousness, the creativity. Only when one has developed his peculiar category with its own traits has he become a real person, a person of value. The mind that conforms itself to its environment has robbed its environment of something that, as a separate entity, it might have contributed.

The student who keeps his mind free to create possesses a source of great power for himself — and who knows to what extent for others.

C. H. R.

Portrait of the Month



Carole Brown - Class of 1960

A portrait - - the perfect gift for any occasion

Grigg Studio
on the campus

THESE PORTRAITS ARE SELECTED EACH MONTH FROM THOSE MADE AT GRIGG STUDIO

Make friends with **WINSTON**



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Enjoy finer filter smoking!

Find out how *good* filter smoking can be! Make your next pack Winston! You'll like the *flavor*, because it's full and rich-tasting. And just as important — you'll like the exclusive Winston *filter* that lets the flavor come through for you to enjoy. Try Winston for *finer* filter smoking.

Switch to **WINSTON** America's best-selling, best-tasting filter cigarette!



THE STUDENT

VOLUME 72

NUMBER 3

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

DECEMBER 13, 1956

DON'T FORGET THE STUDENT Short Story Contest

1st Prize \$10 2nd Prize \$5

RULES

- Contestants to be undergraduate students of the College.
- Entries to be typed or legibly written and addressed to "Short Story Contest." More than one story may be submitted for judging.
- Name, story title, class year, and local address to appear on a separate sheet attached to the story. Stories to carry no identification on the manuscript.
- Entries to be left at the publication offices, 224 Reynolda Hall, or mailed to THE STUDENT, Box 7287, Reynolda Station.
- Judges to be THE STUDENT Editorial Board and a member of the English Department.
- Editors reserve right to publish winning stories. All entries become property of THE STUDENT magazine. Contest closes midnight, January 7, 1957.



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are



Wake Forest Laundry and Cleaners

Our main office is located in the basement of the N. W. Men's Dormitory. It is here for your convenience and satisfaction and will offer to you the best and quickest service available.

Good on Campus Service for:

FINISH WORK
FLAT WORK
DRY CLEANING

REGULAR 3 DAY SERVICE

One Day Service

In by 9—Out by 5

The Demon In Us...

AN ENGLISH INSTRUCTOR and an Engineering professor were dining together. During the course of the conversation at the table the former spoke:

"I had a peculiar answer in class today. I asked who wrote *The Merchant of Venice*, and a pretty little Freshman girl said, 'Please, sir, it wasn't me.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Engineering professor, "and I suppose the little vixen had done it all the time."

VALE RECORD

Police raided a gambling casino where four men sat around a table, apparently playing poker. The police sternly questioned each man. "You're playing cards in defiance of the law," they told the first man.

"Not me," he replied. "I just sat down to talk."

"You're playing cards in defiance of the law," they shouted at the second man.

"Oh, no," he replied, "You got me wrong. I'm a stranger here myself."

"And you're playing cards, too," they told the third man.

"Not me," he answered, "I'm just waiting for the bus."

The police then stared at the fourth man, holding a deck of cards in his hands. "Well, at least you're playing cards," they said.

"Me playing cards?" he repeated. "With whom?"

THE LOG

A medium, giving a seance, was bringing back people from the other world. A nine-year old boy was among those present.

"I want to talk to Grandpa," he said.

"Quiet! Quiet!" hushed the medium.

"I want to talk to Grandpa," repeated the kid.

"Very well, little boy," conceded the medium, making a few hocus-pocus passes. "Here's your Grandpa."

"Hello Grandpa, what are you doing up there? You ain't dead."

VALE RECORD

Forty years they had been married. For forty years she had made the living; then he died. The thrifty widow instructed that his body be cremated and the ashes delivered to her. Carefully placing them in an hourglass she put it on the mantel,

sat down to rock and said, "you worthless bum, at last you're going to work."

"Dad," said Ervine on day, "I'm about ready to get married and I've decided I want to marry Suzy."

"I'm afraid that's impossible son," said his father. "When I was young, well, I sowed my wild oats — Suzy's your half-sister."

And a couple of weeks later when Ervine decided on Lucy, he got the same answer from his father. In despair he went to his mother.

"Pa says I can't marry Suzy or Lucy because they're my half-sisters," he sobbed, "What can I do?"

"Marry any of 'em you like, son," said his mother tenderly. "He's not your father."

VALE RECORD



College is a fountain of knowledge where all go to drink.

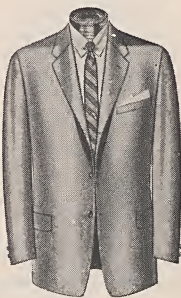
A group of prohibitionists looking for evidence of the advantage of total abstinence were told of an old man 102 years old who had never touched a drop of liquor. So they rushed to his home to get a statement. After propping him up in bed and guiding his feeble hand along the dotted line, they heard a violent disturbance coming from another room—furniture being smashed, dishes being broken and the shuffling of feet.

"Good heavens, what's that?" gasped a committeeman.

"Oh," whispered the old man as he sank exhaustedly into his pillows, "that's Pa, he's drunk again."

Bocock-Stroud Co.

"College Shop"



Feeling is Believing!

Authentic Ivy Styles

Often Imitated —

Never Equalled

We specialize in natural-shoulder clothing, following the University trend. Come in and see our wonderful selections of Southwick, Franklin, and Linett clothing.

- SUITS
- SPORT COATS
- SLACKS
- SWEATERS
- ALL ACCESSORIES
- SHIRTS BY GANT

Bocock-Stroud College Shop Is
the Meeting Place for Young
Men With Good Taste

THE Varsity

GRILL

Opposite Wake Forest
Corner E. Polo Road
and Bethabara

Nearest
Restaurant
to Campus

Featuring:
Varsity-Burgers
Short Order Meals
and Dancing Soon



in Winston-Salem

Famous
for Sportswear

for the girls . . .



- JANTZEN
- LADY MANHATTAN
- ALEX COLEMAN
- MAURICE HANDLER
- SWEATERS
- CANTERBURY
- SWEATERS

for the men . . .



- MANHATTAN
- MCGREGOR
- ESQUIRE
- HAPP
- BERKRAY

T H E S T U D E N T

VOLUME 72 NUMBER 3

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

DECEMBER 13, 1956

The Demon In Us	1
Student Profiles	3
Cricket in the Corps.....	5
Forum: The Problem of Student Health Service.....	6
Interval, poem by C.D.....	8
The Visitor, fiction by Walt Barge.....	10
All-Christmas, poem by Dottie Braddock.....	12

A poem in celebration of any holiday is likely to be contrived and ill constructed. Poems about Christmas are notably sentimental and lacking in any essential power. Only in a few cases, such as in Auden's "Christmas Oratorio," have modern poets been able to inject original ideas, while yet conserving the essential spirit of the season, into their poetry. This poem, "All-Christmas," is not only a complex statement in verse of a thesis but is flavored with the symbols of a holy, yet newly vulgarly commercialized, celebration.

The Freedom of Christmas, essay by Tom Buie.....	12
A Home Away From Home.....	14

Since college students are forced to be away from home a good part of the year, it is only natural that there should be concern about students' living quarters. Now that most Wake Forest students live in dormitories there is great similarity in rooms and general accommodations. A few students, however, have been able to express their individuality in their rooms. A photographic feature takes a peek into some of these homes away from home.

Dr. Skinny Pearson.....	16
Blue Corridors, poem by W. Nunn.....	18
In Germany, by Charles Cherry.....	19

Wake Forest graduates, as a rule, stay in their native state and are not noted for their far-flung enterprises. In recent years, however, there has been a growing tendency for Wake Forest graduates to continue their advanced education abroad. There are former students in the Far East, in South America and in Germany. Charles Cherry, a 1956 graduate, has written an essay on student life at the University of Heidelberg in Germany.

Calendar	20
December Review	21
Spring From the Earth, fiction by C. Richards.....	22
From the Editor's Desk.....	28

Student Profiles

SINCE ONE MEMBER of the staff returned from Chapel Hill with two new additions to Pub Row's library of Peanuts books, there has been a great deal of reading and little studying. A new game even developed in which everyone was classified as to their resemblance to characters such as Charlie Brown, Schroeder, and Violet.

From the National Headquarters of Pogo for President a new book, *Pogo Party*, was also received. But, as a result of the November elections in which the possum placed a poor last, interest in his doings has waned in those who supported him so ardently.

A letter received by THE STUDENT shortly before deadline for this issue contained three interesting poems and a note, also interesting.

The note was signed only C. D. and read like this: "I'm sure that you won't have any use for these, but if you do, you will have to use the initials only for my friends in the dorm would rag the daylights out of me if they knew I tried to write any sort of poem."

The staff was struck by the resemblance of C. D.'s initials to those of H. D. which belong to the contemporary poet, Hilda Doolittle. The reason H. D. uses initials instead of her real name is unknown to the staff; one cannot help but wonder if she did it originally for the same reason as does C.D. H.D. was one of the founders of the imagist school of poetry and, though no such revolution is expected on campus, it was interesting to note certain similarities in the initialed poet's work. C.D., like H.D., has a clear-cut style which is free but not radical.

One of the poems, "Interval," appears in this issue, and the editors would like to see more of C. D.'s work as well as his face.

Short stories in this issue are by Walt Barge and Charles Richards. Barge, cadet commander of the Wake Forest ROTC unit, is a senior from Durham and is a pre-law student. His story was submitted for publication last year and with the Christmas season is newly appropriate.

Speaking of short stories, another reminder about THE STUDENT's short story contest is in order. Only a few entries have been received. With so many subjects around campus for good stories, students have the material to capture in writing enough to want to make an attempt at it.

One of the major sources of contributions for the magazine is other college publications. A system of exchange brings in to the office magazines from as far away as California and as near as Greensboro. Ideas on layouts and features are obtained from them as well as a chance for the staff to read the creative writing of other campus magazines. A closer unity is achieved with students going to schools other than Wake Forest. This aids in obtaining a broad perspective of student thinking which may be disagreeable and startling but helpful in the development of a liberal viewpoint.

"The Demon in Us," the humor column, draws its life blood from the Ivy League humor magazines. Most of the cartoons are also from these sources.

Tom Buie is the author of the Christmas essay. Tom, despite being a senior pre-med student, is one of the magazine's most frequent contributors, having had a short story published in the first issue and a feature article on the Bowman Gray School of Medicine in the second.

Joining art editor Bert Walton's staff this issue is Edie Hutchins whose illustration for a story appears on page 17. Edie is a junior from Canton planning for a career in journalism.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR Jerry Matherly, who is the regular reviewer for the magazine, does not spend all his time reading books as evidenced by the fact he conceived of and arranged the photographic feature on dorm rooms.

THE STUDENT's crusade for the consumption of potato soup has grown in proportion with numerous converts. The dining halls have served potato soup several times and reportedly have had a good sale each time. One history professor even saw fit to give part of a lecture to its origin in Western Civilization. After potatoes were taken back to England from the New World of America, they were served in various ways. One of the most popular was in the form of soup. In the Age of Exploration, potato soup was considered a great delicacy and, despite its humbling in succeeding centuries, is still well received among gourmets.

The entire staff wishes everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The staff expects to spend its holidays eating, caroling, giving and receiving and preparing copy for future issue. From Santa Claus is asked only more writers and artists.

FINE WATCH REPAIRING and SPECIAL ATTENTION to STUDENTS & FACULTY of WAKE FOREST UNDERWOOD JEWELERS

- ELGIN
- HAMILTON
- BOLIVA
- BULOVA
- TISSOT
- KEPSAKE
- DIAMONDS
- ETERNAMATIC

106 W. Fourth St.
Winston-Salem

USE OUR CONVENIENT LAYAWAY PLAN
Do Your Christmas Shopping Early



CAMPUS DELIVERY

CUSTOM-MADE HATS

PHONE 4-9271

451 WEST END BLVD.

The COLLEGE INN

STEAKS — SPAGHETTI
PIZZA — SALADS

*Between Wake Forest
and Winston-Salem
on Reynolda Road*

VISIT
DEACON'S DEN

Rathskeller



**Christmas Gift
Headquarters For:**

ARROW SHIRTS
ARROW SLACKS
ARROW TIES
ARROW UNDERWEAR
WORSTED-TEX SUITS
WORSTED-TEX TOPCOATS
WORSTED-TEX SPORT COATS
WORSTED-TEX SLACKS
ALLIGATOR RAINWEAR
HAGGAR SLACKS
PURITAN SWEATERS

and a host of other
famous labels!

**Anchor Menswear
Main Floor**

Cover

Scenes like the one on this month's cover are plentiful on the Reynolda estate, adjoining the Wake Forest campus. Running water, quiet lakes, wandering paths and large old trees make the estate a natural place for relaxation. Students who care can find hours of quiet and exercise by walking along the winding paths.

The woods and fields around the college campus are gradually losing their color as winds strip the drying leaves from the trees and biting frost kills the grass. But there is something strangely beautiful about winter barrenness. Life, like the sharp cold air and the icy bubbling water becomes filled with excitement. And in spite of the cold a day with nature is pleasing.

Staff

Dottie Braddock, *Editor*
Charles Richards, *Editor*

Jerry Matherly, *Associate Editor*
Editorial Assistants: Owen Herring,
Robert Fitzgerald, Becky Lampley,
Tom Buie, Nancy Jo Smith
Bert Walton, *Art Editor*

Art: Libby York, Ann Clark, Esther Seay, Bill Wiggins, Jean Hurst
Lynne Laughrun, *Production Mgr.*
Typing: Betty Sue Kerley, Judy Knight, Tommy Laughrun, Ann Weir
Phoebe Pridgen, *Circulation Mgr.*
Circulation: Kay Adams, Mary Louise Brown, Nancy Coley, Ann Bolton, Babs Avard, Barbara Edwards, Judy Freeman, Betty Hollifield, Camille Pilcher, Beth Scott

Dale Holland, *Business Mgr.*
Advertising: Betty Bolt, Mike Price, Karen Walker, Jo Ann McMillan, Nancy Webster, Bob Edison

• • •

THE STUDENT, founded January, 1882, is published monthly, except summer sessions, by the students of Wake Forest College. Office located in Room 224, Reynolda Hall; address correspondence to Box 7287, Reynolda Branch, Winston-Salem, N. C. Printed by Winston Printing Company, Winston-Salem. National Advertising representative W. B. Bradbury Co., 219 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription rates: \$2.50 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Winston-Salem, N. C.

Norman Stockton's "Natural Look"

The right clothes for
the college man

also Lady Hathaway shirts
for the girls



*Shop for yourself or for
Christmas gifts at*

TOWN AND CAMPUS SHOP

Cherry Street
Across From Bus Station
Phone 7030

*The best selection in
clothing, sportswear and
accessories*

Cricket in the Corps...

CRICKET ADJUSTED his cartridge belt, straightened his shoulders, and strode off down to the drill field. He was a student in the ROTC, or Respected Order of Trained Crickets.

After joining his platoon he marched along (120 paces per minute) with the others while the band corps played "Cars and Gripes Forever." But all the while Cricket was swinging his arms exactly six inches to the front and three inches to the rear, his mind was in a dilemma. For there was a quiz scheduled for the next day and he had carefully memorized the pages of the 145-90 *Manual* to be covered in the test.

One page stood out distinctly in his mind. It was page 49. Suddenly he found himself quoting in rhythm:

"Operation orders are always personally influenced in their preparation by the commander.

Obviously, the commander will always make the decision. The extent..."

A loud voice broke into his concentration. "Private Cricket, would you like to rejoin your platoon on the field?"

Cricket looked around dismayed to find that the rest of his platoon was far down the field, while he was pacing off his 30 inch stride in perfect time. The only difficulty was that he was going in the opposite direction.

Cricket dropped his head and thearrison hat that had always been about five sizes too large fell at his feet.

"Twenty demerits, Private Cricket!" the officer roared. "Where do you think you are, Rest Point?"

Cricket snapped to attention sans hat and looked the officer in the eye as he had been taught that all respectable trained crickets should do.

"Return to your platoon and report to me immediately after drill!" the officer instructed.

Cricket found his place again in his platoon and was careful that his mind did not turn again to page 49. After drill he wandered down the halls to where the officer was waiting.

"Now, Private Cricket," he said after signaling an "at ease" to him, "just how do you propose to explain your negligence on the field today? Do you not know what the Order demands of prospective officers. I refer you to page 10 of *Manual 145-90* which describes the requirements for a chief of staff. They are essential in every officer."

The mention of the manual set off a chain reaction in Cricket's mind. He began quoting.

"Some of the qualities essential for a chief of staff to have are professional fitness, experience, loyalty, judgment, leadership, and moral courage. He must also be a good listener, a hard worker, and possess an even temperament."

The officer seemed to have difficulty in speaking. He stuttered, "P-p-private Crick-ick-ick-et..."

"But sir," Cricket began, "I only came in to tell you that I am thinking about dropping out of the Order..."

The officer rose to his feet and came over to Cricket. "Now, now, my boy," he said, placing his arm across his narrow shoulders, "I wouldn't be hasty in my decision. The Order needs men like you who take the time to memorize, er-uh, learn the manual."

"But, sir, I believe I am a C. O."

"C. O.? When your country needs able-bodied young men to protect its citizens? What do you mean, C. O.?" the officer demanded.

Cricket hesitated before blurting out, "Campus Observer."

The officer stared back at him. "Just what is a Campus Observer?"

"A Campus Observer, sir, is a student

who chooses not to do anything while in school except observe."

"Of course, of course," the officer agreed. "There's a need for followers as well as for leaders, leaners as well as lightposts." He laughed heartily at his little joke.

So Cricket left, took his gun with him, and stationed himself in his foxhole of a sidewalk crack, all the while on the lookout for enemies who would insist upon his doing something while attending college.



Forum: The College

THE CONCEPT OF COLLEGE health service has come a long way since ancient times when the Greeks and Romans emphasized programs of gymnastics and physical culture for their young people. Today, student health is a widely diversified field and includes not only the care for the bodies of youth but also their mental balance, emotional adjustment, diet, recreation, and environment.

At Wake Forest College attempt has been made to set up a health service which will meet the demands of a good college health program. The ideal program varies with each school's needs and wishes. For Wake Forest, the goals, as set up by the College Health Advisory Council are: "To provide for all students of Wake Forest College a total health program to include personal health . . . and community health." In this aim the College is no different from the majority of the country's schools. But in providing the service now available they are different from the 66 per cent of colleges in the United States who take little or no responsibility for the health of their students.

The problem of student health is primarily a problem of young men and women, many away from home for the first time in their lives, learning how to care for themselves in the rush and strain that is college. This is why a program of health education is of such importance to any health program. But since required courses in hygiene more often than not defeat their own purpose merely in being obligatory, the student must acquaint himself with the essentials of good health practices.

Perhaps at Wake Forest this can best be done in a closer association between those who are responsible for student health. Basically, of course, it is the responsibility of the College as a whole. But more specifically, it is the responsibility of the health service, the cafeteria, and the personal and vocational advisers.

These three groups have done much to foster this association. The Health Service operates under the assumption that all information on a student is confidential and cannot be made available to any other persons, not even the College administration except when there is a clear and

present danger to the health of other students.

The College Cafeteria strives to have a well-balanced diet available to the student who will pick his food wisely. It also welcomes constructive suggestions as to choice and seasoning of food, service, and atmosphere.

The counseling department, recently set up with Dr. Dyer at its head, in its program of personal counseling and vocational guidance hopes to guide students in making decisions that lead to personal security. It also operates in confidence and privacy, insuring students that all information is kept in keeping with high ideals of professional ethics.

Since Amherst College introduced in 1859 a program of hygiene in addition to the already accepted physical training, the idea and ideals of college health service have changed to encompass medical health, health education, physical education and recreation, counseling and general advisory service, and attention to environmental health.

AND IN 1921 THE COUNTRY'S college officials, who were concerned about the lack of conviction about why or whether a college should be concerned about the health of its students, founded the American College Health Association. This group has worked steadily to impress upon the officials of the country's colleges the importance of protecting and developing their students' health. Wake Forest has recently applied for membership in this association, which is in itself some indication of interest in a good student health program.

But the health service of the college is in its formative stages since the greater part of the present program was initiated upon removal to Winston-Salem. It hinges upon the College's proximity to the Bowman Gray School of Medicine and the facilities of the Baptist Hospital. Since a health program that is fully adequate for the demands of student well-being have not yet been realized, it might be well to examine the Student Health Service and those departments which work parallel to it in seeking to fulfill the health needs of College men and women.

The Student Health Service, under the direction of Dr. Ozmar L. Henry, was formally begun with the College's 1956 summer session. Despite 1952 propositions for a modern three floor College Infirmary, the health service found itself tucked away into a section of a dormitory which was something less than desirable. Temporary walls were set up to partition office space. Both clinic and wards were set up on a makeshift basis and have remained that way since.

Besides the lack of privacy for both patients and personnel there is an acute need for increased secretarial and clerical service, nurses' quarters, and transportation facilities for emergency cases.

But despite all the disadvantages of the present facilities the Student Health Service has far exceeded its pre-estimated service. For example, it had anticipated an average of 35 out-patients each day. But in October the average ran 57 per day. There was anticipated a total of 14 hospitalization cases each month, but from September 12 to October 23 there were 72 admitted to the College Hospital and 11 admitted to the Baptist Hospital.

With limited help, a total of 854 physical examinations were given and more than 100 of these were called back to discuss abnormalities found in the examinations. These totals are limited to students alone, for no faculty member or College employee is eligible for medical treatment except for immediate first-aid and advice. In this way, the College Health Service is a full-time program for students so that students may get the greatest benefit.

The Student Health Service is administered jointly by Wake Forest College and Bowman Gray School of Medicine under the department of Preventive Medicine. The Advisory Council is composed of representatives of each school and seeks to advise the Medical School and recommend measures regarding the Student Health Program as would be of greater benefit and convenience to the student body.

Just when the Student Health Service is going to be equipped and housed as they should be for maximum efficiency is a problem seriously affecting the whole of student health at the College.

Student Health Program

Mrs. RUBY SHERIDAN, SUPERVISOR WAKE FOREST COLLEGE DINING HALLS

The College Cafeteria welcomes concrete suggestions from students for an improved food service. But in this first year of trial and error it is important that students realize the many problems facing the administration of the cafeteria. We want to have the food and service the students themselves want. Goals in preparation of the food are not always reached. And we realize this as much as the students do. But we have been concerned more with the basic needs of help, sanitation, and diet in these first months, hoping to face the other problems in time.

DOUG MAYNARD, WAKE FOREST '55
BOWMAN GRAY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

A well established Student Health Program is of vital importance to all undergraduate and graduate schools and should be set up to accomplish four main objectives: First, care of ill students; Second, prevention of illness in students; Third, recognition and treatment of emotional problems of students; and Fourth, acquaint students with the highest quality of medical practice. A post-script could be added—that they be achieved at a minimum cost to the student.



DR. ROBERT DYER, RELIGIOUS COUNSELOR WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

Good mental health is just as essential for wholesome, happy living as is good physical health in both the individual and in the social group. The adage, "a sound mind in a sound body," should be more than a slogan accompanying any adequate health program. While any adequate mental health program must necessarily include help for individuals with personality difficulties, its main objective should be the prevention of such difficulties by the promotion of a positive program of mental hygiene that the members of the community may develop robust mental, emotional, and spiritual health, all of which are necessary for free men in a democratic society.

OZMER L. HENRY, JR., M.D.
DIRECTOR STUDENT HEALTH SERVICE
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

The Student Health Service is being organized for the health protection and supervision of students while enrolled in school. A subdivision of the Department of Preventive Medicine of the Bowman Gray School of Medicine and under the auspices of an advisory council, the Health Service has at present one full-time and one part-time physician. This is complemented by the faculty of the Medical School for specialty care in particular cases. The concept of such a program is that the immediate medical care for a student at the time of illness or injury is only one facet of a well-rounded program.



J. L. MORRILL, PRESIDENT, UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
PRESIDENT, FOURTH NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON HEALTH IN COLLEGE

"To teach, protect, and promote health" on the campus is a large order, still a long way from realization, beset by difficult problems of administrative and academic understanding, of finance, of "coordination and communication." But so is the larger task of all higher education in which student health is increasingly identified as an integral and indispensable part.

Until there can be an expansive program of vocational guidance and personal counseling set up for students, a Religious Counselor for the College has been employed. His work centers in solving the problems of a person's basic needs, which have been defined as respect, sense of mastery, physical well-being, and emotional security. Because there is a close relationship between physical health and mental health, the program of student health is complimented by the counseling service.

In dealing with personal problems the student has a chance to view the problem objectively by talking about it rationally. He is enabled to gain an insight into a realistic approach to life. Many of the conflicts are those of tension, unhappiness, grief, or anxiety and can be cured. However, they are normal reactions in students and, like a physical injury, require time and effort.

Guiding a student in choosing the vocation that will enable him to major on his assets rather than his liabilities is important for mental, emotional, and physical well-being. For it has been estimated that about 51 per cent of the people in the United States are dissatisfied with their present jobs. In vocational guidance, the College student is given an inventory test that is designed to point up strength and weakness in ability, aptitude, interest, and personality. Often there is a difference in a student's expressed interest and his revealed interest, but by the time a person is in his late teens or early twenties, these interests are usually crystallized to the point that change comes in a minor, rather than a major, direction.

Both personal and vocational counseling is designed to help the student take responsibility for himself and his place in society that will lead to a happy and productive life. The counseling service is somewhat limited with only one man to do both testing and counseling, in addition to conducting several classes. The only help comes from a student working part-time in checking inventories. But students have shown interest in the program which may be a factor in its future expansion and greater development.

Besides providing a variety of foods for the students and seeing that they are prepared correctly, the College Cafeteria takes other steps to insure the health of the students. Only quality spices, meat, vegetables are used. Canned juices are not used. Citric juices are usually a blend of fresh and frozen juices. Those employed to prepare and serve the food are re-

quired to have a food handler's permit from the County Health Board. This is issued only after an examination for communicable and venereal disease.

In preparing the food, the goal is to neither over-cook or under-cook, and the trend is to under-season rather than to over-season. In setting up menus, care is taken that there is always fruit, ice cream,

a bland meat for those who cannot eat highly seasoned or fried food, and a representative selection of vegetables.

In the first months of operation the cafeteria has faced many problems with employees and food service. Many of these have been solved already or are nearing a solution. A chef was recently secured to supervise the kitchen and there have been relatively few dismissals among kitchen help in the last few weeks. Experience and dependability are essential in cafeteria employment, and influence the completed meals served to students.

Also important in any college's student health program are recreation and environment. Physical exercise, though superceded by a more complete program of student health through the years, is basic for good physical well-being. The College has made recreational facilities available for students at no additional cost. Environment is also an important factor in the health of college students. Not only must the buildings be kept clean, correctly heated, well-ventilated, etc., but the campus must be attractive, inviting, and possess a quality of comfort. Healthy adjustments are not possible when students experience feelings of antagonism toward their environment.

A GOOD STUDENT HEALTH program should also be presented to students at a minimum of expense. At Wake Forest no student is required to pay an additional medical fee. His general fee covers clinical and infirmary care except in cases of unusual drugs, laboratory studies, or surgery. Cafeteria meals are offered at reasonable prices, if not as economical as students think they should be. The counseling service is entirely free.

And why should a college be concerned over the health of its students? Many people argue that the mission of a college is the pursuit of knowledge and not the maintenance of health, either physical or emotional. They say to their students that college men and women are expected to be sufficiently mature to look after themselves while partaking of the intellectual and cultural offering of the college. But in 1856, President Stearns of Amherst College, a pioneer in college health programs, said, "We might save to the world a vast amount of physical and mental power which would otherwise be wasted and further the great ends of education, which are to make men."

-D.L.B.

Interval

If time is of the essence as the cliché says

Of what is it the essence?

Where does it go and how

Can I measure that which will not

Fit neatly into minutes, seconds, eons or

Even into the pulsing beating of the heart?

Is it only a two month span that

You've been gone? Or ages, or unimportant minutes

How to know?

A year ago in Gotham or yesterday;

The clock is slow

That calls these years minutes and the

Lives we've lived in this brief spell

A passing phase.

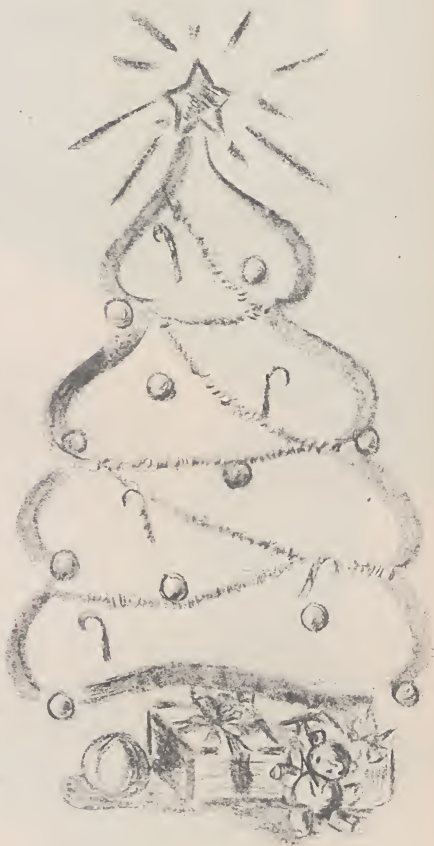
-C. D.



For Christmas 1956

*and for those who know that
Christmas is a spirit and not a day
the editors of THE STUDENT lift
from a bulging stocking
a new legend of an old story, a poem,
and a student's thoughts on the holiday
season and with them, say*

"Merry Christmas!"





Truth or Legend . . .

The Visitor

THE NIGHT WAS COLD, and clear. All around was silence in the little town. It was as if everything was waiting for something to happen.

The town was typically New England—small, quaint, and in the wintertime, forever white with snow. It was the kind of town that goes to bed at nine P.M. and doesn't admit any deviation from those strict patterns of living left over from older Puritan days. It was the type of town that considered the appearance of a visitor an exciting event, even if this visitor had been there before.

On this particular night the town was expecting a visitor, for it was Christmas Eve. At just a couple of hours before midnight, all the youngsters were snuggled warmly in their beds, but few were asleep. They were too excited for sleep, for in a few hours a new day — Christmas day — would dawn. Parents, too, were waiting. And there were two parents in particular that were not very gay as usually are people in the holiday season.

They were the parents of a little girl, Karen. She had dark blue eyes, auburn hair, a happy smile, and just five years of living. She was not at all the kind of a little girl to live in the shabby little house at the end of the mill road. As a princess, she belonged in a castle in the sky. But times were bad, and no one seemed to want her father's stories. There was hardly enough money to pay the recent doctor's bill, and Jim Ruark was beginning to worry.

As the evening passed, Jim grew more and more restless. He finally began pacing the floor of the small house. Thumbs hooked in an old tattered vest, he mumbled to himself as he walked. His wife, Marge, knew his thoughts, but it wouldn't do for her to interrupt. For she knew that he would start talking when he was ready. Finally, though, she couldn't remain silent and said to him half scoldingly, "please sit down, Jim, and relax before you wear yourself and the floor completely out."

"Can't help it, hon," he said, "I'm worried about Karen."

His wife breathed deeply and did not look at him. "But the doctor has done all that he knows to do, and all we can do

now is wait. You're not a doctor, Jim, and you're not God, so all the worrying you do isn't going to make any difference."

"But if only there were something I could do," replied Jim. "I feel so completely at a loss to do anything. I'm just sitting here watching her die, and I can't understand why God doesn't do something about it. He can help her."

"Jim!" exclaimed Marge as she stood up from the oven. "You know better than to talk like that."

"Sorry! I'm just worn out, I guess," sighed Jim. "Guess I had better sit down and relax. I've still got to go out and find a tree after you finish those sandwiches."

Jim sat down on the couch near the bedroom door so he could listen with one ear for Karen's any move. He knew he couldn't sleep, so he just sat and watched Marge move methodically around the stove. She was fixing some sandwiches and hot coffee for him before he went out to cut a tree. Nostalgic thoughts poured into Jim's head as he thought of earlier days when he wasn't so poor—days when his stories had sold faster than he could write them—days when he had a tree with all the trimmings on Christmas Day. He wondered if Marge were embittered about what they had lost. The thought overwhelmed him. He wanted to get out of the house that instant and be alone for a little while.

"Marge, save the food until I get back. I'm going for the tree now, and I'll be back before midnight, surely." With that, Jim nearly ran out of the house, ax in hand — out into the peaceful night. The night in its quiet majesty began to calm him; the snow crunched under his feet as he walked toward the center of town. He didn't want to go that way, but Marge wanted a cedar tree, and the only ones worth cutting were on the other side of town. He didn't want to meet anyone, or to listen to Yuletide chatter.

On the first time through the square, Jim didn't see a soul and that suited him nicely. He walked on beyond the center of the little town and soon found himself in the edge of the cedar grove at the north

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25





All-Christmas

I
Away in the silent depths
In the blackberry dark of night
I rendezvous with heaven
With truth and love of Christmas
Its star, cross-wound, half-birth
Aching through half-death to all-life.

II
Across glistening skin
Of bruised day-into-night
I slip festive hands stretching
Pulling apart summer-charred clouds
That hide the birthmark-red, raging
In the heal of spear thrust
And sear of acid sponge.

Arching fingers work the wound
The crooked cross, burning, pulsing.
Old aches of life open it fresh
Drip Eden-venomed blood
Into the press of my soul's tomb
Weeping, hurtling heavenward.

I feel the star-plunge
Through matted hurt, sudden prayer.
While my soul welds to the pointed glow
To spark-spray in the deep damp
In the dark of its curtained cavern
These rolls away stones to let angels out.

A College Student Thinks of . . .

The Freedom

AND SO CHRISTMAS is upon us again. From every side oily-tongued hucksters urge us toward the purchase of some brightly-tinted gadget guaranteed to make life happier. Children are studiously upon their best behaviour—the younger ones speak excitedly to one another about the presents that Santa Claus will bring them, the older ones whisper to one another their guilty secret that there is no Santa Claus. The college student finds his mind wandering from his studies to those bright days ahead, always better in anticipation, when he can toss his books aside and spend two beautiful weeks at his favorite pursuits, freed from the presence of studying. The minister, solemnly

black-clothed, mounts the platform and repeats again the old story of the star in the east; his congregation dozes comfortably and dreams of the sumptuous meal ahead.

And after the bright holiday wrappings have been tossed aside into the wastebasket and the tree decorations stored away until next year, after we have pushed our chairs back from the overloaded table and sighed in comfortable contentment, and after the excitement of Christmas day has passed and we are in our beds preparing to sleep, we may, for a moment perhaps, have the fleeting thought that Christmas is supposed to represent some-

thing else, something deeper and more meaningful than presents and good food. For just a moment before we drift off to sleep we may remember.

We may remember that somewhere, perhaps in Hungary, a mother stands helplessly by while her child dies from starvation, or a young college student is executed because he dared to believe in those things which we in America take so much for granted. Or closer home, in some crowded tenement dwelling, a family is forced to huddle together over a small fire for warmth. Or in a Mississippi cotton-hand's shack, a Negro child pores, dream-

III

I hear one fleeting angel cry
In struggle with prick, paste
And snag of silvered tree-tip.
My fingers preen her ruffled fluff
Swing her right-side-up above the glittering,
The bones throbbed with ache to snatch her free
Then to bind again with veins of their bloody fear.

Reindeer breathing sleep into low boughs
Scramble to their feet at angel cries
Paw angrily with brittle broken hooves
Search for the manger child
Buried somewhere in the fake snow.
My "please-dear-God's" echo in carols
Calling Christ back to Christmas.

Earth hurls its screams at heaven
Stunning me to wander gypsyed
Through sleep-weary hours
Stealing diamonds from snowflakes
Hiding them in children's eyes
Lest preciousness sink forgotten to miry melt.

IV

But star, cross, angel blend to one joy
From painful plunge, wound, cry
Of heaven or earth bitter in blackberry night.
When children rush, rub sandy eyes
Polish hidden jewels unawares to radiance
Then heaven fuses to earth's rise
And I yield man to the glorious trinity of All-Christmas.

—Dottie Braddock

of Christmas



ing, over the tattered pages of a mail-order catalog, thinking of the things he would someday like to have.

And we who have these things, what of us? We are content to spend our Christmas unthinking, uncaring, enjoying for a little while those things which others can never have, before we again forget that we have them. We do not care to remember that the greatest gift of all is ours, a gift that some can never hope to receive; the gift of personal freedom, the freedom to live and enjoy Christmas as we may wish.

THINK BACK THROUGH the years—remember what the season has meant to

you in the past. As a child, secure from fear and deprivation, you were able to spend that seemingly endless night before Christmas tossing and turning in joyful anticipation of the wondrous gifts you would find under the tree. There was that moment, filled with magic, when you opened the presents in front of your beaming parents. And then you rushed out of the house, down the street to a friend's house, to compare your bounty with his. But even then you were learning to take these things for granted.

And the later years. Feeling a closeness with your family that didn't quite exist at any other time of year; all of you sitting around the table, talking easily

of any subject, exchanging gossip, knowing an intimacy undampened by fear or oppression.

The feeling of closeness extended to include your friends, and even those whom you did not know. There was an easiness that for a moment at least denied the reality of petty squabbles, business worries, pressures. You sat in church, feeling the dense warmth, listening to the quiet hiss of the radiators, belonging, being one with the people sitting about you. And after church, standing on the lawn outside the building, shivering in the cold, you chatted with friends naturally, and felt a bond with them.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

Dorm Rooms Reflect Student Personalities

A Home From



Neatness and orderliness are unique in college dorm rooms, for students have little time for keeping their "homes away from home" spotless and straight. The bottles on the cabinet contain absolutely nothing but water and, at least to the occupants, aid in producing a more pleasant atmosphere. Many times students have little to work with in decorating their rooms but succeed in showing individuality.



Male college students are essentially messy as a rule and, without a guiding hand from the neater co-eds who display frills and fluff in their rooms, leave their quarters in a furor. Contrast a room of the Wake Forest lady with that of a busy pre-med student, the difference between a neat bulletin board and a sign reading "Convention be damned."

PHOTOS BY GRIGG STUDIOS

Personalities . . .

me Away m Home



Domestic or cultured is the choice between these two dorm rooms. For one the essentials consist of old "New Yorker" and Miro prints. For the other it takes a variety of cooking utensils that turn out those home-cooked meals. But both show a certain amount of initiative, a virtue not to be taken lightly among college students. And one may be sure that the strong personality traits are manifested in the accumulation of articles on beds, chests, and floors.



Dr. "Skinny" Pearson

IN THE HISTORY OF Wake Forest College there have been many interesting and inspiring scholars who have come to spend most of their life in service to the College. Dr. "Skinny" Pearson was one of these. His death in November of this year marked the end of a life of service to Wake Forest.

Like Thurman Kitchin and George W. Paschal, Dr. C. Chilton Pearson had been retired from active service before his life ended. Upon his retirement in 1952, Dr. Pearson was recognized for his service by the faculty in a resolution of appreciation and later in October of that year by a feature on him in the Wake Forest magazine.

The article on Dr. Pearson began, "In June of this year Dr. C. Chilton Pearson, known affectionately to thousands of Wake Forest students as 'Skinny Pearson,' retired from active teaching after thirty-six years as Head of the Department of Social Sciences. Two generations of Deacons have already enjoyed recounting the innumerable anecdotes, piquant remarks, and pungent observations of their Puckish professor, who inspired, stimulated, amused, and terrified them at one time or another."

Dr. Pearson was probably one of the most colorful and most scholarly men ever to serve on the Wake Forest faculty. He was almost famous for his three-word exam questions (one exam question consisted only of the word "Constitution"), for his "roll-your-own" cigarettes, for his old black Buick and for his slim figure.

Born in the tidewater section of Virginia, Dr. Pearson graduated from Richmond College and received his M.A. from there in 1904. After that he did work at Yale University under the Farnum Fellowship in History and received his Ph.D. from there. He was an instructor at Yale for one year and taught at Washington and Lee before coming to Wake Forest in 1916. His work at Wake Forest was continuous from then to 1952 except for one year at the University of Pennsylvania as a Research Fellow.

Dr. Pearson has been recognized as a

teacher, administrator and scholar. Probably his most significant accomplishment was the development of the Social Science department of the College. The story in the alumni magazine had this to say of his leadership in this development: "Under his direction, the Social Science Department became one of the largest departments of the College both in number of faculty members and student enrollment. Two of the subjects originally taught in the department, economics and sociology, now constitute separate departments, the School of Business Administration and the Department of Sociology. The Social Science Department, nonetheless, at the time of Dr. Pearson's retirement continued to be one of the largest of the College." This was a part of his service.

AS A TEACHER, Dr. Pearson's brilliant mind was seen at its best. Described as "the greatest brain I have ever known" or as "the best scholar ever at Wake Forest" or as a "brilliant, analytical mind," Dr. Pearson nevertheless was able to teach so that his students enjoyed his classes. In his "deliberate, barely audible voice" he would teach so that "every student was on the edge of his seat." From the alumni magazine of October, 1952, "His method of teaching was based primarily on a desire to make the student study, think, and present clearly and accurately his information and his thoughts."

Dr. Pearson has been quoted as saying there would be a "special partition in hell for students who wouldn't work." His pops and quizzes were well known, as was his own manner in the classroom. "He will long be remembered as he sat behind his lecture desk, knees crossed, both feet flat on the floor, his thick brow drawn together in a thoughtful, distant gaze before turning to speak in low measured tones or to chortle over a humorous recollection."

Dr. Pearson's other activities while on the Wake Forest faculty were not few. His contributions include coaching some of the College's successful debate teams, serving on committees, and organizing

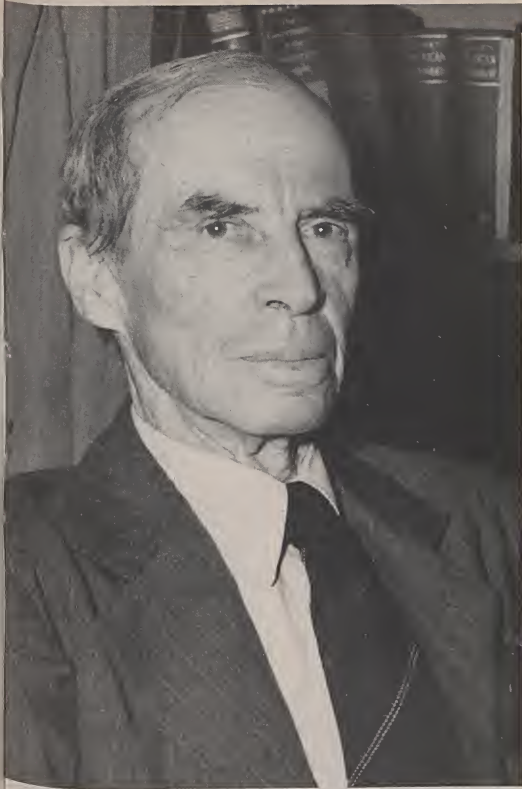
many institutions. He was at times chairman of the faculty committees on the Library and on Graduate Studies. He was the first chairman of the fraternity council when first the fraternities were permitted on campus. He led in establishing a college book store and organized the Political Science Club. This club became the outstanding student organization for years. While doing all his work Dr. Pearson managed to carry on extensive publication of his work. He also taught in the summer schools of Duke and the University of Virginia for many years.

Probably the things about Dr. "Skinny" Pearson to be longest remembered are the many stories told about him. Some of them have already reached legendary status. Like the corpse in the classroom—or the dog that sat in class and the regular possessor of the seat was counted present.

There is little doubt that Dr. Pearson owned the first set of golf clubs in Wake Forest. For years the favorite sport had been tennis. But under his leadership a golf club was organized. He was an interested observer of college athletic events, even after his retirement in 1952. For a time he served as chairman of the faculty committee on athletics.

Dr. Pearson married Sarah Cullom, an unexpected marriage after a prolonged bachelorhood. It is said that the first words of his first lecture after the marriage were, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course . . ."

His classroom routines themselves were of interest to his students. He would enter the room just at the last bell, turn on the lights and watch with amazement as they flickered on, then check the windows and proceed with the class. He would sit on his desk or cross his legs, still leaving both feet on the floor. He was not allowed to smoke by his doctor, but he would spend over half a period rolling his own cigarette, then puff it a few times and lay it down to burn out. He claimed he got the full pleasure in this way without doing anything dangerous.



MANY INCIDENTS from his classes have been remembered. In a 1949 issue of *THE STUDENT* a writer tells of a football player who threatened Dr. Pearson. He would be "beaten up" unless the boy passed. The little man sized the situation up and said, "I'd like to see you try." There was no fight that day. On another

occasion, after keeping a set of test papers for a long time, he brought them to class one day, only to thumb through them disgustedly and then toss the whole batch out the window.

These stories indicate the interesting sidelights to Dr. Pearson's career at Wake Forest. He was always interested in students, and students in him. And students

were interested in the old black Buick that he drove for seventeen years. When he bought a newer model Chevrolet he still drove the Buick with care and consideration.

Dr. C. C. Pearson's value to Wake Forest has been great. For thirty-six years a leader and popular member of the family. Just before his resignation he was quoted as saying, "I want to get a pole now and go fishing day after day in some little pond nearby . . ."

After his retirement Dr. Pearson continued to live in Wake Forest with his wife and his daughter, Virginia Chilton, until his death in November. He was a professor emeritus of social sciences for Wake Forest College when he died at his home. His health had been declining for several years.

Dr. Pearson's worth to the College was recognized at his retirement in 1952. In recognition of his services and appreciation for what he had done, the faculty of Wake Forest adopted a resolution that year. It well describes the service of the scholar and the tribute due him for his accomplishments. It follows:

Whereas, Dr. C. Chilton Pearson, Professor Emeritus of Social Sciences, has for thirty-six years served Wake Forest College faithfully and well, teaching countless students that concise thinking and accurate presentation of information are the essence of scholarship and preparing them for careers which have been a credit to themselves, the College, and society; and

Whereas, he has contributed to the deliberations of the faculty the ability to separate significant matters from unimportant details and has influenced colleagues and students alike to feel an aversion for shallowness and sham in all aspects of life; and

Whereas, he has recently retired from active teaching;

Now, therefore, be it resolved by the Trustees and Faculty of Wake Forest College;

That we do express to Dr. Pearson our deep, sincere, and grateful appreciation for the invaluable services rendered and for the efficient manner in which they were performed as teacher, administrator, counselor, and scholar.

Adopted by the faculty in 1952.

—C. H. R.

Freedom

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

And now, as a student, you prepare to go home for the holidays, prepare again to pick up for two weeks the old ties, to again feel a part of the family and its circle. Perhaps now, this season has more meaning for you than it has ever had before. Perhaps now you are pre-

pared to assign to the season of Christmas a significance you had not felt before.

What really makes Christmas special, you probably feel now, is that feeling that on this one day of the year, at least, people relax, enjoy being with one another. We forget for a while a few of our own interests, and turn to the interests of others. We get a unique thrill out of buying someone special a gift, and waiting while the wrappings are torn off, and then

smiling modestly in acknowledgment of the thanks.

And some of us might even stop to remember the special occasion that the day is supposed to commemorate—the birth of a man so filled with love for humanity that he gladly sacrificed himself for his ideals. A strong and tragic figure who created a new philosophy, a philosophy of love and denial of self. A man who believed undeviatingly in the innate goodness of mankind.

Whatever our faith, and whatever our reasons for celebrating Christmas, we must for a moment brush aside the bright tinsel, and forget the commercialized sentiment which has come to characterize this time of year. We must remember Christmas as the time when those of us who are fortunate may shuck off some of the worries which weight us down and relax with a sigh of relief; when we forget for a while some of our own desires and try to direct our thoughts toward what others might need—even if it is only a gift of a little understanding.

PERHAPS WE CAN SUCCEED in losing our glib self-satisfaction, our habitual complacency and propensity to take for granted those things which we have. It might even be that we can begin to appreciate the unique blessing which is ours—to be able to celebrate Christmas fully, and as we wish to celebrate it; without fear, without hunger.

In much of the world, there will be no real Christmas this year. There will be no joyful shouts, no bursting firecrackers, no bulging stockings. There will be coldness, and bleak hopelessness. And a hunger not to be satisfied by a full table, but only by those freedoms which we here accept so blithely. We must learn to know what we have, to know our own good fortune. There are no secret whispers here, no sentinels standing guard over our borders, no firing squads. We do not bury our dead *en masse*, nor walk the streets in front of the burned hulks of houses. Rather, our children speak of Santa Claus, and we smile at their innocence.

As we go home to celebrate Christmas this year, we must do so with the knowledge that we are preparing to celebrate a season of the year which is fraught with significance, above and beyond the simple enjoyment of material pleasures. We must realize that the greatest of our gifts is being able to enjoy Christmas itself.

—TOM BUIE

Blue Corridors

Blue corridors of my mind

In which self seeks seclusion

And refuge from reality . . .

Naked physique bent

In darkest corner . . .

Head buried in hands,

Giving off continuous and

Ever-widening circles of blueness—

Deliberate, resounding footsteps

Drawing nigh . . .

Approaching reality . . .

Awareness of the shadow

Of him!

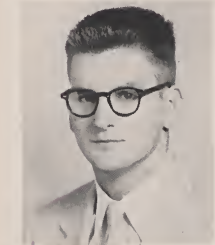
W. KENDALL NUNN



The Schurmann-Building, Heidelberg Universitat. Here one sees students from almost every country in the world.

Wake Forest Abroad . . .

In Germany



Charles Cherry, a 1956 graduate of Wake Forest College, won a two thousand dollar Rotary Scholarship last year and as a result is now studying at the University of Heidelberg in Germany. The award Charles received provided for one year of study in any subject he wished. While at Wake Forest Charles was a pre-ministerial student. He hopes to attend Duke University on his return from Europe. His essay, published here, reveals interesting aspects of study abroad.

HEIDELBERG IS A beautiful fairy-like town situated on the Neckar, which, although poeticized for centuries by different writers, is little more than a muddy river much-traveled by coal barges. The University of Heidelberg is the oldest in Germany and perhaps the most cosmopolitan. Here one sees students from almost every country in the world, and there were one hundred and fifty-seven students here from the United States last year. The citizens of Heidelberg accept the students as a definite part of the community because students have been coming here to study for centuries. Heidelberg is good to the students, who get reduced rates for the street-cars, railroads, opera houses and civic music concerts. As one might expect, registration here is just as tiresome as it is at home. One is given an arm load of forms to fill out, all of which request the same in-

formation but use different words which mean the same thing, in order to confuse foreigners. When all this is finished in the registrar's office, one is directed to the bursar's office where he pays thirty marks and then goes home. The next morning he must go to the office of the secretary who gives him a little blue "Studien" book with his photo on the inside. The student is through with registration and has not signed up for a single course. Here one does not sign up for courses until the semester is nearly half over; he simply selects some courses which he needs or likes. He may attend them or not attend them, but on a certain day specified in the university calendar he must go by the bursar's office and pay for the lectures for which he wants credit, which will be written in his "Studien" book. This little book he must keep very carefully because it constitutes his record at the

university which he is attending.

Most of the students eat in the Mensa Academica I or II which are two cafeterias operated by the University. In these cafeterias students may get wholesome food at very cheap rates. Mensa Academica I is a fascinating building which was formerly a big horse stable. Shortly after World War I it was converted into a cafeteria and now the top floor, a former hay loft, is a student refreshment center where coca-cola, fruit beverages and beer are served.

The University of Heidelberg received rather much publicity November 2, when several hundred students from the Middle East, the United States, and Asia, attempted a demonstration against the Anglo-French aggression in Egypt. The student group had planned to march down the main street of Heidelberg, which is about eight blocks long. The police, however, intervened and the demonstration was not carried to completion. Many of the students were carrying banners and several of them made speeches. Since my arrival in Heidelberg I have made many friends who in general constitute a "melee de genres." It runs something like this: a medical student from New Delhi, a colored boy from Mobile, a girl from Coventry, a charming Heidelberg co-ed and a Mennonite preacher from Pennsylvania. Lectures constitute a curiosity here and they are surprisingly interesting. Many of them are open to anyone who wants to attend and

therefore the lecture halls are often filled to capacity. It is not at all unusual for two hundred students to attend one lecture. Obviously the professor must have a lot of volume in order to be heard and consequently many of them seem like "soap-box" orators. I do not know how wide the custom is, but each time a professor makes his "grand entree" all the students knock on the desks with their fists, and the performance is duplicated as the professor leaves the room. Likewise when a lecturer makes a statement which is enthusiastically received many students will again express their approval in a similar fashion. Conversely an unpopular professor will sometimes notice an ominous shuffling of feet attended by an occasional artificial cough.

In general the students here take a great interest in world affairs and they do not hesitate to express their opinions. For instance, there was another demonstration here November 5, in protest against Soviet intervention in the internal affairs of Hungary. I feel that things of this nature must be mentioned in order to understand the average student at Heidelberg. In this last demonstration there were approximately six thousand students and they comprised only a portion of the entire group of demonstrators. They marched down the whole length of the main street.

Because thousands of students come here each year who do not know German

well enough or in many cases not at all, the University operates an interpreters' school where many spend their first two semesters. One remains a student there until he has gained a sufficient degree of proficiency in German. It is a matter of course that many students who have successfully completed their premedical course in the United States are admitted to the medical school here on the condition that they learn the language here.

In Germany religion is also a fascinating subject. Most of the protestant sects are represented, and in many cases, as in Heidelberg, there are two schools of theology in the same university: one for the Catholics and one for the Protestants. There is here a university church where theologians from the University conduct services in various languages. There is a student Christian organization which is very helpful and active in giving aid and advice to foreigners and in maintaining recreation rooms and mountain retreats for those who are interested. This organization is under the direction of a student pastor from the school of protestant theology. Such an organization can be a lifesaver at times, because there are an infinite number of problems which confront the foreign student, especially those who lack experience and a sharp eye for swindlers. For instance, it is assumed by the University and by most everyone that the foreign students will know that in accordance with a long-standing law, they must report to the police within eight days after his initial arrival. The police are seldom very sympathetic with ignorant foreigners and I am really in a good position to know since I reported to their office exactly two months after I came here.

Students here have two weeks vacation for Christmas which many of them spend skiing in the mountains or traveling about Europe. Perhaps the most popular trip among students is the jaunt into Paris. Between the fall and spring semesters there is a two month pause. Obviously the ways of spending one's vacation will depend on the pocket-book of the individual. In studying and traveling abroad one makes a host of friends and enjoys the experience of learning not only the continental attitudes but also the Asiatic and Middle East attitudes on the affairs of the world and problems of vital interest to people everywhere.

—CHARLES CHERRY

Calendar

- Dec. 13 "Symphonie Pastorale" from a novel by Gide
French Film Club presentation, Science Bldg.
- Dec. 14 Piatigorsky, Civic Music Series
Woman's College, Aycock Auditorium
- Dec. 15-Jan. 5 "Sculpture in the Christian Era"
Winston-Salem Public Library
- Dec. 16 Christmas Choir Concert
Woman's College, Aycock Auditorium 5 p. m.
- Dec. 16 Senior Christmas Vespers
Salem College, Memorial Hall
- Dec. 17-19 Carousel Basketball Tournament
Charlotte, N. C.
- Dec. 27-29 Dixie Classic Basketball Tournament
Raleigh, N. C.
- Jan. 3 "Ruy Blas" from a play by Victor Hugo
French Film Club presentation, Science Bldg.
- Jan. 7-27 "Graphic Gala" Contemporary Art
Winston-Salem Public Library
- Jan. 10 "Farrebique"
French Film Club presentation

December Review

SOMEWHERE, IN ONE of several volumes, that tremendously erudite opus, Pogo, makes this statement: "Yep! An' it's worth all the trouble of drownin' jus' to be ree-minded of how nice it was to be alive most of the time." This seems to be the conclusion facing the fatalistic intellectual, non-conformist, "outsider," constantly. Despite the thousand petty annoyances clogging up each day and endless rebuttals by the mass of "insiders," it is still nice and imperative that one should continue to live. The way one drowns in order to realize this desire for life is beside the point; what is important is the realization and the living. And what necessarily is of most concern to the "outsider" is the way life is lived; if you please, what crutch is used to make life "nice . . . most of the time."

At an earlier, decidedly Gothic romance age, the way of the "outsiders" was that of Goethe's fatalistic young Werther. There are reports that some of our Germanic ancestors even committed suicide to live according to their hero's ideals. The intellectual (and this term is used in the sense of the "maladjusted" intellectual and not of the type of Shaw who are most "sure" of themselves) of the 1920's followed the ideas of what Gertrude Stein designated the "Lost Generation." Americans have been strongly impressed with this idea of youthful indulgences in immoralities through the works of Hemingway and Fitzgerald. The 1930's saw the search for a meaning in life through social and economic revolt, thus the rise of communism, the "New Deal," the civil war in Spain. The period of the Second World War was one of such concentrated physical output and fanatical patriotism that only a few dared or had time to contemplate on the worth of fighting. This is not to say there was no despair during this period. There most certainly was, but it was not an intellectual despair—it was a common, unexpressable despair of the strongest emotions.

In Paris, immediately after the war, Jean-Paul Sartre's plays began to be met with favor from the depressed populace. Sartre's "grim-and-bear-it" existentialism also found a ready audience. The general state of affairs, decidedly unlike the new age of progress and plenty in the United States, in Europe saw little hope ec-

onomically, culturally, or religiously. Religion, for many Europeans who in the past few decades had been only nominally Catholic, lost all meaning and was abandoned in favor of either complete nihilism or of the softened nihilism offered by Sartre, who has been termed the "new stoic."

Of course these various mental attitudes of the "outsiders" have also had effect on the less intelligent members of society in all times. But intelligence is a prerequisite for devising philosophical schemes and consequently it is a prerequisite to being an "outsider."

THE OUTSIDERS

This past summer a book, *The Outsiders* by twenty-four year old Colin Wilson was widely acclaimed and widely read in England. Since its publication in the States it has been generally as well received. In this study Mr. Wilson examines the meaning, the predicament, the problems, and the future of the "Outsiders" (the term we have been using to designate a special type of intellectual). And the study also presents a thesis, such as that of existentialism, for the search for meaning in life.

Surprisingly enough the thesis is a religious one. "I will serve nothing but my God and my own soul," Wilson says. And: "The problem for the 'civilization' is the adoption of a religious attitude that can be assimilated as objectively as the headlines of last Sunday's newspapers." But it is not a religion of orthodoxy or of emotion which is rather clearly shown in the fact that Wilson terms Shaw as "one of the greatest religious teachers of our time."

WILSON PRESENTS AN impressive, even pretentious, parade of culture. Since Wilson is still quite young, it is remarkable he should have read so omnivorously and have considered so seriously what he read. His favorite authors are Shaw, Dostoevsky, Barbusse, T. E. Lawrence, and some justly obscure philosophers such as Gurdjieff. The sources for his thesis and his comments on the nature of the "outsider" are drawn from this galaxy of books and from examinations of their authors' lives. Wilson also examines non-literary and non-philosophical figures, most notably the ballet dancer, Nijinsky.

"In the last chapter," "unable to explain further at this time," "with these lines" and other writing weaknesses appear too often in the book. Indeed there is an almost complete disparity of style. Or, if one considers an albeit simple, unaffected and, in the hands of Wilson, completely inartistic method of presentation a style, it is most assuredly a style unsuitable to a serious subject as that of the "outsiders" reportedly is. Not that a dull, heavy-handed treatment is desirable for such a topic.

BUT DESPITE A LACK of readability *The Outsider* presents an interesting study of the thinking man who cannot be in complete agreement with Wallace Stevens' axiom "It is not forbidden to think." To the "outsider" (and, despite its pretentious sound, we think it an appropriate appellation) the "insiders," the Demos of the public, make it impossible to think, to live in any sort of intellectual climate without being at odds with his environment. Yet it is not pure thought that the "outsider" is concerned with. Philosophy, art, and the like are to be despised if they do not have some practical application to the solution of the "outsider's" particular problem. And since it is in religion that Wilson finds the saving source for the sickness that possesses the man "who sees too much" and "thinks too much" and is "disgusted with what he sees," thought must necessarily have significance. Indeed, though certainly most people who would identify themselves as "outsiders" would disagree, Wilson sees the "outsider" as being beyond thought and as being a prophet and eventually becoming a "saint."

Wilson's study is an interesting one, a valuable one if for no other reasons it shows youth capable of serious reading and high ambition. And the work is valuable in its pinpointing of the place of the intellectual in history.

It is unfortunate that Wilson seems to deviate from his original plan to present a case and a promise of hope for the "outsider" and go off into a new type of practical mysticism. Nevertheless it is refreshing that Wilson's thesis is religious even if his brand of religion would champion the cessation of intellectual and artistic work.

—J. D. M.

Spring from the Earth

IT WAS THE FIRST Saturday in September and the sweat was standing on Gary's face as he walked hurriedly down the dusty path to the mailbox. The mailbox was a rusty metal box standing on the solid heart of a cedar post from which the softer, outer wood had long ago fallen. Before reaching the road Gary could see the fresh tracks of the mail carrier's car. He wouldn't have to wait.

Everyday for two weeks Gary had hurried to the mailbox at noon, always lifting the lid with nervous hands and childlike anticipation. Sometimes he hesitated, as he did on this Saturday, with the horrifying thought that even if the letter came it might not have the right news.

He opened the box, reached for the mail and found the county weekly newspaper, two or three advertisement folders and one letter. This was it. The letter was from the University. Gary put the paper under his left arm and tore off the end of the envelope, holding it up to the sun so he could see the paper inside and not tear it. Then he stopped, not taking the letter out; he'd wait and read it with his father. They'd both learn the news together.

Walking back up the path Gary suddenly became afraid to show the letter to his father. He hadn't thought about the old man's response, whatever the letter had to say. The envelope was getting damp with the perspiration of his hands. He stopped at the well in front of the house, taking off his baseball cap and pushing his wavy dark hair back. It fell over his forehead again while he was letting the well bucket down into the rock-walled old well. He had always wondered who had walled the well; it had been there for generations, he knew. He hooked the chain on a nail and drank the cold water from the bucket, letting some of it run down his chin and throat. The water mixed with the sweat and streaked the dust and spotted the khaki work shirt he wore. He'd have to take a good bath before going to see Ann he thought.

Gary's father, who had been lying on an old ragged quilt on the front porch, sat up when the young man reached the house.

"Gary, I'm gonna be busy killing out that last barn of bacco. Reckon you better get up all the sticks and put away the slides by yourself," he said.

They had finished harvesting tobacco Monday of that week and Gary had been helping other farmers finish their crops. They were just getting around to cleaning the barnyards and putting away the harvesting equipment that they wouldn't need again until the next July. Curing the tobacco is an almost artistic part of tobacco farming, and Gary's father would have to pay close attention to the temperature in the barn and the condition of the drying tobacco.

Gary sat down on the wooden steps to the porch.

"Daddy, I got a letter from school." His father was looking at the paper Gary had handed him.

He mumbled, "Well, they probably won't let you in now, you reckon? What does the thing say?"

"Don't know. I haven't read it yet." Gary unfolded the letter. Then after a pause, "It says they studied my transcript from the junior college and they're going to let me come."

His father was still looking at the paper. "Listen, Daddy, they say I shouldn't worry about missing a year. With my good grades in junior college the Admissions Committee thinks I'll do good work at the University. How about that, Daddy? I'm going back to college. I got to borrow some money 'til we sell tobacco 'so I can buy some clothes."

GARY'S FATHER shared none of the elation of his son. He sat on the porch with his thin legs crossed and his white bony feet bare; he showed no emotion. He picked up his shoes and moved over to the steps and started pulling them on.

"Looks to me like you'd get enough education after a while. You can take care of the farm good enough now. Don't see why you don't stay on around here with your folks, just some more money spent for nothing. But you got your own money this year. I ain't telling you what to do. If you don't want to stay around here then go on and go to college."

Sam Johnson had put on his straw hat and was walking off.

"Daddy, you don't understand," Gary said, "wait and let me tell you what I want to do."

"You just get all them sticks up and put the slides under the shelter," was all he said as he continued toward the barns back of the house.

Gary rose from the steps and went in the front door and down the hall past the living room and bed rooms into the kitchen.

A voice in the kitchen said, "Make sure you shut that screen door. I don't want no flies in here."

Gary threw the paper and other mail down on the table where his mother was shelling butter beans from her garden. He went out onto the little back porch and got a dipper of water from the bucket on the shelf.

"Mother, got a letter today and I'm going back to school. Guess I'll have to leave in about two weeks."

His mother, pushing back a strand of thin gray hair, said, "Sorta hoped you wouldn't go to school no more, Gary. Been nice having you here all year, especially with Kenneth gone. Looks like you'd settle down and stay home with your folks. Time you was getting married and being a real farmer and all."

"But, Mother, I don't . . . I mean I'd rather do something . . ."

"I always wanted you to have a good education, but I can't see no good you're getting out of any more college," she continued.

In her short incomplete sentences she tried to sum up all the possible arguments why Gary shouldn't go to college.

Gary stepped back inside the screen door from the porch, reached up to the little box tacked on the wall and, leaning against the wall, put a match in his mouth.

"Mother, I'd love to stay here just as much as y'all want me to, and I know it's bad with Kenneth gone and all, but there're other things I want to do and I think that's what I want to do."

"I still don't see why you don't be sensible like Wayne and get married . . ."

brother, Kenneth, who had planned to take over the farm, had been killed in an automobile accident. Now his parents wanted Gary to stay home. He could understand. But they didn't seem to understand how much he wanted to go through college.

No Johnson from Gary's family had ever been to college, that he could remember. He had a cousin who was going to business school but he didn't consider that college, not like four years away. The neighbors had wondered at his going to school for four years. His mother had always been proud of Gary when he was in high school, and his father had seemed pleased, even if he didn't show his pleasure, when he first started to college. It was something worthy of pride to them to be able to send a son to school.

Many of Gary's friends hadn't finished high school. His new friends at the college had laughed when he told them he was the only one out of his graduating class to try college.

It had been mostly the principal, Ann's father, who had talked Gary into going. He even got him a small scholarship. But the money had grown out and farming hadn't been good in the early 1950's, and so he had stopped. All along he wanted to start back and Ann told him he would. Her father said he wouldn't have any trouble, but Gary hadn't really hoped until he got the letter of acceptance. By then his parents wanted and needed him at home. He knew how much they needed him there because he saw how much the loss of Kenneth had hurt them. But he wanted to go to college, and that Saturday night when the moon was full he decided that he would.

He didn't mention it to Ann on Sunday because he still wasn't sure. But before the two weeks passed he was sure and he told Ann, and his parents knew.

Sam Johnson borrowed some money and put it in the bank and gave Gary a checkbook. He promised to pay it back out of Gary's part of the tobacco when it was sold and to put the rest in the bank.

His mother fixed a coconut cake, his favorite, and barbecued a chicken the Sunday before he left. "You eat a plenty," she said, "and write when you need money." Gary didn't ask her where the money would come from.

When his father took him to the bus station and his mother wasn't there Gary said, "Tell Mother I'll be home the first week end I get things straightened out."

"You just work hard and take care of yourself, son," his father said. "I'd let you take the car but your mother ain't in too good shape and we might need it here."

"That's okay; it would take too much money, anyway. Thanks a lot, Daddy, I'll see you soon." Gary stood with the two bags in his hands as his father drove away. He had sent a trunk on earlier.

—CHARLES RICHARDS

Visitor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

end of town. He left the road and began to look through the trees for one that he thought Marge would like. There just weren't any perfectly formed trees in the grove, he thought angrily. But then he saw it—the perfect tree. It was about five feet tall, and shaped perfectly. Marge would be pleased, and he imagined how Karen's eyes would sparkle if she could see it with some lights and popcorn and all the trimmings with some pretty presents beneath it.

But Jim knew that she might never again see such a sight, and the thought made him a little sick. She was their girl; she belonged to him and Marge — no one knew for how long. There seemed to be no hope that she would survive the puzzling illness, and yet maybe she could. . . . Jim quickened his step at the possibility and was almost ready to break into a run when he reached the square and slowed back to a walk. There were only about one hundred steps across the square and Jim dreaded every one of them, though it was late at night. Jim had the idea that he might run into someone he didn't particularly want to see.

With only about ten or fifteen steps more to go, Jim became suddenly aware of a form before him in the snow. He couldn't tell if it were a man or an animal. He dropped the tree and his ax, and knelt beside the still form of a man to see if he could find any sign of life. With sensitive fingers he searched for his pulse beat.

Slowly, patiently, Jim felt the man's neck and wrists for any sign of a rhythmic beat. The body was cold, but he knew somehow that the man was not dead. Finally Jim found the pulse—it was weak and unsteady, but it was there. He began to rub the man's wrists and his cheeks, trying to arouse circulation, and for the first time, Jim realized that the man was old, not young, as he had first thought.

His clothes were torn and tattered as if he had been walking through brambles for hours on end.

JIM MOVED SO THAT he could get a better look at the man's face. What he saw there startled him. The face was peaceful and showed strength and patience. Jim had expected to see bitterness on the face of a man out cold in the snow, but instead he saw lines of grief. Perhaps the loss of a loved one, or perhaps only life put those lines there. But this was no time to speculate on the man's past, for Jim knew the man would soon die from exposure, if he didn't get him home as soon as he could and warm him up and give him some food.

He raised the man up. The eyes opened slowly, and rested on Jim. For a moment there was silence. Then the old man was able to say a word of thanks, nearly inaudible as it was.

"Can you get up?" Jim asked the man. "I think so. Let's try it," said the stranger.

"Can you walk if I help you? It's only a short way to my house."

"I'll do my best," sighed the man with a decided effort.

Jim helped the old man to his feet and put one arm under his shoulder to help him stand up. Then he took a step. The old man did the same, and as he did, he groaned a little, as if he couldn't stand the pain. But the second step was easier, and the third was even better and soon they were making their way together through the snow. As they walked, Jim couldn't help wondering what a man like this could be doing on the street on Christmas Eve, half frozen and nearly lifeless. Did he have family or friends? And why should he be in this little town? This was no place for a stranger in the winter unless he just wanted to freeze to death. Jim had no answers to these questions.

"Not much further, now," he said.

The old man made no answer, but continued to plod along beside Jim, his shoulders bent and his head low. Jim guessed that this was his natural way of walking and made no attempt to straighten the old man up.

After about ten minutes of slow progress they reached the house and Jim knocked on the door, calling for Marge at the same time.

"Softer, Jim, or you'll wake Karen," came a voice from within. Jim sensed that Marge was scolding him, and he called to

her with a little less volume to open the door. As she did, he could see the complete surprise in her eyes at the sight of his burden.

"What on earth?" she asked him.

"I found him in the square, stretched out in the snow, and I couldn't leave him there. I think he needs food."

She answered, "I'll get some covers and you can warm the coffee and sandwiches. And open a can of soup while you're at it. Bring him in and put him on the couch."

As Marge went quickly into the bedroom to get some blankets, Jim went to the stove and lighted the burner under the coffee pot. He turned then to the half-conscious man and wondered. Marge came back with the blankets, covered the old man, and tried to make him as comfortable as possible. When she saw that he was going to rest comfortably for a few minutes, she walked over to Jim, who was still standing by the stove trying to get his hands warm.

"Who is he, Jim?" she whispered.

"I found him in the square like I told you—that's all I know. We didn't talk any, mainly because it took such an effort for him. So I just let my curiosity burn. Maybe we can find something out when he feels more like sitting up," Jim answered slowly.

"Do you think he will stay all night?" she asked.

"You're not thinking of putting him back out in the cold in his condition, are you?"

"No, but I just don't see how we can take care of him indefinitely," Marge said, thinking out loud.

YOU WON'T HAVE that responsibility, young woman," came a weak voice from the couch. Jim and Marge turned as one, and were stunned to see their strange visitor sitting up on the edge of the couch looking at them with a warm smile on his face.

"And you should be trying to get some rest, my friend," said Jim. "You were out in that cold too long for your own good, and what you need is a good hot meal and a good night's sleep. And in my house you shall have that and more."

"I appreciate your kindness," said the old man, "and I will take your offer of the meal, but I must turn you down on your offer of a night's lodging. You have a child to care for, and I would just be an extra burden on you."

"Nonsense," said Marge. "You're wel-

come to stay as long we can take care of you. That's what I was worried about."

"I know that, but I must go as soon as I eat with you," said the visitor. "I must insist upon it."

"Then," said Jim, "if that's the case, we will fix a meal for you that will carry you through the night until you can get to where you are going."

With that Marge turned to the cupboard and began to assemble a substantial dinner. As she worked she could hear the wind and the snow outside beginning to increase once again, and she wondered how the man would make it through the night. But he knew what he had to do, and while he was here she would do all that she could to make him comfortable.

The old man grew silent again as Marge worked, and Jim went in to check on the little girl. As he walked into the dark, silent room, he could almost feel in his own body the fever which he knew was in hers. He went over to her bed and lighted a candle, putting it beside her head. He hoped the soft light would not wake her. She hadn't slept much in the past few days, and she needed all the strength she could get for the days ahead. She was not a strong child, but maybe she could make it. Jim hoped with all his heart.

As he stood there in the dimly lighted room, he thought of all the happy days that he and Marge and Karen had had together—the walks in the woods in the summer—the snowmen last winter—and the evenings at home in front of the fire when he would tell her stories about fantastic characters that he made up—and her delight when a villain was caught or a dragon slain. He couldn't bear the thought of losing her now.

Jim knelt beside the bed and looked at his sleeping daughter. And suddenly he wanted to pray.

"Dear God, I don't ask for much. But I don't have much, so that's why I'm asking you now for the life of one little girl. She means too much to me and Marge to lose her. She's just about all we've got and Marge and me—well, we need her, that's all. We were poor until she came along. We don't want to be that poor again. Please let her live to be merry at Christmas once again . . ."

"Jim, come on and eat." He left the room as silently as he had entered, and came into the main room of the little house. The old man was seated at the table and Marge was serving him some

hot food.

"Sit down and I'll serve you," said Marge lightly, and her husband noticed that for the first time in many days she had a faint glimmer of a smile on her face. As they ate, Jim was trying to think of the best way to ask the man who he was and where he came from, but he couldn't think of a tactful way to get around to the subject, so he just blurted it out.

"Who are you and where did you come from?" he asked the old man and waited for an answer.

"Who I am and where my home is are of no real importance to you, Jim," the visitor answered him. "Nor to you, Marge. We should spend our little time together talking of more important things. This is the Christmas season, and in less than an hour it will be Christmas day. This is important to you and to me, for in this little time there is much to be said and done."

"I don't understand," said Jim, sipping his coffee.

"Neither do I," Marge chimed in, a puzzled expression on her face.

"I know you don't and that's natural, but we have things to do. First, Jim, you and I have to go back to that place where you picked me up, and get your tree. And while we're gone, Marge, see if you can find something to decorate it with. Anything unusual will do, just so it has some color to it. Then we'll fix up a tree like you've never seen before in your life. Now come on, Jim, let's get that tree."

Soon Jim found himself walking through the snow beside this amazing man who less than an hour ago had seemed to him half dead in the snow. They walked silently toward the square, and when they arrived they picked up the tree, the almost forgotten ax, and a few pieces of shrub, and started back toward the house. During the whole walk they didn't say a word. The old man didn't seem to want to talk, and Jim just couldn't think of anything to say. He was still too amazed by the whole evening—he began to wonder if he weren't dreaming the entire thing. But the cold soon reminded him that he was wide awake, and he was glad when they finally reached the house once again.

After they had removed their coats, they saw that she had replaced the dishes on the table with bits of colored cloth, several candles and a string of beads that

Karen played with when she was a tiny baby.

"It isn't much," she said to the old man apologetically, "but it's all I could find."

"It'll do," observed the guest. "It'll do fine."

With that, they began putting up the tree. He and Jim found some cord and tied it to a table leg, and then they backed off to observe it. It wasn't quite straight, and Jim went up to the little tree and straightened it up.

"Now we're ready for decorations," he said to Marge and the old man. The latter nodded and went to the table and began picking up pieces of cloth and tying them onto the limbs of the tree. The three people worked for about fifteen minutes, before it looked as they wished. As a crowning touch they put the colorful beads near the top, and the candles on the table beside the tree. It was a rich green, spotted here and there with patches of color and light. Jim noticed that Marge and the old man seemed to be pleased with the results of their work. He wasn't, but he wouldn't have said anything for the world to spoil it for Marge — there seemed to be in Marge at this moment some of the joy that he knew was in that little tree, pitiful as it was.

"I would like to go in and sit with your daughter for a few minutes if I may."

"Certainly," said Jim, wondering if he should have been so eager when he caught Marge's worried glance.

"I won't be very long, and don't worry. I just want to see her," he said.

HE WALKED SLOWLY into the room, and closed the door behind him. Jim and Marge could hear him walk to the bed, sit down and then all grew into silence. The only light in the little girl's room was the candle which Jim had lighted before. They sat together on the couch and watched its flicker under the door.

For a long while neither of them spoke. They just watched and waited. Then Jim reached out and took Marge's hand in his. She looked up at him and smiled, and somehow he knew that everything was going to turn out for the best. This was the first Christmas in five years that they hadn't had trouble keeping the house quiet, because Karen just couldn't restrain her excitement when St. Nicholas' arrival was so near. The house had been quiet this year until tonight. There was

still no sound, but somehow the silence was not as sad.

As they looked into each other's eyes, Jim and Marge went by turns to console each other. They were not thinking so much of one another as they were of the life in the other room. Each was trying to tell the other that there was nothing to worry about—that things were going to work out. Yet they knew that they were lying to each other—that there was something to worry about. The doctor had done all he could do, and had told them that their little girl's life was in hands higher than his . . .

Presently the visitor came out of the room, closing the door soundlessly behind him. He walked to the table, and picked up his tattered coat. Then he turned to the young couple sitting on the couch, smiled, and as he walked out the door said, "I must go now for I have other work to do before morning. Merry Christmas; God bless you." He left before they could say anything but "Goodby. Merry Christmas!" It was just a few minutes before midnight now, and in less than two hours, the old man had come and gone.

After looking in at the still small form of the bed-ridden child, they decided to sit on the couch together until midnight. Then they would start their shifts of watching Karen through the night. The only light in the large room came from the candles on the table near the Christmas tree, and from under the door of Karen's room. Somehow that little flicker of light seemed to give them hope—hope nurtured in the peace of the silent room, and the snow falling soundlessly on the roof above them.

Just as they were stirring from the couch, from the other room they heard a small feverish voice calling, "Mommy, Daddy."

When they realized the crisis had passed, they looked at each other, too happy to cry—too sad to laugh—they just looked into each other's eyes. There was no need to talk. Finally Jim pulled Marge close to him, and whispered "Merry Christmas, darling." Then they went, arm in arm, to answer the call from the other room.

—WALT BARGE



On the Campus

QUALITY MEN'S WEAR

"Ben Wants to See You"



LeVAN BROTHERS BARBER SHOP

We Have
Five Experienced Barbers
To Serve You

OPEN 9:00 A.M. TILL 9:00 P.M.

PH. 47-7718

Corner Polo Rd. and Cherry St.
Nearest Barber Shop to Campus

The Gentleman's Mark

AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY many years ago, students adopted the grade of "C" as the "gentleman's mark." Since those years the acceptance of this idea has waned at Harvard but seems to have always had a strong counterpart in the specific location of Wake Forest College. Perhaps the most incongruous part of the whole idea is the apparent difference in the caliber of these two schools as far as requirements for attaining the "C" level. But to say that Wake Forest students are aware of the parallel between the two schools in their attitude toward scholastic achievement would be absurd. Probably not more than two per cent of the student body ever heard of "the gentleman's mark" in just those words. However, a percentage of students considerably more than two per cent (75 per cent would come closer) seems to have the same idea, expressed in whatever terminology is deemed appropriate.

The expression, "the gentleman's mark," is open to almost any and every interpretation. But in terms of Wake Forest students, it means approximately the following: gentleman's mark: n. (origin—the first student who ever tried to rationalize his failure to obtain a grade higher than that which signified average achievement) 1. the grade of "C" netting exactly one quality point for each hour of college credit in academic courses, 2. that mark indicating a student's reluctance to appear either a "grind" or a "borderline flunkie," 3. a scholastic attainment in concord with an attitude to do only that amount of work necessary for some reward higher than a mere hour of college credit.

The definition might be extended somewhat to include the general attitude toward work even outside the strictly academic boundaries — to extra-curriculars where students do just enough to insure the inclusion of their name in staff lists, membership rolls, or recognition in the college yearbook. But to examine all the intimations from the idea of "the gentleman's mark" might possibly overplay its immediate and far more significant role in the academic apathy among students of the College.

It would be unfair to suppose that all students can do better than "C" work in all courses; it would be merciless to claim that some students can do better than this in any course. But it would be equally foolish to establish the grade of "C" as the acceptable grade for every student in every course. There is a theory about college students that, though open to a certain amount of dispute, asserts that a majority of students do only what is required to make the "average" mark — whatever it may be.

This theory is much less than a satisfactory explanation, but yet a little more than something to be ignored when confronted with the problem of students' doing less than what their ability promises. It is not an indictment against those students who spend hours in study only to send home reports that carry nothing but "C" marks, nor against those who necessarily spend so much of their time earning the cost of their education that they do not have enough time to take advantage of their scholastic ability. To be sure, there are many circumstances to be considered before indicting anyone. But the student who has no financial burden, who has the ability to do better-than-average work, and who does not have the initiative to do it needs some sort of judgment passed upon him—if not scorn.

The matter of grades is always a hot-bed of opinion, for an infallible grading system has yet to be found. One can always find students making lower grades than they rightfully deserve as well as those who deserve less than they get. And a student who sports an "A" on a course does not always have a more complete understanding of the material than the one who does get the "C." But, taking it for granted that the grading system can be, and often is, an inaccurate interpretation of what students actually know, there still remains the question of those who content themselves with less than their best and rationalize that "gentlemen" need not do more than the "acceptable" standard.

Therefore it becomes a personal problem for the student. But it is something that guilty faculty members and busy administrative officers can help alleviate. The

favoritism of professors has no place in the grading system. Nor does special consideration for department majors, assistants, or those students who need high grades for graduate work. An administrative policy that shakes its warning fingers at a professor who has a high percentage of low grades in his classes, forcing him to lower the level of the course, is a disaster. Then, too, the current de-emphasis of grades has a great deal to do with the student attitude. But, most significantly, the student who prides himself on "the gentleman's mark," or even contents himself with it, is a person lacking in the Wake Forest tradition of making the most of everything and often making something out of nothing.

—D. L. B.

Pseudo

THERE ARE PSEUDOS — this and pseudos — that but the worst pseudo is the student. Students by nature are make believers, working make believe accounting problems, wearing rear soldier uniforms when marching and reading lots of stories that someone else wrote that wasn't even true when they were written.

There is nothing wrong with studying philosophy, nothing wrong with talking about Plato, but when a group of students gather and talk about Plato just to show they know about Plato—pseudo.

In a conversation involving creative thinking, (actually the participants were trying to decide the origin of man's real self) someone referred to Plato. He said, "Well, you know, Plato was saying just that when he said . . ." That's legal. That isn't talking about Plato for the sake of talking about Plato. That is using what one knows to help in something real.

But students don't often do that. Students are afraid of being real. They play and pretend. This is pseudo. They appear intellectual, artistic, professional. And all the while their governments don't really work or their news is contrived or their accomplishments are really amateurish.

—C. H. R.

Portrait of the Month



Barbara Howell - Class of 1958

A portrait - - the perfect gift for any occasion

Grigg Studio
on the campus

THESE PORTRAITS ARE SELECTED EACH MONTH FROM THOSE MADE AT GRIGG STUDIO

A NEW IDEA IN SMOKING!

Switch to **Salem**
...smoke refreshed



- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- most modern filter

Take a Puff—It's Springtime!

This inviting spring scene tells you how refreshing SALEM tastes. Pure menthol-fresh comfort... full rich tobacco flavor with a new surprise softness... modern filter, too. You smoke *refreshed*! New experience for any smoker. Try SALEM!



It's delightful to smoke **Salem**...you'll love 'em!

75th

1882-1957

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



T H E S T U D E N T

VOLUME 72

NUMBER 4

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

JANUARY 15, 1957

THE
Wake Forest Student,
A Literary Monthly,

PUBLISHED BY THE

EUZELIAN SOCIETY,

Wake Forest College, N. C.

Vol. 1.

JANUARY, 1882.

No. 1.

EDITORS.

Senior Editor,.....W. H. OSBORNE,.....Asheville, N. C.

Junior Editor,.....CHAS. A. SMITH,.....Reynoldson, N. C.

Corresponding Editor,.....THOMAS DIXON,.....Shelby, N. C.

ALUMNI EDITOR:

Professor W. L. POTEAT,.....Wake Forest, N. C.



For sale at Alfred Williams & Co's Book Store Raleigh, and J. M. Williams' Book Store, Asheville.

RALEIGH, N. C.

EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & Co., Steam Printers and Binders.

The Demon In Us...

DR. SPEAS asked the following question on a physics quiz: Who is the greatest engineer the world has ever produced, Why?

An answer: Hoover. Because he ditched, drained, and damned the United States in two years.

—THE STUDENT, 1932

Poplin: Dr. Pearson, I want to profit by my mistakes.

Dr. Pearson: You can look forward to a lot of profits, young man.

—THE STUDENT, 1933

Last year Dr. Hubert Poteat told one of his classes that if two boys whom he had seen cheating on the test he had just given didn't report to him after class he would let the Student Council have them. Four boys reported to him after class.

On hearing this, Deacon Myers, reminiscing as usual, said that it reminded him of the country preacher who before the collection was taken, announced to his audience that if a certain gentleman didn't contribute five dollars to the collection he would make public at the evening service a scandal of this certain unnamed man. The collection was found to be 125 dollars.

—THE STUDENT, 1934

HOWLER—A racket to which every student is compelled to pay five dollars to have his picture with someone else's name under it printed in a book called the **HOWLER**.

—THE STUDENT, 1936

Old Gold and Black — A paper that prints on the front page some incidental stuff which either did or didn't happen. It prints on the other three pages some egotistic columns and ads.

—THE STUDENT, 1936

From the Chemistry Department comes this little story. It seems that in summer school after the lone feminine member of a "Quant" class had made a low mark in an exam she went to see Dr. Black after class.

"Do you grade on curves?" asked the young maid demurely.

"I do not," sputtered the Doctor. "I grade on what you put down on your paper."

—THE STUDENT, 1938

Several professors were discussing what they would like to do after retiring—what they would be fitted for.

"Well," said Dr. Lynch, "I'd like to be superintendent of an orphan asylum so I'd never get any letters from parents."

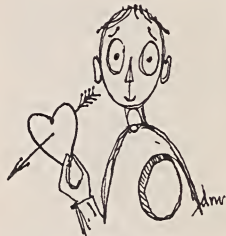
"I've a much better ambition," exclaimed Dr. Guley. "I want to be warden of a penitentiary. The alumni never come back to visit."

—THE STUDENT, 1928

Dr. Sledd: I wonder what sort of stone they will give me when I am dead.

McCutcheon (softly): Brimstone.

—HOWLER, 1912



A Wake Forest professor's daughter had been dating a fraternity man. At a dance last week chaperoned by the professor and his wife he suggested that they ride home with the young folks.

"Why no," protested the daughter. "We'd be a little cramped."

The learned man snorted, "Cramped, eh? It's getting pretty bad when I have to walk home just so I won't see what I know is going on."

—THE STUDENT, 1946

MOTHER

AND

DAUGHTER

FASHIONS

*Headquarters For
Smart Sportswear*

Corner Liberty
and 3rd Streets

**THE
Varsity
GRILL**

Opposite Wake Forest
Corner E. Polo Road
and Bethabara

*Nearest
Restaurant
to Campus*

Featuring:
Varsity-Burgers
Short Order Meals
and Dancing Soon

The COLLEGE INN

STEAKS — SPAGHETTI
PIZZA — SALADS

*Between Wake Forest
and Winston-Salem
on Reynolda Road*

VISIT
DEACON'S DEN

Rathskeller

**FINE WATCH
REPAIRING**
and
SPECIAL ATTENTION
to
STUDENTS & FACULTY
of
WAKE FOREST
**UNDERWOOD
JEWELERS**

- ELGIN
- HAMILTON
- BOLIVA
- BULOVA
- TISSOT
- KEEPSAKE
DIAMONDS
- ETERNAMATIC

106 W. Fourth St.
Winston-Salem

USE OUR CONVENIENT LAYAWAY PLAN
Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

T H E S T U D E N T

VOLUME 72 NUMBER 4

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

JANUARY 15, 1957

The Demon In Us.....	1
Student Profiles	3
Cricket Celebrates	5

The best method of saying controversial things is to either use satire or an animal allegory. Cricket is the latter. He is the figment of the frustrated imaginings of a magazine editor. Cricket, thus far this year, has gotten himself in and out of a crack, a library carrell, and the military corps. In this issue, Cricket helps former STUDENT editors celebrate their anniversary, gaining advice or warnings about what to do about the forthcoming magazines.

Disintegration, <i>fiction by Otis Gossman</i>	6
Forum: The Value of College Publications.....	8
In Pakistan, <i>by Walt Friedenber</i> g.....	11

Second in a series of Wake Forest graduates abroad, Walt Friedenber sends a report from Pakistan. He contrasts the country and people of this far-eastern nation with others in that vicinity and with the United States. Walt's observations are both informative and clever, written frankly and truthfully. Another article is planned for a later issue to complete the series.

A Letter to Jesse, <i>essay anonymous</i>	13
Calendar	14
Poetry, <i>by Benjamin Sledd and John Charles McNeil</i>	15
75 Years of Student Prose.....	16

An essay on the trends and contributions of three-quarters of a century of prose, both fiction and essays, as published in the old WAKE FOREST STUDENT and the later STUDENT. Those students of particular merit are mentioned as well as the handicaps facing any student who wishes to write while still in college. The evaluation is based on a study of all past issues of the magazine along with observations of students who try their hand at writing.

When winds have dusted, <i>poem by Dottie Braddock</i>	18
The Knight and the Earth, <i>fiction by John E. Durham</i>	19
Three Pretensions, <i>vignettes by Jerry Matherly</i>	21

Three vignettes depict in words a dream-like story. In short glimpses the story is told in sequence. These glimpses give pretenses of on person's life in different stages. Vignettes in words do not attempt to tell a story completely but to imply and give the effect.

January Review	23
Touch my Heart, <i>poem by Ham</i>	26
From the Editor's Desk.....	28

Student Profiles

ANNIVERSARIES ARE times for tooting horns, especially if it's your own horn you're tooting. In this commemorative issue are represented some of the outstanding men who have worked with THE STUDENT in past years — those who have gained recognition for their literary or journalistic achievements or those who have yet to establish a reputation.

Contributors to this month's forum on the value of college publications include Gerald Johnson, Hoke Norris, Harold Hayes, E. E. Folk, and Owen Herring.

Gerald Johnson was editor of THE STUDENT in 1910. He is a former editor of the Baltimore Sun and a widely-read biographer of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Adolph Ochs, and Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Johnson is a brother to Miss Lois Johnson, Dean of Women. He resides in Baltimore and published recently in *Nation*, a nationally circulated news magazine.

Hoke Norris worked with the magazine during the early Thirties and now lives in Chicago where he is a reporter for the Chicago Sun-Times. Mr. Norris' novel, *All the Kingdoms of the Earth* was published this past year and has become a best-selling book about Negro life.

Harold Hayes lives in New York City and is currently the assistant to the publisher of *Esquire* magazine. Hayes was earlier an associate editor of *Pageant* magazine. Harold was editor of THE STUDENT during the "golden days" of 1948-49.

Dr. E. E. Folk, head of Wake Forest's journalism department, was editor of *The Old Gold and Black* in 1921. After graduation he worked as a reporter in Nashville, Tennessee, Norfolk, Mobile, Alabama, and left the New York *Herald* to teach college English and journalism, coming to the College in 1936.

STUDENT editor last year, Owen Herring has been on the staffs of four different volumes of the magazine. This year he is the director of lay-out. Owen is a philosophy-psychology major and plans to graduate in June.

From the far-eastern country of Pakistan has come a report on life there by Walt Friedenberg. Walt worked with the magazine in 1948, left Wake Forest to do graduate work in Oriental culture, and embarked from the States last fall for the far east. He is with the United States government in Lahore, Pakistan, studying the life of the Pakistani.

In an appraisal of the writing of the past ten years published in the magazine, the editors have selected two short stories and one essay for reprinting in this anniversary issue. The first is by Otis Gossman and the second by John Durham.

Otis was business manager of the student newspaper during his college days. He is now living in Florida and managing his father's plantation. John graduated in 1955 and accepted a graduate fellowship to Duke University for study in American literature. John is now in the Navy, is married, and has a son, named John, Jr.

The essay was published by an Army veteran in Winter 1953 issue whose name was withheld. It is one of the most sensitive pieces of writing in the last ten years as well as the most personal.

THE STUDENT is complimented in having Ralph Herring's art represented in this issue. His illustration of Otis Gossman's story was done in record time. Ralph is well-known on campus for his charcoal and pastel portraits done for many of the coeds. He worked with the magazine during the late Forties, helping to make those issues among the best illustrated in the magazine's history.

"The Demon in Us" draws its jokes from the old issues of the magazine, particularly from the years that were dominated by humor rather than creative writing. And the poetry in this issue is representative of the "old" and the "new." Featured poets are Dr. Benjamin Sledd and John Charles McNeil. Dr. Sledd was one of the beloved English professors of several years back, whose collected poems are due to be published shortly. McNeil first published with the old WAKE FOREST STUDENT in 1897. We have reprinted the first poem although it is not among the best of his subsequent work. McNeil has published two volumes of poetry, *Songs, Merry and Sad*, and *Lyrics from Cotton Land*.

With this anniversary issue the editors extend "happy birthday's" to the magazine, with fond wishes that it will enjoy many more of the same. Most of the staffers returned safe and sound from Christmas vacation, but completely spoiled as far as magazine work is concerned. To all who aided in the compilation and writing of this issue we express our deepest gratitude, and to those past editors we say, "Wish you were here."

You are always welcome
to browse

at

Glyn's

Junior, Regular and
Tall Fashions

Where young and exciting

Fashions are shown.

—Open Fridays til 9—



CAMPUS DELIVERY

PHONE 4-9271

CUSTOM-MADE HATS

451 WEST END BLVD.



On the Campus

QUALITY MEN'S WEAR

"Ben Wants to See You"



LeVAN BROTHERS BARBER SHOP

We Have
Five Experienced Barbers
To Serve You

OPEN 9:00 A.M. TILL 9:00 P.M.

PH. 4-7718

Corner Polo Rd. and Cherry St.
Nearest Barber Shop to Campus

Cover

For the first time in the magazine's history, it is sporting a full-color photograph. Perhaps it is indicative of a New Year's resolution to make THE STUDENT more colorful. Or perhaps it is merely a combination late-Christmas and early-birthday present to the magazine. At any rate, looking down the plaza toward Reynolda Hall last summer, Photographer Irving Grigg snapped what looks as if it is going to become one of the traditional photographs of Wake Forest College's campus in the first year of its new location.

Thanks go to Eugene Olive, editor of the College Alumni Magazine, through whose co-operation the color plates were secured. And no thanks at all to the strain which imposed itself upon the budget. But after all, Diamond Anniversaries come only once each hundred years.

Staff

Dottie Braddock, *Editor*
Charles Richards, *Editor*

Jerry Matherly, *Associate Editor*
Editorial Assistants: Owen Herring,
Robert Fitzgerald, Becky Lampley,
Tom Buie, Nancy Jo Smith

Bert Walton, *Art Editor*
Art: Libby York, Ann Clark, Esther Seay, Bill Wiggins, Jean Hurst
Lynne Laughrun, *Production Mgr.*
Typing: Betty Sue Kerley, Judy Knight, Tommy Laughrun, Ann Weir

Phoebe Pridgen, *Circulation Mgr.*
Circulation: Kay Adams, Mary Louise Brown, Nancy Coley, Ann Bolton, Babs Award, Barbara Edwards, Judy Freeman, Betty Hollifield, Camille Pilcher, Beth Scott

Dale Holland, *Business Mgr.*
Advertising: Betty Bolt, Mike Price, Karen Walker, Jo Ann McMillan, Nancy Webster, Bob Edison

• • •

THE STUDENT, founded January, 1882, is published monthly, except summer sessions, by the students of Wake Forest College. Office located in Room 224, Reynolda Hall; address correspondence to Box 7287, Reynolda Branch, Winston-Salem, N. C. Printed by Winston Printing Company, Winston-Salem. National Advertising representative W. B. Bradbury Co., 219 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription rate: \$2.50 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Winston-Salem, N. C.

Bocock-Stroud Co.

"College Shop"



Feeling is Believing!

*Authentic Ivy Styles
Often Imitated —
Never Equalled*

We specialize in natural-shoulder clothing, following the University trend. Come in and see our wonderful selections of Southwick, Franklin, and Linett clothing.

- SUITS
- SPORT COATS
- SLACKS
- SWEATERS
- ALL ACCESSORIES
- SHIRTS BY GANT

*Bocock-Stroud College Shop Is
the Meeting Place for Young
Men With Good Taste*



Cricket Celebrates

THE THING CRICKET liked best about an anniversary was the celebration. And now he found himself, glass in hand, surrounded by dignitaries of the past seventy-five years. His eyes grew bigger and bigger as he saw each arriving guest. Never before had he been in the company of such celebrities.

In one corner stood Charles Lee Smith, publisher, but most importantly, editor of *THE STUDENT* magazine in 1883. The grand old man himself started toward him and extended a warm handclasp.

"Yes, sir, I remember when . . ." he began, but stopped and took a book from beneath his arm. "I have something for you, Mr. Cricket," he said and handed him a magnificently bound volume of *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. "You'll find a lot of use for this," he explained.

"Thank you sir," said Cricket. "I should have had this long ago, or at least four months ago."

Mr. Smith moved on to join a rapidly gathering circle in another corner of the room. Cricket noticed that one man seemed

to be the center of attraction. He dodged the shifting feet of the men and soon was standing right below the man.

"Ah," said the impressive looking gentleman, "here we have Mr. Cricket. Congratulations, I was once editor of *THE STUDENT*, and I, too, called on people to do impossible things."

"Well, sir, how did you manage to survive?" asked Cricket sincerely.

The man smiled gently. "We adopted the old motto, 'The difficult we will do immediately; the impossible will take a little longer.'"

Cricket thanked the man for his advice, but as he walked away he realized he had only five more months in which to do the impossible. He started to ask if that would be long enough, but the man was busy talking to someone else. So he asked another guest who his advisor had been.

"Why, that's Gerald Johnson, the famous biographer and former editor of the *Baltimore Sun*."

"Whew!" exclaimed Cricket, "if I ever thought one of our class would do so well."

The man slapped Cricket soundly on the back, causing the liquid to slosh over the edges of his glass, and assured him, "Of course they will. Who would have thought I'd be Chairman of the Board of Trustees right now?"

Cricket smiled indulgently and not without some measure of sympathy for the man.

"Board of Trustees," he mused, "what a messy job."

And suddenly he noticed a small group of younger looking men and women. He hopped up on one's shoulder and listened.

"How's the Navy, John, and the small son?"

A dark young man, dressed in an officer's uniform answered, "Fine, but nothing like the old days on Pub Row."

Another, also in military dress, chimed in softly, "The place surely has changed, hasn't it?"

"That's progress for you, Bill," said another young man, who someone had called Captain Ahab. He turned himself around on a wooden leg.

Cricket winced and took another long, deep drink from his glass. He thought, "Too much reminiscing is going to ruin this party." And, because Cricket liked celebrations to be gay, he asked for the cake to be brought in and persuaded a Mr. C. P. Weaver to lead the group in a song. As the man was teaching the group the words to a song he had written himself, Cricket prepared to blow out the seventy-five candles on the huge cake.

With glasses raised on high, the former editors sang out, "Oh, here's to Wake Forest, a glass of the finest . . ."

Cricket clinked his glass with the man's next to him, took a sip, breathed deeply and blew out the entire seventy-five candles at one time. The group sang on, "Her sons they are many, unrivaled by many . . ." Cricket looked around at the guests and believed every word of the song.

Disintegration

Reprinted from *The Story*

HARRY LIFTED his eyes, pointed them at the pair. Damn, why don't they stop it?

Jess and Julian poised on opposite sides of the single decent table in the small over-furnished room. A light dangled overhead from a long electric cord, the shade ripped down one side, letting the almost yellow light ooze out the side. The light undulated like a pendulum in the sweating summer breeze—from Julian's head to Jess, then slowly back, leaving one always shrouded in a semi-shadow. Jess sat tight, as if to explode with the next swinging of the light, eyes dark and tense with a fearful expectancy. Julian supported his chin in his hands, elbows planted on the table, staring.

A cigarette leaned from his left hand; smoke crawled along his face and spiralled into the bulb. Both sat silent now. Jess dropped her eyes to the table, moved them like a broom in a circle over the flat surface, shot them up, and directly into Julian's penetrating glare.

"I'm not going to argue with you any more, Julian. It's just no use." Her voice was monotone, then quivered, then shattered into a raspy scratch on the last word.

"Tired of losing, old woman?" Julian smiled, the smile forcing his hands to expand. He placed both hands flat on the table, turned them over, then back, admiring long smooth fingers, the brown unblemished texture of the skin. Next to his intellect, Julian admired his hands most of all. His were the hands of an artist, long-fingered, smooth-skinned, womanish hands, masculine only in their strength. He clenched his fingers into a ball.

Jess watched, admiring her son's physical and mental beauty, hoping a wild vibrant mother's hope that the friction would diminish. Now that her own health had evaporated with the incessant tubercular coughing, leaving her gaunt and emaciated, she took on a renewed admiration for the clean-cut muscular development of her son. Her eyes, from childhood deep-set, now appeared sunken, sucked back into her

small angular face, making her look as if she had just awakened from a hard sleep.

Jess stood up, moved the chair quietly back into position, and picked up the ash-tray lying before Julian. Harry raised into a half-standing position.

"Never mind, Harry. I've got it."

Harry slunk back into the chair, relaxed now that some of the electric tension had disappeared from the room. He could not help but admire the old lady's spirit in attempting to fight on equal terms with the young intellectual, despite her sickness. Nor could he help but harbor an impassioned resentment against Julian for using his mother as a sounding board; he seemed to derive a certain sadistic delight in leading Jess into logical contradictions, then smashing her, like a rat caught in a trap. Looking at Jess and then at Julian, he wondered how they could belong to the same family. Julian was tall, over six feet, two inches taller than he himself, blond and Nordic-looking. Jess was diminutive and dark-skinned, even though the darkness had lately taken on a sallow tone, almost Oriental in color.

JESS PLACED the ash tray back on the table.

"I'm going to bed." She let the words hang to see if Julian would acknowledge. He glanced up, nodded, and returned his gaze to the table.

"Harry, you are planning to stay the night, aren't you?"

"I suppose so. It's too late to go home. The old man will say I've been out on another blast."

"Blast?"

"A drunk."

"You drink too much. You're going to ruin your health. You don't appreciate it until you lose it."

Julian looked up sharply.

"Quit preaching and go to bed. The clock is running out."

"Leave her alone, Julian."

Julian laughed. Jess walked toward the adjoining room, paused at the curtains used for a door, and turned slowly around.

"Goodnight."



JESS HAD BEEN coughing for more than an hour now. It was a strange sounding cough, like a stopper sounds when it has been pulled from the sink and the water is sputtering and being sucked down through the pipe. But once every few moments it would sound like air escaping from a punctured tire.



R. HERRING

Harry lay in bed and listened to her cough and fought hard to suppress the urge to spring from the bed and run from the room and out into the warm summer darkness. He sat in bed and looked at Julian sleeping quietly in the adjoining bed. During the last three years Julian had become accustomed to the sound, and it no

longer bothered him. Harry wondered now why he had agreed to spend the night. It would have been different if there had been more than two rooms; but there weren't and the sound of her coughing shattering the stillness bothered him.

"Julian." Harry leaned on one elbow as he called in a hushed whisper to the

sleeping body on his left. There was no movement. He swung his feet onto the floor with one motion, leaned over while still sitting on the edge of the bed, and touched Julian's shoulder.

"Julian. Wake up."

Julian mumbled an inaudible grunt and pulled himself to a half-sitting position.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

Forum: The Value of

HENRY DAVID THOREAU in *Walden*: I mean that they students) should not play life, or study it merely, while the community supports them at this expensive game, but earnestly live it from beginning to end. How could youths better learn to live than by at once trying the experiment of living?

Here lies the key to the value of college publications. They are the real thing. The experience gained working on the publications at Wake Forest College is invaluable. There are some newspaper editors who would rather employ Wake Forest graduates than graduates of some other college or university with a school of journalism. Here there is no such school, but there is Old Gold and Black, a newspaper complete and offering next to professional training. This alone is justification for its existence.

The value of college publications has been questioned. Usually the questions posed fall into two categories, concerning either demand or support. The first question: Is there a demand for this particular publication, a need, a place? The second question: What is there to support the publication: talent, interest, leaders?

At Wake Forest there are four publications, including the radio station which operates under the publications board. The oldest of these is the magazine, a monthly publication of a literary-feature type. There is the usual yearbook found at most schools which offers a pictorial and word history of the college and college life year by year. The newspaper is a weekly eight-to-ten pages that serves the same function for the college that a commercial paper serves for the general public. The youngest of the quartet at Wake Forest is the radio station, established in 1948, an activity that has already turned out professional announcers.

Any of these four has its own answers to the questions concerning its value.

Where to start is the problem when the value of any of these is discussed. Education with practical experience is the most obvious value and the point most often used in defense of the publications. But there are others. One of the magazine's stated purposes is to provide an outlet for the creative writing usually found on the college campus. At Wake Forest the newspaper seeks to cover the campus like the

GERALD JOHNSON, WAKE FOREST '10
FORMER EDITOR BALTIMORE SUN

Woodrow Wilson said that what a President of the United States depends entirely on the President for the office can be just as big as the man holding it is capable of making it. I think the same thing is true of the editorship of a student publication — the office is capable of being just as big as the editor can make it.

An editor with no serious purpose can turn out a product that is all froth and foam, with no effect except a little passing amusement; but one who is resolved to accomplish something can make the publication one of the important centers of student life, integrating the thinking of the college in a way that can be accomplished by no other agency.

Incidentally, service on the staff of such a publication is an intellectual discipline as efficacious as anything in the formal curriculum. A deadline is a harsher master than the most ruthless professor.

DR. E. E. FOLK
WAKE FOREST ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Student publications at Wake Forest date from 1882, just seventy-five years ago. In the three quarters of a century hundreds of Wake Forest undergraduates have spent unnumbered hours in editing and in writing for them. Perhaps a mere list of these men—and later women—would be convincing evidence of the value of publications, for the list would include many prominent alumni. But even such a list would not tell the whole story of what the three publications have meant to students and to the College. Let me take time to summarize very briefly three aspects of this meaning.

In the first place, Wake Forest has always regarded the publications as a part of the educational processes, giving opportunity to those with special interests to develop their talents whether in journalism, creative writing, advertising, or publishing. Many students have graduated from the staffs of OLD GOLD AND BLACK, THE STUDENT, and THE HOWLER to join newspapers or publishing firms, or to enter allied professions, and almost without exception they have made good. The editor of one large daily wrote recently that he "would take a chance on a Wake Forest prospect" before one from anywhere else.

The training afforded to professional writers, however, is only one of the purposes of the publications, valuable as that is. To a larger number of students — those going into the ministry, law, medicine, education, business — there has been the opportunity to learn something about communication as distinguished from self-expression, the art not of just saying something but of saying something to others so that they will listen.

Finally, there is the value of the publications to the College itself. This is manifest each year in their influence in welding an amorphous group of students into a student body; in breaking down the isolation that could separate students from faculty, student from student, professor from professor, and thus helping to transform a group of individuals into the College; in handing on traditions so that the College remains Wake Forest; and in preserving for the future the records of today and yesterday. As the College increases in size and as its history extends, the publications will become increasingly important in performing these functions.

The value of publications? They are part of the life blood of the College.



Student Publications

OWEN HERRING, WAKE FOREST '37

EDITOR, THE STUDENT, 1955-1956

Student publications at any school are worthwhile for many reasons. Several thousand dollars are spent each year in recognition of their value at Wake Forest. This money not only pays printing costs; in keeping Pub Row active it provides our campus with its strongest center of student activity. And, as any student active in publications can tell you, the educational atmosphere there could never be measured in dollars or semester-hours (though most of them would like to see it attempted). The healthy spirit of independence on the Wake Forest Pub Row is certainly an asset to our college community.



HOKE NORRIS, WAKE FOREST '34

AUTHOR, *All the Kingdoms of Earth*

You ought to know how to write, even if you never intend to make writing a profession. Despite the ubiquity of the telephone, radio and television, and all the havoc they have wrought upon the arts, writing is still our major means of communication, and still our only permanent one. Yet many of us emerge from college as near illiterates. The verbal agonies of some technical men and business men are alarming things to behold, and their consequences are often appalling. The difficulties of these men lie in an inability to think. Writing is an exercise in thinking. It involves reasoning, logic, knowledge, wisdom and the employment of the symbols that represent what we want to say, the meaning we wish to communicate. Never believe the man who tells you he knows what he wants to say but doesn't know how to say it. If he knew it, he could say it. If he could think, he would know it.

Sometimes — probably more often than not — it's hard work to write a decent sentence, and always the ability to do so is acquired only with long and hard labor. There must be incentive for this labor. Practice never hurt anybody, I am certain, but it must lead to an audience if it's to have meaning and motivation. I can see no reason to write at all without some form of publication in mind, even if merely in a letter to a friend. Writing for its own sake has never existed and probably never will. No artist would paint a picture and hang it in a darkened room. He may make many sketches — intended for his eyes alone, but always there'd be for him the finished painting that somebody else would look at. No preacher would preach a sermon to an empty church. He might practice before the solitary pews, but with every word he uttered, he'd have the ultimate congregation in mind. Perhaps for some it's motivation enough to write for the professor, in order to get a good grade in English composition. But the strongest motivation I know is the possibility that one's name will appear at the start of a piece of writing in a newspaper or magazine. All the forces of competition, of pride and vanity are brought to bear upon the job at hand if you know that your piece might be accepted by an editor if you do it well enough. This, for the student, it seems to me, is the value of the college publication. Of course not everybody can write for *THE STUDENT* or for *Old Gold and Black*, but more could than do, if the campus product has remained unaltered since my day, as I suspect it has. Here the future doctor, lawyer or business man may find facility in the symbols he will employ every day of his life—a facility upon which, to a great degree, will depend his professional suc-

magnolias, news wise. Even the sternest critics of the Howler would not dare to suggest having no annual. And the student-operated radio station struggles through numerous technical difficulties to reach its goal. Entertainment. Each has its own case, its own peculiar values.

At Wake Forest the radio station is comparatively young, but special efforts have acquired facilities and equipment that make possible professional-like service here too. Here again experience is an important product. At least one former station manager has a position on the staff of a commercial radio station. Because of the nature of the work with this publication it is integrated closely with the speech department. The station's service to students was well illustrated one year when study-music was provided on into the morning hours during examination period. Feature programs also entertain and inform the students, both about campus affairs and other news.

Whether the publication is a newspaper, magazine, yearbook or radio station, it is needed on a college campus the size of Wake Forest. Each has its own values but there are some general reasons for their existence. The educative value of such training as found in publication work has been considered and has adequate support. The record shows, and those who have profited have spoken. But the function is not just to train those interested in the field of journalism. Talent is sought out, interests are developed and lives are changed many times by the newspaper and magazine. Staffs never are too large and even the student with the least ability can find that he is needed on at least one publication. There should be no one with nothing to do on a campus with four publications as at Wake Forest.

The status of student publications varies from campus to campus. At Wake Forest students can be proud of both the products of pub row and the place those products hold on the campus. Their value has long been recognized by students and faculty. Often the demand for one of them will wane, and sometimes there seems to be a deficiency in talent. But the years go on, and there are more students and more writing and more reading. The place for the newspaper or magazine or annual or station never disappears.



Student publications are not professional, but they do have standards that add to their value. In a recent editorial these words appeared in *Old Gold and Black*. "Old Gold and Black is a student newspaper, about students, for them and produced by them." In these words is found the reason why publications at Wake Forest have reached such heights of quality and respect. They have purpose.

In the same editorial a paragraph read, "Old Gold and Black is founded on the conviction that the people have a right to know; it is our aim to tell the truth, be it pleasant or unpleasant . . . There can be no purpose or justification for the time, money and work put into the production of a newspaper other than its obligation to tell the truth."

The magazine has standards also which are best expressed in this paragraph from a memo sheet handed each new editor. "To sum up: the magazine should exhibit originality, student thinking, good taste, and an honest and individual approach. Its chief duty is not to provide mere entertainment, thoughtless or otherwise. Its function is to be a mirror for whatever is genuine in the culture of its campus and to offer a stimulus to and an outlet for serious (not solemn) writing in prose and poetic forms, and for creative expression by those students who are sensitive to the life about them and who have something worthwhile to say about it."

The Radio Station too has standards and purposes, calling itself the "Voice of Wake Forest College." Under the guidance of the speech department and some hard-working leaders the station produces programs of high quality, cooperating with commercial stations and growing in prestige as well as size and power.

A major value of the *Howler* also lies in its purpose. The foreword of the 1956 book had this to say: "Wake Forest College has a great heritage. It is a dream that lives. It is a spirit that grows greater with every defeat and triumph. This book is a product of a year rich in the heritage of the past and the hope of greater accomplishment in the future."

It is the part of all the publications, just as is true of all other functions of the college, to preserve this heritage, to improve it and develop out of it some good not only for the college but the world. As trained, experienced journalists and announcers go from Wake Forest that heritage will be preserved. Each new staffer as well as each new issue of a publication adds to the value of college publications.

—C. H. R.

cess. Certainly the student who intends to continue writing—who hopes that some day it will pay for his food and lodging—must begin his labors as early as possible. The college publications provide the opportunity for this beginning.

HAROLD HAYES, WAKE FOREST '49

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER, "ESQUIRE"

Campus publications are important. But their importance must be measured on two levels, each independently of the other.

A campus publication is important to those who are privileged to work on it. For example, eight years after the fact, I feel pretty certain that those of us who worked on *THE STUDENT* in '49 experienced an impact from the magazine, and our conception of it, that turned out to be something quite profound. Some of us found our lives and our careers changed because *THE STUDENT* had helped us to define our ambitions. Others changed directions within a career already chosen; but in practically all instances, *THE STUDENT* acted as the catalyst, and the reaction was so strong that few of us will ever forget it.

What we had—and this is the common grant to all publications staffs — was the opportunity to apply standard journalistic techniques, with whatever amount of freshness and originality we possessed, to the problems of entertaining, informing and inspiring 1700 people whose interests were remarkably similar to our own. This opportunity, now yours as it was once mine, constitutes an acid test for the journalist (writer-artist) to be performed in a laboratory provided by the college. No one will tell you what to say or how to say it, and you won't even have to worry about selling the publication you publish. That's one importance of campus publications to a future journalist, and if you are lucky, a similar opportunity may come your way again some day, but from the limited experience I've had in this fiercely competitive business, I doubt it.

On the second level, a campus publication is as important as you would have it be. That is to say, a campus publication is important if the students read it. But no matter

how high-minded the standards of your paper, how comprehensive the coverage of your annual, how penetrating the stories in your magazine, a publication is worthless unless you are able to close that critical gap between a reader's eyes and the type on your pages. You aren't writing for the faculty or the National Collegiate Press Association Awards or solely to please your artist's ego. If you are, then your publication isn't a student publication, it's a personal tract. I have a hunch that a neglected audience is a blood relation of Indifferent Readers everywhere. Somehow the word gets about what you are up to and they all wait quietly until they have a really good chance to ignore you, in large numbers. Of course, if you are a great writer, ignore all this. But most of us who work on college publications are journalists, not great writers, and we are concerned not so much with posterity as we are with reporting and interpreting the problems of our day; and this, I say again, is the problem of the student staffer on campus as surely as it is that of the best reporter on the biggest paper in the greatest city in the world. If no one reads him, he's through. If no one reads *THE STUDENT*, *THE STUDENT* is not important.

So, I suppose the whole matter of importance resolves itself in the form of a personal question for the people who work on publications. How important is the publication to you?

That's how important the publication is for you, and for the student body.





Wake Forest Abroad No. 2 . . .

In Pakistan

LAHORE, PAKISTAN — A couple of weeks ago, Marilyn Monroe came to Lahore in two-dimensional form—in the form of the girl upstairs in the film "The Seven-Year Itch." Inside the movie-house, the crowd laughed, drooled or blushed appropriately. Outside in the lobby, the posters showed Miss Monroe's skirt flying in the subway breeze, but her bare legs—officially considered objectionable by government authorities—had been daubed with red paint to clothe her, clear down to the ankles, in tight "pyjamas" of the kind worn by the classical dancers of India.

For an on-duty cultural anthropologist, this tidbit could be filed under "Cultural Overlap," and the analysis might show "Western invasion" being met with "Asian compromise."

But for myself, as an off-duty newspaper man now making a second visit to Asia, Monroe-on-the-poster does teach an obvious moral: this side of the world and that side of the world are getting closer and closer together. With the weight of age-old inertia and the suddenness of the move, it's a wonder there's not more confusion. Marilyn may be wearing Indian "pyjamas," but at least she's here.

So am I, as a matter of fact, but with much less publicity. And so are a sizable number of other Americans: diplomatic

and consular officials and clerks, visiting scholars and professors, technical advisors, businessmen and athletes, and the new breed of young, bright missionaries.

As for me, I'm a Wake Forest graduate now nearing middle age—Class of '49—and have worked several years off-and-on as a reporter. Now a foundation has given me a fellowship to roam around Pakistan and India. My purpose is to become as well acquainted as possible with these countries, in preparation for what I hope will be an assignment in East Asia as a reporter.

THE METHOD is to travel around the cities and countryside, and watch, talk to and listen to all sorts of people: politicians and peasants, school-teachers and shopkeepers, millers and night watchmen, and whoever else comes along. I've had afternoon tea with rich young gentlemen in a posh tennis club, and with impoverished farmers in a village courtyard we all shared with two mules, a horse and seven or eight goats.

What kind of land is this, and what kind of people live on it? West Pakistan stretches a thousand miles from the jagged peaks of the Hindu Kush, 25,000 feet high, to the mud-and-sand flats where the River Indus ends its 1700-mile journey by pouring into the Arabian Sea. In between the mountains and the sea live thirty-five millions of people, nine-tenths of them farmers, living in mud-brick huts huddled

together as villages, toiling in fields of wheat and cotton. A thousand miles away lies East Pakistan, where the Ganges and the Brahmaputra meander over the plains, and forty-five million people, eight hundred to the square mile, grow rice and jute.

A land so crowded and so poor . . . Eighty millions living in two hundred thousand villages, and only eleven cities of over 100,000. Eighty million people, half of them in families of landless laborers, facing a life-expectancy of thirty-one years, earning an average per capita of \$51 a year, eating an average of 1750 calories of food a day, and only one in ten of them able to read and write.

A land, so old and so new . . . At Harappa in the Punjab lie the sunbaked ruins of a city built five thousand years ago: red brick houses two and three stories tall, streets laid out in strict rectangles and drainage canals running alongside underground, circular brick platforms, ten feet across, where coppersmiths made tools and weapons, and painted pottery decorated with foliage and animals and geometric figures. And after Harappa came the Aryan invasion from the northeast, and, a thousand years later, came the Persians under Darius. Then Alexander the Great marched into the Punjab and there followed six or seven hundred years of Hellenism, followed in turn by the Islamic invasions from the Near East, culminating in the Moghul

splendor in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. And then the Europeans and "British India."

AND NOW PAKISTAN is so new, born as a state only nine years ago. "When we gained our independence," you are told, "we had nothing — no capital, no government, no offices, no desks, not even a pencil." What's more, Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs fell on each other in bloody communal riots, and twelve million people left their homes to cross the new national boundaries as refugees.

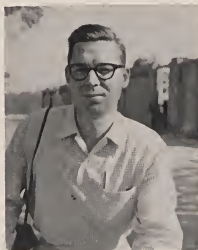
Now the announced aim of the Government of Pakistan is to develop the potentialities of the land, agricultural and industrial, while promoting the growth of democratic institutions and practices. The watch-word is "nation-building," the goal is the welfare state, and a great hope rests in the First Five Year Plan.

Slated for approval in January, the plan aims at two million new jobs, a thirteen percent increase in the harvest of grains, irrigation for three million acres of new land, six hundred thousand additional kilowatts of electrical power, a quarter-million new dwellings, ten thousand more hospital beds, new roads, post offices and telephones, direct aid to village development programs — in short, social as well as economic gains. The cost: 11.6 billion rupees — 2.5 billion dollars in American terms, but the rupee equals a dollar here. One third of the money will be devoted to agriculture in the form of irrigation, reclamation and village aid, and power, transportation and communications also have a high priority. Industry will largely be left to private investors, and the social services — education, health, labor welfare — will be chiefly provincial and local responsibilities.

WHETHER OR NOT the plan meets its goals, it reflects the way Pakistani leaders look at their country's needs and prospects. What are the prospects for the new crop of young people here? As a guess, I'd say that for the vast mass of them, their lives will be pretty much like those of their fathers and grandfathers, circumscribed in their work and in their outlook. Of ten million children of primary school age, only one in three are in school now, and compulsory primary education is at least twenty years away. Since industry will not provide a major occupational outlet for many more, most of young Pakistan will remain on the soil, enjoying a slightly higher standard of living perhaps — through

improvements in irrigation, seed, fertilizer and marketing opportunities — than their predecessors.

For a few Pakistanis there will be opportunity, which means higher education. Here in Lahore are twenty-five thousand college students enrolled in twenty or so colleges affiliated with the University of the Punjab. But only one person in two thousand goes to college in Pakistan. Not only have the numbers been few, but the curricula have been fixed after the British classical university pattern, ideal for producing the young civil servant or government clerk, but now old-fashioned in the light of Pakistan's new needs. But increasing numbers of young men are by-passing history and English literature and philosophy in favor of engineering, chemistry and economics, and they are looking forward to careers in business, and young women are entering medical school in amazing numbers.



Walt Friedenber, who is currently in the Far-East studying oriental culture through a grant by the Institute of Current World Affairs, can now be reached at the U. S. Embassy in New Delhi, India. Walt graduated from Wake Forest in 1949. Following graduation he studied at Harvard preparing for his present position.

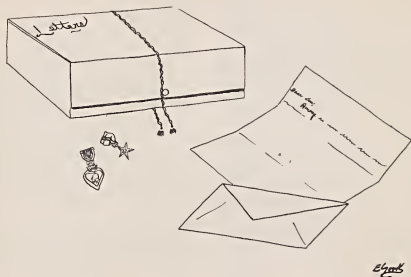
Maybe colleges around the world are basically much the same. Instead of the red brick "Georgian" of the new Wake Forest, here in Lahore there are red brick Late Moghul cupolas of the University. Students stand around between classes and puff on cigarettes, then shuffle inside the classroom and scribble to keep up with the professor's lecture. Rooms in the men's hostels are about as neat as ours were in old Simmons Hall. Students are late in returning library books and pay the fine of four annas (five cents) a day. Exams bring panic followed by cramming followed by panic followed by relief.

BUT COLLEGE life here, restricted almost entirely to the sons and daughters of the rich, is a life for young gentlemen and ladies. For men students, the school blazer must be correctly tailored, and afternoon cricket is suspended at four o'clock for tea. The girls, beautifully dressed in knee-length fitted skirts and full trousers, are ladies in proper Muslim fashion: they talk to boys only when necessary, never have dates, and in some cases wear the veil while on the street if not on campus. While most young men and women are certain that this *apartheid-by-sex* is on the way out, their loyalty to their parents' wishes and to Islamic propriety makes them moderate progressivists on the matter, rather than rebels.

Pakistan was founded as an Islamic state, and the external evidences, at least, of loyalty to Islam are obvious on all sides. The largest mosque in the world is in Lahore — the Royal Mosque built by Aurangzeb three hundred years ago, with its great courtyard two hundred yards square — and the whitewashed minarets of mosques dominate the modest skyline of villages across the land. At noon and sunset devout Muslims can be seen stopping in the fields and parks, along roads and even on the sidewalks to prostrate themselves in prayer five daily prayers are required. The bright red henna-dyed beards and locks of *Hajjis*, those who have made the pilgrimage to the Sacred Mosque at Mecca, are a common sight, and millions more spend a lifetime saving up two thousand rupees it takes to make the trip by boat.

While the seventy million Muslims in Pakistan make it the most populous Muslim country in the world, there are still ten million Hindus in East Pakistan and about a half-million Christians.

—WALT FRIEDENBERG



Letters to Jesse

Reprinted from The Student, spring 1952

DEAR SON:
Among those things which I shall leave you is a box. A red box some three inches high, six inches wide and seven inches long, which has a yellow string holding the folded sides together. On the ends of the string are two tassels. The top folds over, with a brass button fastener to lock it. Printed across the upper left hand corner of the box is the word *Letters* in a flowery style and gold ink. I describe it in detail because if you ever lose it you will be able to explain exactly what you have misplaced.

Inside the box you will find, not letters of the conventional sort, but letters that are not *written* at all. You will find, first of all, some paper money, not of any value—as the market goes—and printed in foreign language. On them you will see such words as: *Dieci Lire, Cinquante Lire, Banque de L'Algerie and Regno d'Italia*. These bills had some value once when I was in Italy during World War II; in fact, they were part of my pay for fighting for the “four freedoms,” as Mr. Roosevelt expressed them. On the reverse side you will find those freedoms listed: freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want,

and freedom from fear. Learn them, son, and keep them, for many young men of my generation died for the mere thinking of them.

Below these bills you will find two blue boxes. They are exactly alike: blue leather, about one inch thick, three inches wide and six inches long. Around the edges you will see a jagged gold line imprinted into the leather. Across the top of one you will find the words, also in gold ink, *Purple Heart*. As you open it you will find pinned to the bottom, on white velvet cloth, a medal—the *Purple Heart*. It is bright bronze, shaped like a heart, with an enameled center on which a profile of George Washington is superimposed, also in bright bronze. The medal is attached to a purple ribbon edged in white. On the reverse you find the words, “For Military Merit.” There is nothing particularly rare about it; I imagine there have been some two million issued since it was originated. By the way, I have left in the box a brief history telling about the origin of the medal during the Revolutionary War. The medal was given me as a remembrance by the government for doing my bit to retain freedom for you. It is, however, more than that. As you pick it

up to turn it over, think of a frozen, snow-covered countryside, extremely mountainous and difficult to traverse. Think of mud over the tops of Jeep bumpers. Think of fear, confusion, death, blood, worry and hate all mixed-up inside a person. Think of whining bullets which sting like a fresh burn when they strike. Think of pain, litters, morphine needles, crowded hospitals, rows and rows of beds, operating rooms mass-producing patched-up men, nurses, surgeons, casts, crutches, and the thrill of learning to walk again. Think of all of these and then put it back, not to forget but to remember. Not so much that it was given to me, but to millions like me—and remember, son—why we received these pieces of metal.

The other blue box has printed on the top, *Bronze Star Medal*. Inside you will find—as the name suggests—a bronze star about one inch across, attached to a bright red ribbon. Turn it over and you will see, “Heroic or Meritorious Achievement” and a name engraved in the center. I like to refer to this one as the “consolation prize” given as an afterthought to make me feel better. But it too has a story. Imagine yourself at three o’clock on a moonlit January morning out in a strange hostile countryside. The snow is deep and frozen so that you are able to walk on it without sinking. You are leading a scouting party a mile behind the enemy lines. You—as lead scout—are responsible for your patrol’s safety. You lead them through a partially frozen stream. Water seeps through your shoe-pacs and freezes between your toes. Quietly you lead the patrol to the objective and gather the needed information. You start to return—when—as you cross an open field a machine gun “burps” and shatters the tense silence! You feel a sting—you fall—you want to lie there—you struggle—you twist—and finally find the shelter of a hole. When you have recovered and are back in the United States you are called to the office of the Commanding Officer. He hands you a medal with a citation which ends with, “for heroic action above and beyond the call of duty.” You are credited with finding one of the enemy encampments which had hampered the advance of the Allied Forces, by exposing yourself. You have done a service—not so much for yourself as for your sons and their sons. Remember those freedoms, son. And remember that the medal you will handle is a token of my tiny part in retaining those freedoms for you.

As you close the box realize that I write this, not to brag, for the Bronze Star is the least in the long line of medals, and the Purple Heart is given to those who are wounded—and there have been millions—but I write this solely because I want you to remember. Lately there has been a tendency to forget that there are some who never returned—some who, not as fortunate as I, cannot have sons to write to. There has been a tendency to hold these things up to ridicule and play mock hero. There has been a tendency to glorify, not realistically but romantically. There has been a tendency to bury the dead and then bury our heads, forgetting the dead and trying to forget the rest of the world.

YOU WILL PROBABLY ask, "Good advice, but why didn't you remember the first great war?" I'll try to answer that question, son, this way.

World War I was a romantic, idealistic war. It was named "The War To End Wars" and "The War To Make the World Safe for Democracy"; fancy names for mud, stench, death and horror. After it was over the world was relieved; it gave a

great big sigh of relief. The lucky boys came home, as they did later in World War II, to a big celebration. They marched up Main Street amid bands playing, confetti flying, singing, shouting people, factory whistles blowing, church bells clanging, and decorated automobiles. I saw a picture of your grandmother celebrating the armistice. She was standing in front of a gaudily decorated Ford with a flag wrapped around her hat. She was laughing, full of gladness—the Great War was over. She and most of the others soon forgot, son, and turned their backs on the rest of the world. The Crusade—it was called that too—was buried along with the last dead of the conflict. Mr. Wilson, a great president, tried to make the people see the folly of forgetting. He tried to make America a part of the world, but no, the people felt they had done enough. They wanted to completely forget the world. Such men as William Borah and Henry Cabot Lodge led the opposition to world leadership. The government set up high tariffs to fool itself into a false sense of security and isolationism.

When I was born in 1923 the great boom of the '20's was just getting started.

Money was easy to get and easy to spend. America completely forgot the horrible war and contented itself at having a good time. The great war became romanticized—it was America that saved the world. (It saved the world only to leave it and let it, leaderless, return to confusion.) While Hitler was rising to power I was playing war, not "cops and robbers" or "Cowboys and Indians." We used to play "Americans and Germans" around our backyards, over fences and under porches. It was all glory to take my gun—a stick—and stealthily approach a bush, "Bang! You're dead, you Hun!" It was romantic fun. Why? Because your grandmother and grandfather forgot the realism—the death, the hell and fire of real war. They didn't tell me, as I'm telling you, to remember what their generation had been through.

WHEN WORLD WAR II broke out, I was just finishing high school. The war in Europe seemed so remote and so romantic. I read the daily accounts of Poland, Belgium, Holland, France, Amsterdam, London and Dunkirk with expectant interest. I thought of how wonderful it would be to be "over there" fighting. Then came the draft, and all of a sudden your grandmother began talking about real war. How terrible it would be to ruin the "cream" of another generation! I was startled. War horrible! War real! This was a new line to me. The tragedy is, son, that she and her generation waited twenty years too long to remember; too late to do me and my generation any justice.

During your lifetime, son, you will be awed by the bright-colored uniforms of the Armed Forces. You will admire the bright-colored ribbons on the chests of men. You will feel a stir way down inside you when you see a parade, hear the beat of martial music, see cheering crowds become silent at the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and the raising of the flag. It's a good feeling to be loyal and to love your native land. It's a good feeling to know that you will defend the freedom you have here, but remember my generation's war too, son. America is now the free world's leader. To forget and turn our backs again will only bring tragedy in your generation. Remember to be alert, interested and informed in world affairs; remember to be patient with the people of the world, and above all remember the two little boxes because of the war their contents stand for.

Your loving father.

Calendar

- Jan. 9—Feb. 27 Gallery Talks and Gallery Tours
Winston-Salem Arts & Crafts Association
Wednesdays 10-12 a.m.
- Jan. 17 "Brandy For the Parson"
Film Friends of Winston-Salem
- Jan. 17 "Les Enfants Terribles"
French Club Film Series
- Jan. 20 String Ensemble Chamber Concert
Winston-Salem Library
- Feb. 4-9 "Bus Stop", Winston-Salem Little Theatre
- Feb. 7 Ogden Nash, Salem College Lecture Series
- Feb. 8 Robert Elmore, organ recital
Wake Forest chapel
- Feb. 11-16 "Caine Mutiny Court Martial"
Wake Forest College Theatre
- Feb. 12 All-Orchestral Concert
Winston-Salem Symphony
- Feb. 14 "Torment"
Film Friends of Winston-Salem
- Feb. 21 Roger Wagner Choral, Chapel
Wake Forest Concert-Lecture Series

October

Once more are here the blest October days,
Bringing their holy calm and rest complete,
And hourlong dreaming, with the sun's warm rays,
Like gentle hands, clasping the weary feet.
And gentler now are all our human ways,
With nature's harshest sounds grown low and sweet;
And dreamlike lost amid the far blue haze
The eye tells not where earth and heaven meet.

No longer for tomorrow's gifts I ask;
Enough today, only to live and love;
And hidden amidst my peopled solitude,
Hearing the children at some unknown task,
(As bending o'er her nestlings broods the dove,)
Over the measure of my bliss to brood.

—BENJAMIN SLEDD

Reprinted from THE STUDENT, 1932.

Dirge

Wail on, O Winds, for there is need of wailing!
Scream on, O Eagle, in the dusky sky!
For Nature feels her youth and beauty failing
As o'er the hills her withered blossoms fly.

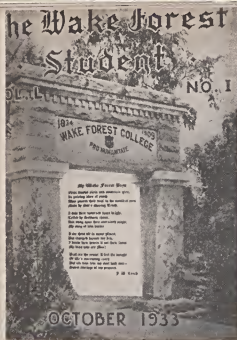
Wail on, O Winds, for in this dale is sleeping
One dearer to my soul than all things good.
O Pines, moan on, moan on, while I am weeping
And, song-bird, soothe me with thy mournful mood.

She was so fresh, so fair, when last we wandered
Through this dear dale, then bright as the summer's sun,
And laughed with joy as life's best gifts we squandered
And knew not then that joy was grief begun.

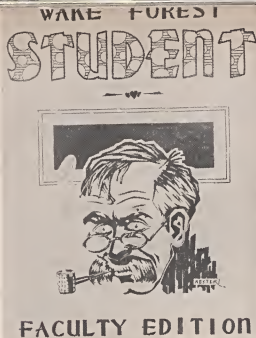
O cold, grey sky, send down the snowflakes hoary
From Winter's storms this lonely mound to save!
Some day the Sun of Righteousness in glory
Shall beam upon this now forgotten grave.

—JOHN CHARLES McNEIL

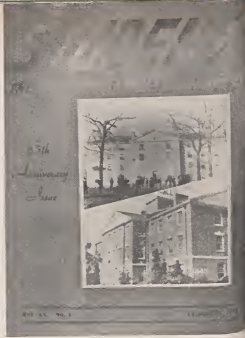
Reprinted from THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, 1897.



1933



1937



1947

Seventy-five Years of

THE TASK OF reading all the prior issues of *THE STUDENT* during the past seventy-five years is an ambitious undertaking, and so is the attempt to evaluate the prose that has appeared in those issues. But more ambitious by far have been those students who did the original writing, for student writers are always handicapped by lack of experience in self-expression and by lack of experience generally. It is the rare student who has both—plus the individuality and sensitivity that produces writing of lasting significance. And it is also the rare student who can fully develop either of the latter essential qualities during his stay in college. The very nature of college life and educational methods have more a stifling effect than anything else on a student's creative impulse.

Student writing is almost always imitative, either of the established figures in literature or of other students. And it is always difficult to draw the line on imitation and originality. In order that a student writer, or any writer for that matter, not be in the least way imitative is for him not to read any at all from that form of writing which he endeavors to adopt for his creative field. And while the critics call for originality, for freshness, they simultaneously plead for aspiring young writers to read—especially in the form which they have chosen. So it becomes an ever-widening circle of frustration for the writer, until

he realizes that life itself is basically an exercise of imitation until the highest known level is reached. Only then can one become original—in writing or in anything else.

Student writing is also inclined to be grandiose—from a standpoint of style. The use of an uncommon word for a more common one is the usual practice of the beginning writer. His choice is based on the belief that he needs to impress others by the extent of a vocabulary rather than by the depth of his perception. And by doing so he provokes the same feeling from his readers that Lewis Carroll's Alice had when she said, "It seems very pretty, but I'm not quite sure I know what it means." So much of student writing seems as if it were done by a person holding a dictionary in one hand and a thesaurus in the other, leaving none free to write.

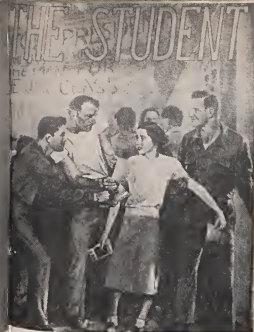
A survey of student prose since 1882, as published in *THE STUDENT* magazine might very well include everything but poetry and page numbers, but for the present, only fiction, and essays will be included.

IN THE BEGINNING there were essays—and just as the earth were without form and were void. The student essayists jumped from one thought to another like so many kangaroos, but unlike the swift Australian animal, got exactly nowhere most of the time. The majority of the writing

was done either as editorials or as essays and it is hard to distinguish one from the other, except for where they appeared in the magazine. Essays included such topics as vacation jaunts, character, southern pride, and womanhood. In what otherwise might have been a good essay, the writer would inject a ruinous comment about some fair young lady's smile or pure conduct, which had nothing to do with the subject at hand.

In the October 1884 issue, W. C. Allen had an extremely perceptive comment about the style of *STUDENT* writers. "A great many who endeavor to write for print have a tendency to soar into obscurity; this is the case generally with young experts, who suppose ordinary words poor contrivances to bear the powerful thought which they wish to unobscure. Don't hide thought with words, hide words with thought." All this was probably before a Wake Forest student ever had a copy of *Rogers's Pocket Thesaurus*. It was a period of faulty grammar and flowery grandiloquence. One essayist said the purpose of a literary magazine was "to learn students how to write." Even the editors of such a magazine might have to take a stand against the sentiment, much less the use of "learn" for "teach."

The appearance of short stories in *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT* came around 1895, although prior essays had very nearly been in the fiction realm. Most of them concerned the meeting of some young lady



1949



1956

Student Prose

at a taffy pulling or the routine study of collegians. There were none that expressed a realistic approach to life, its problems, or even its pleasures. Most were contrived and extremely lacking in plot or development of the essential theme.

FROM 1882 to 1930, or the days of the original WAKE FOREST STUDENT, the trend stayed essentially the same as it was in the beginning. Even those men, Harry Trantham or Robert Lee Humber, who became Rhodes scholars, failed to produce writing of significance except for some stirring editorials. But it must be noticed that this period of THE STUDENT was running parallel with the national trend in writing, or at least the era just completed with Emerson, Thoreau, and others still maintained as the masters of American prose. It was a time when students refrained from writing about the life that they knew, preferring to use limited imaginations of other people's experiences for their subject matter.

WHEN IN 1930 THE STUDENT underwent a drastic change, probably from the effect of the Twenties. It became a humor magazine of the rowdiest variety, but also gave space to poetry and short stories and essays of a sort. Humor had the upper hand always — or at least until it got "out of hand," and the magazine was suspended temporarily. Upon resumption, the magazine

was much the same as immediately before suspension, except that the humor was a little more subdued. From 1931 to 1934, the short story table of contents was monopolized by Hoke Norris, who recently published a novel, *All the Kingdoms of the Earth*. Norris' writing during his college days has all the ingredients for student writing — words and ideas — but failed to make very distinctive use of them. His stories run the gamut from prison life, fantasy, top-notch executive suites, and Negro dialect. Most of them indicate nothing more than a love for writing, lacking sincerity for the characters and their particular struggles. However, Norris showed a great skill in producing believable dialogue, if unbelievable situations.

From Norris' last story through the time of the Second World War, fiction reads like that of so many Freshmen English students and essays like themes — carefully outlined and sketched in without the bold, dashing colors of life. There were sequels to already well-known works and carried titles such as "The Return of the Magi," and apologies to such writers as "Damon Runyon in Collier's."

It was not until after the return of veterans from the war that writing in THE STUDENT reached an admirable standard. Beginning in 1947, student writing achieved something of a renaissance. Before this time, stories and THE STUDENT had turned into a mouthpiece for the athletic de-

partment and the ministerial conference. The essay had lost most of its appeal to student writers, but the short story gained favor by leaps and bounds. Both mediums found sincere writers who declined to say very much about the glory of war as had the old College magazine during the latter Twenties.

THE LITERARY "renaissance" was led by John Byers with two superb prize-winning stories. Byers was not a regular STUDENT staffer, but turned out some penetrating stories that perhaps led others to the door of the College magazine office. Harold Hayes became editor and wrote a few stories of merit. The magazine under Hayes is probably the high point in the entire seventy-five years. And from the 1948-49 climax came Otis Gossman, and *Old Gold and Black* business manager, Carl Meigs, T. S. Mezger, Blevyn Hathcock, John Durham, Helga Schnitzer, Frank Andrews, and Bill Laughrun. This perhaps has been the largest group of talented writers ever to be assembled in the span of six years. They are talented in the respect that they could turn out excellent editorial material as former STUDENT staffers and writers had done in the many years before, but more significantly, they wrote with the naturalness and sensitivity so noteworthy in budding young journalists and writers.

These six years constitute an important trend in STUDENT writing. Emphasis was put on writing from experience, whereas in past years the emphasis was placed on whatever was entertaining whether or not it seemed feasible for the student. Moreover, the writing was comparatively free from imitation, not only from the "masters" of fiction, but from other student writers. Each writer strived for a style of his own and achieved this goal most of the time.

FROM THE GRADUATION of the last of these writers until the present day, there can be traced another trend — away from the short story and essay to poetry. That is, most of the better material has been done in poetry rather than in prose. In the past two years, student prose has turned back to the early Thirties and early Forties, back to startling plots, startling language, and startling scarcity. However the legacy of the prior six years has not been squandered thoughtlessly, for the writing, as far as style and insight is concerned, is for the most part natural and provocative.

Another trend is to be noted — and it is in the writer's expression of emotion. In 1882 and from then until the twenties, prose was mainly that of philosophy and optimism. In the Twenties, more realism was expressed until in the Thirties it reigned supreme, however covered up with poor writing. Beginning somewhere in the Forties, a new note was introduced in the best writing — that of frustration and denial of an optimistic outlook on life. Writing became more psychological and hit its highest peak in 1953. From that time until now, writing has become an uncertain combination of all the trends, with writers' being wary of revealing a definite stand on life, sometimes choosing to write poorly rather than betray their true emotions. All speculation on this trend can be only speculation — and nothing whatever concrete, only a generality which can often be misleading in an appraisal of literature.

But one thing is certain, the seventy-five years of STUDENT writing can be likened to the career of most writers. It began methodical, grandiose, and faulty; it progressed to a period of primarily imitation and finally to a high peak of brilliance. And like most writers, after hitting their greatest stride, it has declined. But the decline does not mean that it is dead; if we are lucky, we may be dealing with a "cat with nine lives."

—D. L. B.

When Winds Have Dusted

When winds have dusted summer from the suns
That winter may more cleanly wax,
Along the hardwood grain there runs
A fading hand—first, length . . . then, lax,
Its breathless stretch resolved again
To bitter yield. A virgin child
Cries sistered with the sudden rain
Who pounds a lullaby with wild
Strong fingers. From where she lies
An isolated heart spurts red
Into the chill; sobs become sighs
From blankets on her muffled head.

What heat has hammered into art
The cold may temper strong or leave
It shattered to the hundredth part.
The child will meet the winter, weave
Her covers of a coarser thread
To share without a price. She'll speak
In whispers to the storm; her bed
Will warm with those who only seek
A stolen night. But never lip
May touch as body must in blood's
Pretended pulse. Her soul will outward slip
In secret, open gates to April floods.

—DOTTIE BRADDOCK

Knight and the Earth

Reprinted from The Student, winter 1954

THE LEAVES fell so that Walt on his way to school scuffed through piles of orange and gold. He breathed the ice-tinged air into his warm young body filled with ecstasy walking the smole-tinged streets of the little town. In the dusky afternoons the people dressed in old clothes and worked with rakes whose steel prongs were like giant broomstraws. The leaves were raked into great piles, then carried to the streets for burning. Sometimes the piles of leaves were left overnight, and children made forts of them by hollowing out the center of the piles; many a young warrior was buried in his own castle.

The house in which Walt lived looked down on the village from a hill, and often in the leaf-burning days he sat for hours looking down at the burning piles and the figures of the workers which became more shadowy as dusk fell and the faces became indistinct, reflecting a curious redness from the flame. In what he saw, the boy felt a warmth and a sudden feeling of exaltation that he existed, and this strange wonder of life could go on with him as a part. He sat quietly by the window, sometimes putting his hand out to touch the cold pane. His mother often came into the room without his noticing.

"My soul," she would say, "what are you looking at?" She would come over to the window, stare out, and seeing nothing unusual, make a slight deprecatory sound, absently touch his hair and leave him alone.

The girl's face was in his mind — a face like a goddess of autumn, he thought. Becky Adams was a tiny, sprite-like girl half-way between the child and the woman, and the boy was in love with the earnest, earnest intensity that is always in first things. She had a quality of strangeness; to him she with her puckish, up-turned nose and freckles seemed a magic creature.

In her presence he was overwhelmed with confusion as one is always in the presence of something worshipped, and he could think of nothing to say after the first greeting. Once he met her and almost asked her to come to his house and look

at the fires, but he couldn't think how to explain it to her so that it wouldn't sound foolish, and after a moment of awkward silence he had walked on.

The girl thought him a little funny, because she often caught him staring at her, and because he was so silent. It sometimes made her angry, but then — there was that peculiar expression in his face, something lonely and desperate that

made her always kind.

The winter passed, and spring came back to the streets of the town with its subtle, inexorable green that moved the earth back to fertility. The boy noticed a change in the girl as spring came.

Something of the life began to leave her face, and she became silent, moody and avoided everyone except, strangely, him.



Now, wherever he was sitting, she came beside him. He was bewildered by this at first, but as the weeks passed, he began to understand with something beyond his knowledge that something was happening to her that she was very afraid of. In trying blindly to help her, he forgot himself and began to talk of many things; the love he had for the leaf-burning time, the way rain fell on certain days when the earth seemed to weep and was old and lovable and sad. She sat very still and listened to the soft hum of his voice and watched the jerking, nervous gestures of his hands as he tried to describe something to her, continuing a moment after he stopped talking, waving, making half-formed images in the air.

THEY WERE IN every old room in the school. The desks were carved and cut with many names and initials of students long since gone. The radiators hissed and wheezed; the boy looked with pity at the people bustling in the library, because they did not share his world.

The last day she came in with her shoulders a little slumped. She seemed very far away. She put her head on the table on her arms, and he saw that she was crying, her little elfin face made to laugh contorted with grief and despair.

"What is it, Becky—you must tell me."

He took her hand.

She turned her face to him and stared into his eyes long and intently. Then her small hand was cupped gently around his head, and he felt her wet cheek against his as she said: "Oh—my knight, my poor, silly knight."

Then she ran from the room, and he was left amid the stares of the other students, who finally began to laugh at his bewildered expression.

In a small dingy town in South Carolina in a living room where there was a hole in the rug, Becky married Alf Schmidt that night. He was a great hulking fellow, the son of a man who owned the restaurant in the town. His hands were red and scaling from the constant wetting of the restaurant work, and they were very large. She tried to avoid looking at them while she was being married.

At school the next day Walt looked for her. Three days went by and she did not return. On the morning of the fourth day, as he approached a group of his classmates, he caught the words *marriage* and *Becky*. They laughed. He hit the first one in the back of the head with his clenched fist and swung wildly at the others until by sheer weight of numbers they bore him down.

The last boy to get up was a friend of Walt's. He brushed himself off, then brushed Walt.

"You think you'll change it by fighting? You fool."

WALT WALKED the streets of the town that night raging. All that he wanted was Alf Schmidt's face before him. The afternoon of the fifth day, he heard that they were back to live at Schmidt's father's house until they could manage something better. The boy waited his time until he was sure Alf would be at home.

The Schmidt house was very old. He rang once and waited. He was very nervous, then through the door he was Alf coming down the darkened hall. He opened the door. They stood looking at each other.

Walt was surprised. The young German's face was weary, drawn, with dark patches under the eyes. He had planned to hit him before he could speak, but he stood silently. Suddenly with despair, Walt realized how irrevocable the whole affair was.

Alf said: "Come in."

Walt turned on his heel and walked away. There was nothing to say. He sat in his room in the dark that night, looking at the darkened line of trees and deep in the night as he sat half-sleeping, he thought he saw the old blind hand of the earth reaching for the green young leaves of the trees.

—JOHN DURHAM

①



②



D. WATSON

Three Pretensions

Vignettes by Jerry Matherly

I

His room overlooks the graveyard Ann had told her. And she remembered other graveyards and other people she had loved. Once, in Virginia, an old aunt had died; the old woman dressed in a blue dress had been buried in a large graveyard with rays of sunlight shining through heavy green boughs. It had been in the first of June. When her father had died, he was buried in a commercial graveyard overlooking a busy highway on one side and a dirty little lake with an artificial island on the other. This had been in the early part of November, and there had been a light snow only a day before the burial. There were other graveyards, too, and other dead people. But these were the only two she could ever see clearly; an aunt whose name she had even forgotten and her father's of only a year ago.

Walking in the four o'clock sunlight of October she remembered all Ann had said the last time they had talked. It had been in August at some bazaar she had been forced to participate in.

"Helen, he lives right across from a graveyard—the University graveyard up on Metcalf Road. It seems so strange that he would have chosen the place. No one else seemed to want it at all. But he is strange, Helen, very strange," Ann had said as she had handled the towels Helen was selling.

She looked at her watch and decided not to go back down for tea. She hated the house teas anyway; she hated the pointless, supposedly intellectual conversation of the silly girls, effeminate boys, tired old professors with paper-back books in their pockets. She came to an old log under one of the most blazing trees and placed her trench coat on it so as not to soil her skirt. Since school had started she had seen Darrell only two or three times. Only once had she spoken to him; the other times she had seen him across one of the lawns—knowing it was he only because of the black sweater he wore most of the time. Sometimes she knew he didn't wear the sweater, and, in the crowds, she feared

she missed seeing him.

Sitting on the log, her back against the tree, squinting through the golden leaves, she remembered when she had first met him. It had been the last part of January at some cocktail party to which Ann had forced her to go. She always seemed to be forced to have to do things against her will. But then maybe Ann was right when she said she would do nothing at all if she were not made to participate in some of the normal activities of other people. Yes, she would be and was quite content to do nothing but read (not to study; she hated all courses except the one in present-day writers) and listened to her favorite composers, Mozart, Beethoven, Bartok, and drink rum cokes. There were always people making her do things though; always intruding on her solitude; her mother, Ann, even her father when he had been alive.

The party had not begun particularly bad for parties of that sort. Ann, who for some strange reason had taken a sisterly, irritating affection for her, introduced her to all whom she considered interesting. She had found them all unbearably dull, yet amusing in their dullness like the way feeding seals in zoos was dull but amusing. Maybe it was because both the seals and people at parties acted so ludicrous when fed a fish. After a while their comic animations became unbearable, and she made her inevitable retreat to some corner near the source of music. She could tolerate Stan Kenton at cocktail parties.

For a long while the party had swarmed around her, leaving her alone in her retreat. Then, as the fourth martini took effect, Ann insisted on drawing her out to meet one more person.

"You'll love him, Helen. He is so weird. John says he comes closer to being a real bohemian than anyone on campus," Ann had whispered pulling her towards a boy in a black sweater. His hair was still wet where snow had melted rapidly in the heat of the room.

The boy was surrounded by five people all of whom were talking at the same time. His long, nervous hands went in and out of his pockets. The gesture was not

awkward; it was only a symbol of his dislike for the babbling quietest. He had not seen her until Ann grabbed him by the arm and said, "Darrell, you remember me, Ann Leeds — at Mart Freeland's party at Christmas. I just loved the story you read. And knew that you would want to meet Helen, since both of you probably have so much in common."

Instead of being irritated as Helen knew she would have been, he smiled a long grin that caused his frankly sensual mouth to protrude. "Yes, I remembered, Ann," he said making a special point of saying "remembered" as she did.

After mumbling some unintelligible "hi" to him, Helen had wanted to move away. She had disliked his too knowing expression which was, indeed, an expression of interest. He had been carried away by the stream of the party and only at the end did she speak to him again.

"I'd like to take you to dinner some night," he had said as he helped her into her coat after having left the person with whom he had been talking in the middle of a conversation.

"Yes, I'd like that," she had said and given him her address. She had tried to act as uninterested as possible for that was her usual role. But she was surprised and upset by his invitation.

He had taken her to dinner, and they had talked about such people as Ann and parties and how had they decided to come to the University. It was the usual talk for a boy and a girl on a first date. After the dinner he had asked her out only twice. Once they had gone to a play, and the other time they had gone to a lecture. Both dates had been friendly without any "necking" or romantic moments. Helen had been disappointed by this. She had felt him more than vaguely attractive. She wanted to peel herself against his black sweater and kiss the back of his neck.

Now, in the autumn, after a long summer, she felt an urge to see him, to touch him. It had been a long fall of wanting to see him but not knowing how to go about it, of lacking the initiative to find out how to make him stop and talk and ask her out for walks like this one.

She picked up a stick and chipped off some of the wet bark of the log. She imagined Darrell doing this action. His long hands would look strange on the dirt. His body would be too long to grope among the bushes for a sharp-pointed one without looking awkward.

It had been a dream in the last part of July. Instead of going with her family to the mountains for the week-end, she had chosen to stay at home and be alone with her record player. On the Saturday night she had listened for a long time to the music, then a longer time to the Saturday night noises; a hand far away, someone laughing, the cricket, a light wind in the backyard trees.

Perhaps she had drunk too much or, perhaps, it was her own garlicked shrimp that had disagreed with her. But as she had prepared for bed she felt nausea and a pain in her stomach. When she had turned out the lights, the bed was too warm and the room was too stuffy. Yet she could not get up, for she was afraid she would be sick if she did. After several hours of restless turning and trying not to think, she had gone to sleep out of exhaustion.

In her dream she saw first herself in her mother's car. Beside her was a girl friend who had died during their last year in high school. They talked antinately for a long while as they drove through a country of mud banks and farms with old cars sitting in front of the houses. Her dream self had said time and time again to the other girl, "I cannot imagine why we are being friendly now. Remember how we used to battle for A's in Miss Lipton's class?"

The girl each time would only smile and say, "Yes, but that time has passed. Why, you're practically a woman now and I would have been."

After a very long time they had come to a dirt road and for some strange compelling reason she had turned into it. But she stopped when she saw at the bottom of the hill two cars which had obviously collided.

"I cannot stand to see things like that," she had said laughingly to the girl. She had turned the car around and had gone to a filling station and stopped. A colored man came out to the car and washed the window shield.

He peered through the windshield at them and said, "There was a wreck down the road a piece. Fellow was killed; a fellow by the name of Darrell. That was his name all right—Darrell."

Suddenly the girl beside her began to cry and when she turned to look at her, to slap her face the way she had once done, there was no one there at all. Then Helen looked out the back window to see if she were running away. And in the back seat had been Darrell. A nude Darrell. With a thin back, a flat stomach, and closed eyes. She had screamed to see him naked and had awakened to find herself thirsty and hot.

She threw the stick away and picked up her coat. Already it was time to go to dinner and read Kafka for tomorrow's class. Now there would not be anytime for a rum, and she would have to wait to midnight before she dared to get it out.

She held out her hand and was not disappointed. From behind the tree a long white hand stretched to meet hers. Turning her head the other way, (for she wanted to go and get the rum and read *The Castle*), she let herself be pulled away by this strange Darrell. His shirt was unbuttoned and he had the same white, thin chest as she remembered from the dream.

In the room overlooking the graveyard Ann had said. Well, Ann, in trees too. And in those secret places between buildings and on roofs and at the bottom of springs and under rocks and in rabbit holes and under gaslights. Darrell in his black sweater is strange as where he lives.

Somehow everyone was very surprised when no one, except Darrell and Helen, knew who lived in the castle overlooking the graveyard.

II

At twilight, in her penthouse apartment, the barefoot ballerina dances with her efficiency expert lover. The taste of garlic and liver sausage is still on her lips. As they perform "entre chats" on the railing, he thinks only of her breasts, almost uncovered, and very white. She remembers only lunch and cocktails, where creme De Menthe was incorrectly served. New York City and two dancing lovers when the sun goes down. (The trumpet sounds so melancholy, Helen.)

III

She had decorated the playroom immediately before she had gone to the hospital, and the nursery had been ready for months. Disdaining the advice of a professional decorator she had decided on the whole theme herself: a trip by a little boy to the pleasant country of the castles and lords and ladies. Around the walls he went to the country. Once he stopped for water in a deep wood. The stream she painted herself. Another time he had bread, cheese and milk at the home of some poor peasants (and had then given all his money away in order to protect them from the dragon he did not wish to kill). All of the walls, all of his adventures were long and colorful and occasionally they ran on to the rugs. Near the door his horse slipped right on to the rug.

When Marge had seen the two rooms, she had said, "How like you, Helen, to be so original. Well, it's a fairy tale country. Paul is just going to love it."

Helen had smiled and hoped Paul would like it. When he finally came home from the office party, he said he liked the rooms very much, though he expected they cost too much, and the cost of rental for a Park Avenue apartment had become almost too much for him.

"Then let's move over to Sixty-eight," she had suggested. He laughed at her idea of economics and said things really weren't that bad.

The ambulance had brought her back home with the new baby from the hospital. Paul had insisted on this, in order that "Nothing would go wrong as he put it."

The baby moved into the new rooms and seemed to like them very much. In a few years he was tall and could say a few things like utilitarian and "ambidextrous" and imagined himself to be the little boy on the walls.

During these formative years Helen continued to dance a little, got to a few more parties, read a few less books, drank a great deal more. Paul was always at the office and once he had gone to South America and when he returned he was the first to discover Needy (for that was what they had chosen to call him—after almost having to move to Sixty-eighth Street) needed a haircut.

They had taken him to the barbershop and soon after that he had died. Then everyone drank a lot more and went twice to the opera, and said, "Don't worry, Helen,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

January Review

POETRY, LIKE everything else, follows trends. But now and then, like four-leaf clovers, there comes on the scene a poet whose popularity and talent transcends any trend established by critics or readers. Edna St. Vincent Millay is one of these.

Near the end of 1956 Harper & Brothers published the *Collected Poems* of Millay. This publication, six years after her death in 1950, is another demonstration of her right to the high place "which critical opinion and her wide and admiring audience have accorded her."

Edna Millay first published at the age of twenty, in *The Lyric Year*. As a child she had published poems in a children's magazine. But "Renaissance" in 1912 brought to her wide popularity and acclaim. A book of poems of the same title in 1917 established her as a young poet, and in 1923 she received the Pulitzer Prize for her fourth volume, *The Harp-Weaver*.

The new publication by Harper & Brothers is the first collection of her entire poetic works. It excludes her plays, translations and childhood poems. Earlier collections have been made of her sonnets and her lyrics, published separately. The latest volume also contains sixteen poems not published in any of the previous volumes of her poetry. Norma Millay, the poet's sister, who compiled the earlier collections is also the editor of the new book.

"The catholicity of Edna St. Vincent Millay's knowledge, interests and devotions, the intensity of experience in those devotions, and in her life, are embodied in her poetry." It is for this reason that Edna Millay so completely captures her readers. Someone has said there were two people in Edna St. Vincent Millay: "the red-headed tomboy of Maine, and the 'sophisticated innocent of Greenwich Village.' America's greatest lyricist might also describe her, as well as a quite reclusive on Ragged Island. But then she could be depicted as the defender of youth and love. But it might do just as well to say she was a woman who wrote poetry.

Louis Untermeyer says in his anthology of *Modern American Poetry* that Miss Millay "has not yet reached final appraisal. One estimate rates her importance as high as her undoubted popularity; another depreciates her self-concern and concludes that

she expresses a twentieth century romantic temperament in a nineteenth century romantic vehicle." Critics of the future will be quick to discern the exaggeration, unevenness, and variety of Miss Millay's gifts; they will not fail to find, beyond the literary aptitude, the notes of authority."

This appraisal by Mr. Untermeyer reveals a certain truth about this poet. Even though she has a certain universal appeal, she affects readers in many different ways. This is partly true because she has written many poems and has written them over a long period of time. She changed and in changing has been able to express many feelings.

Her first volumes speak for youth, and it was speaking thus that she gained her early popularity. *Renaissance* is full of poems revealing a hunger for love and beauty. One of her most popular volumes was *A Few Figs from Thistles*, her second, which Vincent Sheean says caused an explosion. This was in the early 1920's and the clever poems, although less commendable in quality, gave youth their hedonistic reply for all their actions of the 20's. The "First Fig" has become famous. It read:

My candle burns at both ends;

It will not last the night;

But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—

It gives a lovely light!

Millay became a legend, just as did the candle that burned at both ends. And indeed, as a person she was just as thrilled with life as her poems indicate. She knew how to live, in the middle of it all.

Poetry was important to Edna St. Vincent Millay. Speaking of Millay's poetry, Elizabeth Atkins says in her book on Millay and her times, "It meant to her, quite simply, playing noble chords and melodies, and trying to fit her passionate apprehensions of life to the sounds of her instrument, regardless of all literary fashion." And Vincent Sheean has said, "Song and flight are not things done to the poet; they are the poet."

IN 1917 THE United States went to war. At the same time T. S. Eliot was quite well-known, Ezra Pound and others were beginning to imitate, Yeats was at the top and Hopkins was about to start. Into this world stepped twenty-five year old Edna St. Vincent Millay. Her influence was not little. In the words of John Ciardi,

"Edna St. Vincent Millay became a name for a kind of lyric to be imitated wherever the female heart beat fast."

This figure wrote of love and youth, and she was young and many times in love. She recognized the value of life and youth and was determined to get the most out of both. In its tribute to Millay after her death at fifty-eight, *Life* magazine printed the poem, "Midnight Oil."

Cut if you will, with Sleep's dull knife,

Each day to half its length, my friend,
The years that Time takes off my life,

He'll take from the other end!

And the story continued, "According to insurance company actuarial tables, Miss Millay did indeed have some ten years to go, but she had already lived more lives than time usually allows." But the amazing thing about this life is that it remained young.

No one would argue that Edna Millay's poetry did not suffer during her latter years of writing. "Renaissance," written at 19, is still considered her best effort. It is evident to all that maturity brought complexity of thought and a depth of understanding that could not be expressed in the beautiful lyrics as had been the simpler and lovely thoughts of her younger days. But it is also recognizable that she as a personality never experienced the same dullness which her poetry of maturer years possessed. One simple fact attesting to her perennial energy is the quantity of work she did. In all she produced 16 books of poetry and 6 plays, plus several short stories and a libretto for an opera.

These many poems are in the new volume, and the person, young or old, who takes time to read them will be the better for it all. Maybe the readers will gain from this book the lesson from the concluding lines of "Renaissance."

The world stands out on either side

No wider than the heart is wide;

Above the world is stretched the sky,—

No higher than the soul is high.

The heart can push the sea and land

Farther away on either hand;

The soul can split the sky in two,

And let the face of God shine through.

But East and West will pinch the heart

That cannot keep them pushed apart;

And he whose soul is flat—the sky

Will cave in on him by and by.

—C. H. R.

Disintegration

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

He rested upon his elbows.

"What is it?"

"It's too hot to sleep. Let's walk down to the lake and take a swim."

"Swim? Why?"

"Like I said, it's too hot to sleep. I haven't been to sleep yet. The moon's out. It will be easy to get down to the lake."

"All right. But don't make any noise. I don't want to wake up Jess."

In a few minutes the two had pulled on their khakis and tennis shoes.

"Don't turn on any lights. We can see without any."

"I wasn't going to."

"Ready?"

"Yes."

"All right. Let's go."

THEY MOVED to the front door, eased the latch up, and walked out into the yard.

The moon hung low as they walked with hobbling footsteps down the slight incline to the lake, and the pines stood like a black-green castle before the lake. A moment later they were among the thickly clustered Brazilian oaks and looking down into blue-black water, deep down to, some people said, a hundred feet or more in spots, reflecting like filtered sunlight off a mirror in the cricket-shattered summer darkness. It was a night when the ruffle of a breeze creasing the water could be felt and heard singing a whispering song through the leaves of the pines.

Harry, who had walked a step or two before Julian, reached the edge of the lake a second before, pushed back the mass of pine limbs with both hands and said:

"Looks good enough, don't you think?"

"A little chilly, the breeze is picking up. But it's been hot as hell all day and should be fine."

"Going in?"

"Might as well. That was the general idea."

"All right."

Seconds later the two stood naked on the edge of the bank, the moonlight turning their bodies a faded yellow hue. They stood side by side and looked first at the moon and then into the water.

"Ready?" Harry asked.

"Yes."

Julian plunged first and Harry waited until he surfaced twenty yards out before following.

"Let's make for the raft. It's lying in the middle."

"Good enough," Julian replied.

"Did you put the bottle there the other day?"

"Yes. And the glasses, too. Hope no one has taken it."

"Not a chance. No one ever comes down here anymore."

"Let's swim underwater."

"No."

"All right."

They sat on the edge of the raft, legs suspended in the water, and drank the bourbon. It burned a little as it went down, but it was good all the same, and they sipped it as if it would be the last they ever drank for a long time to come. Harry finished his first and reached for the bottle, filled the glass to the halfway mark, and then leaned back on his elbows.

"Julian."

"Yes."

"Why doesn't your mother go to the hospital?"

"She doesn't want to."

"She's a fool."

"Maybe."

"I like her. She's genuine."

"She's all right."

"If she had the money would she go to the hospital?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't do any good."

"I didn't know it was that bad."

"It is."

"I'm sorry."

"No need to be. Everybody dies. She won't be the last."

"Or the last."

"Or the last."

A black cloud passed over the moon and the shadows seemed to drop over the lake like a black curtain. The breeze had increased into a light wind and the sky looked dark with the promise of a rainstorm within the hour.

Julian thought about Jess and wondered how long it would be before she died.

• • •

SHE WAS GOING to die; that was certain. But she had faith and that made it easier. Somehow she had faith that Julian would come into his own. Now, that was all that kept her going. She no longer had much faith in herself — in her rapidly disintegrating, coughing, sputtering body. Looking into the mirror after another of the long, drawn out nights of lying awake and listening to the crickets chirp, stop and hum, with the noises blended together forming an incessant pattern of boredom shattered only by her coughing, she would look deep into the lines of her face. My face is like a plum drying out more and more with each night. Each morning was the same. Days followed one another in the monotonous, humdrum repetition of the crickets at night. The whippoorwill cooed at ten and after, near the house at first, then drifting far away as the night wore on. On into the night. Worse than the crickets. Much worse. The bird brought back Tennessee and the big house in the country. Good days, short days evaporating into each other, into months and years. Finally she was here. Yes, the nights were the worse. The doctor at the county clinic told her to sleep and rest and sleep and rest. But she refused to relinquish her hold on life by sleeping and resting. She hated it; but she would not give up. Damn, why do I have to die?

• • •



JULIAN TOOK another drink of the bourbon. I wonder how long it will take? Hell, she can't hold on much longer. But she's got guts; she doesn't want to die. She's afraid for me.

Harry looked up at the blackening sky and then let his eyes fall on the water. The wind was kicking the water up a little. He wondered if it would rain, decided it probably wouldn't. We don't have much rain in the summertime, some, but not a hell of a lot. He turned his head slowly from the water to Julian, sitting forward, holding his hands together. His face against the night shadows looked twisted and distorted like a mask that had been squeezed out of shape. The lips were screwed together as if he were about to spit. His short-cropped hair was still wet from the swim and reflected particles of the moonlight.

"Got a cigarette?" The voice startled Julian momentarily.

"No, they're on the bank. There were some here but now they're wet."

"Damn, I want one bad."

"Sorry."

Harry laughed short, relaxed his elbows, and lay flat on the raft.

"Bourbon's not so great without them."

"Straight bourbon's not so great, anyhow." Julian talked without changing his head, lips moving — just enough to be heard, voice almost emotionless.

"I don't like bourbon."

"You bought it."

"I always buy it."

"Your old man can stand the loss."

"I'm not bitching."

"Shut up then."

"I thought you liked it."

"Bourbon?"

"Yes."

"I do — when it's mixed right."

"Too sweet. I like hard liquors."

"Go for a swim."

"Jess got mad the other night."

"When?"

"Listening to the symphony and drinking."

"She worries about you. She knows I employ a little sense. You drink like a fish."

"She liked the symphony. She was crying a little toward the end. Too bad."

"That she's going to die?"

"Well . . . that she's so damned sick all the time."

Jess turned over in bed and then was awake. For a fleeting second she thought she was in Tennessee. The whippoorwill moved in on the sweating air. John, tomorrow's Sunday. Let's take the boys and drive to Lookout Mountain. I could pack a small lunch. JOHN . . . John . . . john . . . the humming humming crawl of the crickets shattered the illusion. For a moment she cried.

"The wind's picking up from the north."

Harry's eyes moved in a concentric circle from the cemetery on the hill to the north, back to the water and Julian's silhouetted face against the mask of the rise on the hill.

"Yes," Julian turned his face to the cemetery and let his eyes rest a moment on the white mausoleum with the little iron fence around it which guarded the entrance. "It's got the odor of the cemetery on it."

Both glued their eyes on the hill. They could see no farther than the cemetery because of the heavy rain clouds blotting the horizon.

"Naranja cemetery," Harry said. "It's a beautiful name for a cemetery the way the Spanish pronounce it."

"How do the Spanish pronounce it?"

"They give the j an h sound. I like it; it sounds more poetic. The people around here butcher it the way they pronounce it."

"It doesn't matter. A cemetery shouldn't have such an idyllic sound in the first place."

"Don't be so damned materialistic."

"Realistic. Santayana was a materialist and it left him plenty of room. You confuse your words."

"Don't be so final. There might be something after. And your Santayana was a non-conforming materialist. He was a poet and a writer first and a philosopher second. And he wasn't consistent."

"Don't be an ass."

"Dad says the water in this lake drains down through there first. He won't let me swim here."

"Your father's an ass."

"He gets along."

"He's still an ass."

"Go to hell."

Harry didn't go on with the discussion.

Julian's gaze returned to the water. Harry stared at his legs which he had lifted just above the level of the raft.

"We fight a lot over nothing."

"I'm sorry I called your old man an

ass. He's a pretty good guy, I guess."

"Doesn't matter. I just don't like to see us fight so much. I'm the only friend you have and vice versa. We ought to stick closer together. Let's take another swim before it starts raining."

"Go ahead. I'll follow in a few minutes."

Harry crawled to his feet. The raft shook a little causing Julian's end to submerge.

"Careful."

"Sorry."

Harry stood straight for a moment, then arched and plummeted into the reflecting whiteness. He dived deep, circled underwater, and shot to the surface. Five or six powerful strokes pulled him through the water and away from the raft. Turning on his back he watched Julian, still sitting with hands folded.

Julian dipped his hands into the water, flicked them in the air, then pressed them flat against his thighs. He rubbed them back and forth and down to his knees and underwater against the sides of his calves.

THE RAFT ROCKED. Harry clattered over the side. The moonlight caught his shoulders as he pulled himself to a standing position, revealing the chest muscles rising and falling, rippling like the lake water on a windy afternoon. Julian watched him use his hands for a towel, then plumped down beside him.

"Water's nice. A bit chilly at first, but still nice. Thought you were coming in. Damn, I cut my hand on the side of the raft."

"Bad?"

"No. Just a scratch."

"You have hands like your father."

"Thanks for nothing. Dad's got the hands of a laborer. He's not a laborer anymore, but the money can't remove the signs. The old boy's got the roughest, strongest damned pair of meat hooks I think I've ever seen."

"You're even built like him."

"I'm taller. He's only six feet. I'm six-two."

"Yes, but you have the same sun-baked complexion. Only he's a hell of a lot redder."

"Why this sudden concern with physical characteristics?"

"No reason. I was just thinking about Jess and how she used to look before she got sick."

"How?"

"She's always been small and a bit thin. But she used to always be brown and

Wake Forest Laundry and Cleaners

Our main office is located in the basement of the N. W. Men's Dormitory. It is here for your convenience and satisfaction and will offer to you the best and quickest service available.

Good on Campus Service for:

FINISH WORK
FLAT WORK
DRY CLEANING

REGULAR 3 DAY SERVICE

One Day Service
In by 9—Out by 5

*Completely new stocks
are now arriving.
College men are invited
to visit us and make
their selections.*

JERRY NEWSOME

Representative at
Wake Forest

TOWN AND CAMPUS SHOP

Cherry Street
Across From Bus Station
Phone 7030

scrubbed looking. She had small, almost perfect hands. They're red and lined now from all the work she does around the house."

"What happened to the finger on her right hand?"

"Lost it in a wreck on the trip down from Tennessee a couple years ago."

"The way she tucks it in her dress pocket when she's talking makes her look like a diminutive general directing troops. You talk about her as if you almost gave a damn whether she lived or died."

"I don't. One way or the other. It's all the same."

"Would you still swim down here if when she died she was buried in Naranja? I mean the water flowing down and all, even if it's not true."

"No. I wouldn't swim down here any more."

The first drops of rain began spattering on the lake. A bolt of thunder cracked across the sky and rumbled into the distance.

THE RAIN BLEW into the open window by Jess' bed and splashed across her face. She opened her eyes suddenly, drew herself into a sitting position, and reached for the window. Leaning far forward she found herself unable to breathe without a violent welling up of fire pains in her chest and throat. She sank back and rested her head against the pillow. The fire pains increased until she had to cough for air. The cough tasted warm and liquid in her mouth. Next she was spewing blood face down on the pillow, crying.

"Julian. God, God, God, help me!"

Her face relaxed on the pillow. The rain still poured through the open window, onto the bed, and across the motionless form.

"Let's get back to the house. The windows are all up and Jess probably won't wake up to close them."

"All right."

Julian rose to his feet and plunged. Harry slipped into the water from the edge of the raft.

"Damn, but it's pouring down."

"Careful. You can stand up here. Go any further and you'll bang your knees against the rocks."

"The raft must have drifted in a hell of a ways with that wind."

They pulled themselves from the lake and ran to the trees where their clothes hung dripping on a limb. Seconds later they had dressed and were running up the hill toward the house.

"Slow down. We're almost there."

Julian slowed to a trot and Harry followed. They reached the house and stopped before the front door. It was no longer raining.

"Careful opening the door. I don't want to wake Jess."

Harry lifted the outside latch and cracked the door open just enough for the two to squeeze through. Julian flicked on the light.

"I don't hear Jess coughing. She must be sleeping all right."

"Yeh. She had a hard day. She must have been pretty tired."

—OTIS GOSSMAN

Touch My Heart

Touch my heart with cool blue eyes,
Or warm and brown—only let them touch.
Lonely alone and shielded against feeling,
Here in my heart myself only lies.
But could I know only this much:
That round my heart love's eyes be stealing,
Then would warm or cool eyes be healing.

—HAM

Pretensions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

you are young. There will always be a time for more babies."

Still the nursery and the playroom looked strange and lonely. And since the plaster had fallen the little boy never got to the castles.

Then the quick brown dog walked straight over my little boy's grave and said well O. K. I'll tell you one more story but he didn't because just then my little dead boy fell away into some sort of sleep and he was just like he was really dead but all over you can imagine how that made the old dog feel why he just cried and cried and I think he thought everyone was dead or was going to die but that's not right for many say that they have just a lovely time doing so many things in immortality all about angels (what wonder-some creatures they must be) and hearing harps and flutes and rivers and really hell is a dreadfully murky place that's what Shakespeare said and who is going to tell him differently for even Ellen knows he's dead and she knows absolutely nothing about things that are literary except Shakespeare is dead and that just about makes it very common knowledge and then—well, I really must get up and go to Jo's cocktail party—she really does brew a mean martini that's what Paul (not the apostle) always said and Paul knew everything about drinks and such even before Needy was born he could tell you all about daquiris and Alexanders and other really exciting drinks but when our only little dead boy died he forgot and of course he went to Europe and then to India or someplace I was never very good in geography I guess I shall be forced to wear my old green taffeta to Jo's cocktail party but as long as it is not that dead boy crepe which really never, never became me Madeline said it made me look as if I were dead and really that is the last thing that I or for that matter I imagine Needy would want but anyway I'm not going to cry anymore and maybe I'll meet some one real cute (listen at that Southern accent of mine again after 10 years in New York and still I sound like North Carolina) of course that has always made me wonder why Paul wanted me to marry I guess I really must have been very sexy then and really I am quite beautiful now. Sometimes I wish Paul's safari would end and he'd come back and we'd play like Needy was here and then maybe a new Needy would be all right for then we wouldn't let anyone die ever not even the little spider on my right hand just now. Why am I telling you all these things, God?

FOR THE FINEST IN LOAFERS



oldmaine trotters

Guild House

OF WINSTON SALEM

W. Fourth St. at Marshall

Visit Our Second Floor for Your Flats and French Heels



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are



still only 5¢

A Similar Purpose

WHAT IS ALWAYS amazing about retrospection is the similarities of one time to another. In 1882, the British bombed Alexandria to crush an uprising of Egyptian rebels, America had a half million immigrants, and, for economic protection, had signed an agreement with China to exclude immigration of Chinese laborers, and reformers sought to stamp out the use of tobacco which they maintained hastened death.

Seventy-five years later, the British have again bombed Egypt to suppress a rebellion, the population of the United States is swelling with Hungarian immigrants, the American government is signing an agreement with another Far Eastern power, for the exclusion, not of laborers, but of Japanese textiles, still to protect the economy, and reformers maintain that the use of tobacco causes death, this time by cancer.

Wake Forest College in 1882 had three academic buildings, eight professors, and 169 students, who according to Student editor, Thomas Dixon, were eating much too fast. In 1957, Wake Forest College has six academic buildings, 125 professors, and 1900-odd students who still eat their meals too fast. In 1882 the Wake Forest Student was conducting crusades against smoking, irreverence to motherhood, and examinations. In 1957, THE STUDENT has no crusades, no slogans, no causes, except perhaps for a slightly mischievous one concerning potato soup. However, all this approaches a level of insignificance as far as the current Student is concerned. What is significant is that then, there was no lack of student writing to be published and students did not have to be reminded of deadlines, according to 1883 editor, Charles Lee Smith. But now, there is a decided lack of student writing, and students certainly have to be threatened with deadlines, in fact, the editors have to remind each other of that last dreadful day. Despite this glaring change of situation, here at THE STUDENT there is still one magnificent similarity, and it is found in the purpose of the magazine, as stated in its founding and as adopted through the years.

"The Wake Forest Student is designed to advance the educational interests of the state, to encourage and develop the taste for literary effort in the students and the alumni of the College, and to be a means of instruction and pleasure to all who may read it." This was the founding statement in the first issue seventy-five years ago this month. Over the three-quarters of a century subsequent editors have used either the whole of the purpose or one or more of its component parts to justify THE STUDENT's *raison d'être*. The current editors touched the subject lightly in the first issue with a brief statement of policy. But since then certain incidents have led us to believe that new reason for THE STUDENT's existence is needed, and we are at a loss — verbally — how to justify the magazine.

FIRST OF ALL, let us say that the magazine has for these seventy-five years almost consistently adhered to the purpose set out for it. It has succeeded in that the purpose was kept whether or not the final product always seemed so to every student and professor. Secondly, three-quarters of a century of tradition is not to be discarded without some injury to the College especially on a new campus that presently appears so devoid of tradition. These are both points to be argued pro and con. But let us give those who seem so fond of casting stones a defense that will withstand any barrage.

What have seventy-five years of THE STUDENT produced? A magazine, yes, with anywhere from four to ten issues per year. But there is much more. From the editors hip of THE STUDENT have come Thomas Dixon, John Charles McNeil, Gerald Johnson, and many others of less reputation, but of growing importance in the world of journalism and literature. These men perhaps would have attained the same heights without THE STUDENT, but not conclusively so. Charles Lee Smith, president of Edwards and Broughton Publishers and well-

known for his extensive personal library, said in 1947, that it was at Wake Forest that he learned he could write, became an editor of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, and became associated with the company of which he later became head.

To many students these men are totally unfamiliar. Others point to them with in-measurable pride in their having been at Wake Forest College. And THE STUDENT values the heritage that they have left, above all else seeking to carry on their tradition of devotion to what is often a misunderstood job.

But it has not been just the many issues of the magazine nor the list of distinguished men who have been its editors that has carried THE STUDENT through seventy-five years. It has rather been the faith that among the students of the College there may be another Hemmingway, Steinbeck, Sandburg, or Frost who needs a college magazine to encourage his literary efforts. It may be the thrill of seeing something he has written in print for the first time or a confidence that he can write better than those who have published.

It is this faith in the creative ability of Wake Forest students that has led the current STUDENT to a defense of itself, and consequently the editors to a defense of their present policy. For the editors are a part of the magazine and not the magazine a part of the editors. We cannot promise that THE STUDENT will fulfill the founding purpose, but we can promise that the purpose will always be foremost in every effort to keep the traditions of the past no matter how the times may change.

In the years between 1882 and 1957, time has become space, Oedipus has become a complex, but THE STUDENT has remained a college publication existing only as an outlet for the literary efforts of Wake Forest College students. As long as there is faith in the creative interests of these students may there also be a STUDENT magazine asking for their help.

—D. L. B.

Portrait of the Month



Richard Frazier - Class of 1958

A portrait - - the perfect gift for any occasion

Grigg Studio

on the campus

THESE PORTRAITS ARE SELECTED EACH MONTH FROM THOSE MADE AT GRIGG STUDIO

WINSTON is always good company !



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

Enjoy a finer filter cigarette !

The moment you touch a match to your first Winston, you'll know why it's so popular! Here's real flavor, rich and full. And here's a real filter, too — a filter that does its job so well the flavor really comes through to you. Enjoy finer filter smoking. Switch to Winston.

Switch to **WINSTON** America's best-selling, best-finer filter cigarette!



THE STUDENT

VOLUME 72 NUMBER 5

• WAKE FOREST COLLEGE •

MARCH 14, 1957



the lone, beautifully shaped pine is intricately worked, yet still conveying a symbol for Chinese love of the delicate and weird in nature . . .

standing between vague and distant-seeming mountains is a temple or perhaps the pleasure dome of a twentieth century Kublah Khan

its dream effect brings thoughts of silver kites or red fireworks in a cool Oriental twilight . . .



drawings by Eddie Hudson

The Demon In Us...

A YOUNG STUDENT was wheeling two bicycles along the street when he met a friend.

"Why do you have two bikes," queried his friend.

"My girl and I were out for a ride," replied the student, "and we stopped under a tree to rest."

"After a while I kissed her. That's nice," she said. Then I put my arm around her waist and squeezed her and asked her how that was. She said that was great. Then I kissed her on the cheek and winked at her, and she said, "Oh boy, you can have anything I've got."

"So I took her bicycle."



J.R.V.L.E.

—PELICAN

An early morning drinker was astonished to see a dog enter the saloon, drop a half dollar from his mouth to the bar, and bark twice. Without more ado the bartender mixed a martini, dropped in three olives, and the dog finished it off at a gulp and walked out.

"Isn't that a bit unusual?" asked the patron.

"Oh, no," replied the bartender. "We always put three olives in a martini."

(This type of joke is always uproariously humorous. You see, the early morning drinker was commenting on the unusualness of a dog drinking a martini, while the bartender evidently thought that he was questioning the advisability of putting three olives in the martini. Therefore, the two men were talking at cross purposes, which is extremely laughable to us, because we understand their confusion has arisen because they don't know what they are talking about which is so frequently the case when you start early morning drinking. Don't you see?)

—THE YALE RECORD

Two cockroaches lunched in a dirty old sewer and excitedly discussed the spotless, glistening, new restaurant in the neighborhood from which they had been barred.

"I hear," said one, "that the refrigerators shine like polished silver. The floors sparkle like diamonds. The shelves are clear as a whistle. It's so clean..."

"Please," said the second in disgust, nibbling on a moldy roll, "not while I'm eating."

—PROFILES

Small Poems for Small Minds—

KIDS

Alleys are fun
When carrying a gun.

DRINK

This English book is blue;
My eyes are blue, too.
Perhaps some night,
I'll sell my kite,
And paint them both red.

—PETE BONERZ IN THE MARQUETTE JOURNAL



Little Mary Smith, while walking dutifully to church, which she attended religiously every week, saw a poor little robin with one of its wings broken, lying in the grass. So she picked it up and took it into her house and fixed its wing. When it became well and strong again, she let it fly into the big blue sky. (If this is censored, I quit.)

—PROFILES

Bocock-Stroud Co.

"College Shop"



Feeling is Believing!

Authentic
Natural Shoulder Styling

Often Imitated —

Never Equalled

We specialize in natural-shoulder clothing, following the University trend. Come in and see our wonderful selections of Southwick, Franklin, and Linett clothing.

- SUITS
- SPORT COATS
- SLACKS
- SWEATERS
- WALKING SHORTS
- SWIM TRUNKS
- ALL ACCESSORIES
- SHIRTS BY GANT

Bocock-Stroud College Shop Is
the Meeting Place for Young
Men With Good Taste

THE Varsity

GRILL

Opposite Wake Forest
Corner E. Polo Road
and Bethabara

Nearest
Restaurant
to Campus

Featuring:
Varsity-Burgers
Short Order Meals
Radio Show Soon



CAMPUS DELIVERY
PHONE 4-9271
HAT REBLOCKING
CUSTOM-MADE HATS
451 WEST END BLVD.

T H E S T U D E N T

VOLUME 72 NUMBER 5 • WAKE FOREST COLLEGE • MARCH 14, 1957

The Demon In Us.....	1
Student Profiles	3
Cricket In Committee.....	5
The Chick Heart, <i>fiction by William E. Harrold</i>	7
"Bull-Ship" Debaters, <i>by Ann Julian</i>	8

For the past four or five years, Wake Forest's debate squad has continued to bring home honors. They have made the name of Wake Forest signify great achievement in the field of debate. This year is no exception. Ann Julian, guest feature writer, tells the story of debaters as they work and as they travel to various tournaments. And perhaps the hardest working member of the squad, as well as the most travelled, is none other than the "Bull-Ship," debate coach's automobile.

The Lightless Night, <i>by Carole Ahn</i>	11
---	----

Third in a series, the true story of life in Korea before and after the Korean Civil War is told by a student who was "abroad" before she was at Wake Forest. Carole Ahn's account of the strife that brought the lightless night closing upon the small country of the Orient is told with understanding and powerful emotion. And, overcoming the barrier of language, she has retold a hitherto unpublished story with sensitivity.

Where The Heart Is, <i>essay by Sally Barge</i>	13
Forum: What About the Fine Arts?.....	14
Prof's—After Hours	16

To give students a better look at the men who stand before them each day in the classroom, THE STUDENT photographer has invaded the privacy of professors—after hours. Their leisure time is spent in doing anything from collecting ancient coins to thinking up ways to "twist the truth." A look inside their homes has revealed an abundance of extracurricular activities ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The Vagabond, <i>fiction by W. Kendall Nunn</i>	19
Calendar	20
March Review	21

The March Reviewer has taken to task three non-fiction works of varying degrees of literary significance. One is the current non-fiction best seller; the others are simply books of possible interest to all. What is always amazing about best sellers is that they score terrific sales records but that many people never read them until they are no longer on the best seller lists. Here is an opportunity to acquaint oneself with some books of note, if only through a reviewer's eye.

Poetry, <i>by Lannar Robinson and C. D.</i>	23
Old Man Perry, <i>fiction by Tom Buie</i>	24
Answers, <i>poem by Anne R. Phillips</i>	27
From the Editor's Desk.....	32

Student Profiles

THE STUDENT'S influence is increasing. It was only last week that our "other" piece of furniture found its way across the campus to the library and played a major roll in the college theatre's most recent production. It all could be a part of the mass "clean-up movement" that started in the *Old Gold and Black* office not long ago. But someone evidently got the wrong idea — this office got cleaned out. The staff members have been considering redecorating the office for a long time, anyway. At least one step has been made toward making the changes necessary to having 224 Reynolda blend with the rest of the campus — the office is definitely "modified," but there seems to be a question as to how "Georgian" it is.

New names and faces appear in this issue with the authors of the two prize winning short stories. Congratulations are in order for William Harrold and Wayne Nunn. William is a Winston-Salem sophomore. He has a profession in law in mind for the future. *The Chick Heart* takes first place in the contest. All entries were carefully considered, and the winners were selected by Dr. E. E. Folk of the English department in conjunction with the editorial board of THE STUDENT.

Wayne Nunn is a junior and hails from Concord. He plans to teach after he graduates. His story shows a deep insight into the more intense emotions of life. THE STUDENT welcomes these two young men and looks forward to their becoming regular contributors to its publications.

Among those writing feature articles this month are Ann Julian and Carol Ahn. Ann is an up-and-coming freshman debater. She gives an interesting and informative account of the Wake Forest debate squad.

Carol Ahn brings "abroad" to Wake Forest as she describes the conditions in her own country of Korea to Wake Forest students, conveying the feeling and emotions of the Korean people as only a native eye witness can. Carol has been in the United States for about three years. She transferred to Wake Forest from Mars Hill.

Sally Patterson Barge reappears on the scene that is very familiar to her. In the past, Sally has made contributions to the magazine, primarily in the field of illu-

strating. The "other half" of the Barge family, Walt, wrote the short story, *The Visitor*, that appeared in the December issue. Sally's essay will recall to the hearts of all its readers many happy childhood memories. It's good to have the Barges around again. Anne Phillips, a junior from Pilot Mountain, makes her debut by contributing the poem "Answers." Anne is currently working with the College theater in the chorus of "Pajama Game".

Contributing their ideas to this month's forum are Dr. Phillip Couch and Mrs. Walter Heilman. Dr. Couch has been the instigator of the foreign film series on campus. He can be found occupying one of the "guard houses" when he isn't in the modern language office. Students know Mrs. Heilman through their contact with her in dance classes and her excellent posters seen around campus.

APPEARING ON THE inside front cover are charcoal drawings by Eddie Hudson, one of the most versatile men on campus. Eddie is a pre-medical transfer from Gardner Webb College. He might be better known as Haemon or Lt. Barney Greenwald from the college theatre productions. The rumor is that he also has a wonderful singing voice.

Speaking of versatility on campus, this issue introduces some strange and perhaps hitherto unknown qualities about a few of the best-known professors on campus. Their talents shown to you in this issue don't begin to tap the whole supply. A hint to those who will take it — get to know the professors, they're really quite human, and they can teach you a lot out of the classroom.

Our thanks go to Irvin Grigg for his excellent work on the photography for this issue. Irv graduated from Wake Forest in 1953. Student photography is an old habit with him!

To those who wonder what to do when it rains and the sidewalks keep the water from getting on the grass — come on up to THE STUDENT office and join the staffers, it's always dry (?) up here.

Completely new stocks
are now arriving.
College men are invited
to visit us and make
their selections.

JERRY NEWSOME

Representative at
Wake Forest

TOWN AND CAMPUS SHOP

Cherry Street
Across From Bus Station
Phone 7030

FINE WATCH REPAIRING and SPECIAL ATTENTION to STUDENTS & FACULTY of WAKE FOREST UNDERWOOD JEWELERS

- ELGIN
- HAMILTON
- BOLIVA
- BULOVA
- TISSOT
- KEEPSAKE
DIAMONDS
- ETERNAMATIC

106 W. Fourth St.
Winston-Salem

USE OUR CONVENIENT LAYAWAY PLAN

*You are always welcome
to browse*

at

Glyn's

**Junior, Regular and
Tall Fashions**

*Where young and exciting
Fashions are shown.*

—Open Fridays til 9—

Wake Forest Laundry and Cleaners

Our main office is located in the basement of the N. W. Men's Dormitory. It is here for your convenience and satisfaction and will offer to you the best and quickest service available.

Good on Campus Service for:

**FINISH WORK
FLAT WORK
DRY CLEANING**

REGULAR 3 DAY SERVICE

One Day Service

In by 9—Out by 5

Cover

A modern fable has been created upon the cover of the March Student. Its story is quite simple. One day a lion and a lamb met beneath a tree in the middle of a meadow. Each was frightened of the other, but in the course of their conversation it was revealed that the lion was, in truth, the submissive one and the lamb, ferocious. Moral: March may come in like a lamb and go out like a lion, but things are not always as they seem. Moralist: Artist Bert Walton.

Staff

Dottie Braddock, *Editor*

Jerry Matherly, *Associate Editor*

Editorial Assistants: Robert Fitzgerald, Becky Lampley, Tom Buie, Nancy Jo Smith

Bert Walton, *Art and Layout Director*
Art: Libby York, Ann Clark, Esther Seay, Bill Wiggins, Jean Hurst

Lynne Laughrun, *Production Mgr.*

Typing: Betty Sue Kerley, Judy Knight, Tommy Laughrun, Ann Weir

Beth Scott, *Circulation Mgr.*

Circulation: Kay Adams, Mary Louise Brown, Nancy Colcy, Ann Bolton, Babs Avard, Barbara Edwards, Judy Freeman, Betty Hollifield, Camille Pilcher, Beth Scott

Dale Holland, *Business Mgr.*

Advertising: Mike Price, Jo Ann McMillan, Nancy Webster, Bob Edison

• • •

THE STUDENT, founded January, 1882, is published monthly, except summer sessions, by the students of Wake Forest College. Office located in Room 224, Reynolda Hall; address correspondence to Box 7287, Reynolda Branch, Winston-Salem, N. C. Printed by Winston Printing Company, Winston-Salem. National Advertising representative W. B. Bradbury Co., 219 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription rate: \$2.50 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Winston-Salem, N. C.

*Come on You
Demon Deacons*

*Come on
Down to the*

CENTER THEATRE

*Winston-Salem's Newest
Downtown Theatre*

**THIS AD GOOD FOR
ONE-HALF REGULAR
ADMISSION TO ANY
WAKE FOREST STUDENT
UNTIL APRIL 1st
427 N. Liberty St.**



On the Campus

**QUALITY
MEN'S WEAR**

**SPRING STYLES
NOW IN STOCK**

"Ben Wants to See You"

Cricket in Committee . . .

AS CRICKET TOOK his seat at the long polished mahogany table and looked around at the faces of the older people seated there, he sensed that today's meeting of the Committee of the Committee was going to enact some important business. Their faces were sleepy and tense.

Cricket thought of the routine way in which business had been formerly carried on in the Committee of the Committee. It was simply a matter of one motion, one seconding speech, and a chorus of well-rehearsed "ayes."

It really did not matter much, because so much of their business concerned recommendations of the Committee of the Committee to the Committee. These recommendations in turn were brought back, carrying the red stamp of "rejected."

Cricket checked his thoughts with the mental reprimand, "Cricket, you've got a bad mental attitude."

The chairman rapped on the table with his gavel and announced, "Gentlemen, we have some important business before us today. One of the members of the Committee has a new plan for re-defining procedure. Mr. Hierarchie, will you present your idea to this committee of the Committee."

A strange man took the floor. Cricket had seen him occasionally around the campus.

"Gentlemen," he began, "It has come to the attention of the Committee that there is a need for a new committee. For all purposes of identification we shall name it the Committee of the Committee of the Committee."

Cricket could not suppress a weary sigh.

The man turned to him and asked, "Mr. Cricket, do you have a better idea?"

"Oh no, sir The Committee of the Committee of the Committee seems a fitting name to me."

"Very well, I will continue." The voice of the man droned on and on.

Cricket caught an occasional word here and there, which led him to believe that this new committee would submit recommendations either to be rejected or approved.

"Well," thought Cricket, "I hope they will let me be the one to stamp them 'rejected'."

His thoughts wandered, and he fancied himself holding a big rubber stamp over a stack of papers. The job would give him the exercise he had been missing ever since all the committees were set up. His day dreaming was interrupted by the man, whom Cricket heard to say, "I suggest that Mr. Cricket be the one to take over the new committee in addition to his duties with this committee."

Cricket, very near to panic bolted to his feet. He regained his wits enough to say, "I thank you for the honor and confidence, but I realize my inexperience in matters of this sort, and I would like to decline, suggesting instead that Mr. Hierarchie be unanimously elected to the position."

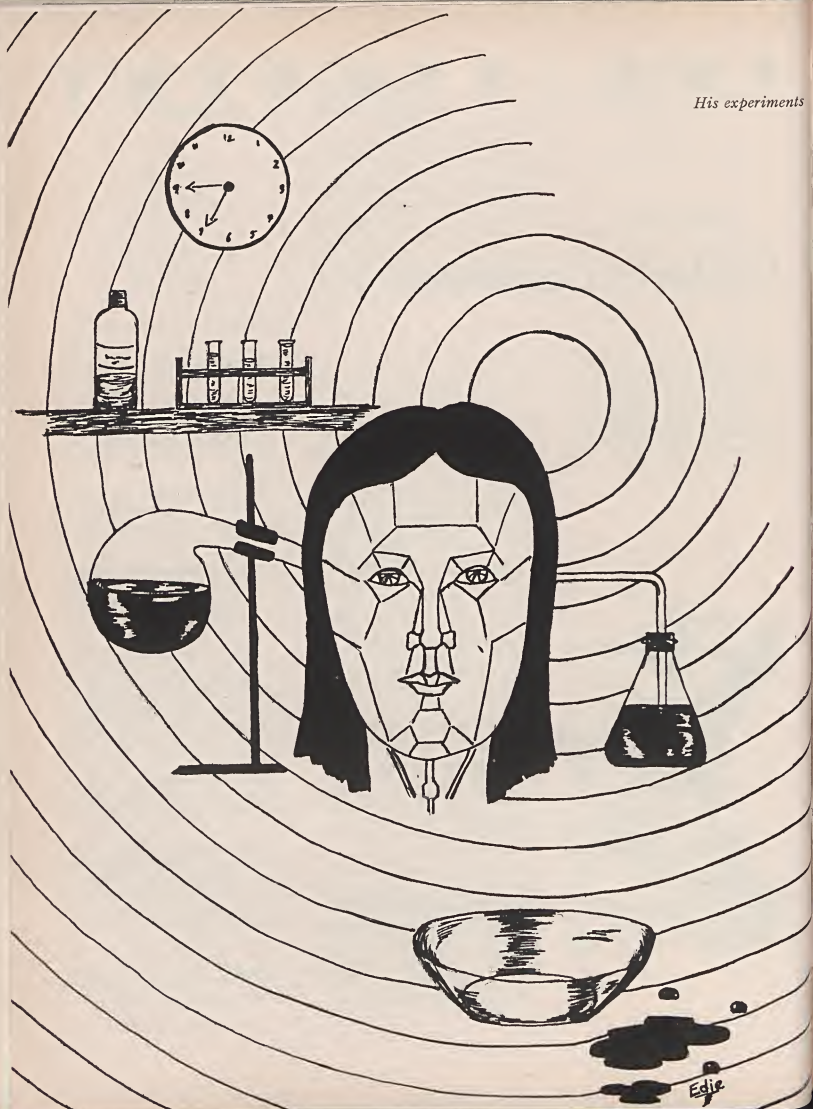
Cricket saw a deathly pallor spread over the man's face. He almost felt a pang of regret for his suggestion. But, after all, he knew it was either live or let live.

The other members shouted a loud series of "ayes" and gave him some broad winks. For the first time in his life, Cricket felt like a hero. He leaned back in his chair, swung his feet up on the table, and pulled out a long cigar.

"Now, gentlemen," Cricket said, "Let's see if we can't draw up a list of special duties for the Committee of the Committee of the Committee."



His experiments



had taken him beyond the embryonic form of . . .

1st Prize
THE STUDENT FICTION CONTEST
William E. Harold

The Chick Heart

WHY HE HAD CHOSEN a chick heart was beyond the scope of anyone's imagination. The heart's sudden prolonged silence was a blow to the doctor, who wiped the sweat from his brow with a clean, white handkerchief and read, reread, then read again the endless lines of poetry. He gave the last line one added long and glazed look: "How when this dumb terror shall rise to judge the world after the silence of centuries?" Then he closed the book with a brisk, nervous smack and fitted it into its tight space on the shelf.

The laboratory was small and cramped, and being a part of the cellar, lacked sufficient lighting. Endless bottles of liquid were stacked row on row along the black shelves. The heart lay on the center table in a crystal clear dish. The delicate environs of the bowl were splashed with tiny pools of blood. Numerous apparatus and tubes were suspended from a small iron frame above the dish; instruments for testing, tools for measuring, scissors and knives for cutting lay in a confused pattern on the tabletop.

"John!"
"A voice came sharp and clear from a small black speaker concealed in the ceiling. It was Elmyra. The two-way speaker had been installed soon after Elmyra had been confined to bed. In a sense, it had now become a one-way system, for he never talked back to her. If he did not answer, she accused him of being too occupied with his work; if he did, she cried. He usually preferred the former.

"John! John! Are you down there, John? My back hurts. Won't you come up and massage it with alcohol? John, please!"

The doctor lifted a small bottle of red

liquid and shook it mercilessly. The foam rushed to the top in an apex of white bubbles, which one by one exploded as he stilled the bottle again.

He gazed at the dark wall and thought deep thoughts about Elmyra and about his work and about his life — how everything had inevitably failed, how the sweet, cherry-lipped girl he had married was now a limp bundle of bones stretched for twenty-four hours daily on the bed upstairs, her pale lips shriveled and drawn, her faded eyes, hollow gray sockets, her hair ten thousand straight black wires lying parallel to the pillow, her back a red field of solid sores against the sheet.

"John! Dr. Frank said, '—one long tunnel of muffles and sobs—' said I wouldn't live. John lifted his face toward the speaker, parted his lips but closed them all the more quickly. Another long train of jerking sobs, then, 'He said he thought my heart was enlarging.'"

No matter what he did, no matter where he was, he always heard her voice. It was sharp and whining and slow and very clear. Even in his deepest moments of concentration when he thought about medicine, when he placed together mental puzzles about his experiment, the first and last words of Elmyra stung his eardrums like a bee with an oversized stinger. Her cries came to him like one gigantic vortex of swirling blades to cut his limp nerves, now thin threads in his body, and her sobs seemed to force a rubber cup over his head, numbing his brain with their melancholy drowsiness.

She had cried to him all the long afternoon, as she always did the days of Dr. Frank's visit, but today even more so. Dr. Frank had confided to John that her con-

dition was three quarters psychological and only one quarter physical. John had explained to Elmyra, but she would not agree.

He buried the needle deep into the cork until its point was submerged in the pink liquid. After seven years of intense hours of experiment, watching and hopeful waiting, he had come to the last resort. In his hand he held a liquid which would either reinvigorate the heart and stimulate its growth or else leave a life of research empty and wasted. His tired hand smashed the lever and his eyes, longing for sleep, watched the hollow cylinder slowly fill with the formula.

"John, I'm thirsty. I must have a glass of water — please my tongue is parching and my head is on fire—oh! my darling, you don't love me anymore—I—I do believe you'd let me lie here and—and—die!" The muffled cries came — again, and he could almost see her writhing face, her anguish, and could feel the warm tears sliding down her bony, white cheeks and stamping round, wet circles on the pillow.

If only she could be the fresh, gay Elmyra, the young Elmyra, the Elmyra of their first date again, he thought momentarily. But then he had almost forgotten her "lovely" face. It remained only in pictures now.

One quick jerk and the needle was freed from the cork. John placed the bottle near the corner of the table. His sleepy eyes were pressing together. He must have sleep, but rather than lie in Elmyra's room on the comfortable cot or in the adjoining room on the soft sofa, he would sit here at the table and rest his head between his arms.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

The students who made forensic headlines . . .



"Bull-Ship" Debaters

AN OLD, DELAPIDATED Chevrolet was wheeling its way down the cold, dark road from Pennsylvania to Winston-Salem while three of its travel-worn occupants were sleeping soundly. The heavily-built driver kept his strained, blood-shot eyes on the road, while the other member of the group talked unceasingly to keep him awake. Suddenly the monotony was broken by a loud bang and then several thuds. The driver immediately pulled the car over to the side of the road and jumped out. Yes, he was right . . .

a flat tire on this desolate road! The weary driver walked to the baggage-filled trunk and took out the spare tire. The other occupants re-arranged themselves and again started to snooze while the tire was being changed.

This shabby vehicle, called the "Bull Ship", belongs to Prof. Franklin R. Shirley of the Wake Forest College Speech Department. The occupants of the "Ship" were Prof. Shirley and four members of Wake Forest's debate team: David Hughes, Steve Blackwell, Dick Burleson, and Allen Car-

roll. They were returning from the University of Pittsburg, where they had made a good record in the Cross-Examination Debate Tournament. David Hughes, junior from Newman, Georgia, did such excellent debating that, out of two hundred debaters, he received the "Top Debater's Award." In a letter to Pres. Tribble, Pittsburg University's debate director said that Hughes had the highest record of anyone who had ever participated in the Pitt Tournament in the nine years of its existence.

Wake Forest debaters are noted for their uncanny ability to have the most extensive knowledge of argumentation and the most limited knowledge of navigation. They shun road maps and resort to a higher method which has helped them hold an unbroken record for the past eight year of getting lost at least once on each trip. Who else could travel 2,000 miles without a hitch and get lost within two miles of the campus?

This fall Hughes, Blackwell, Charles Bentley, and Joe Grubbs ventured from the safety of the Wake Forest campus to Columbia, South Carolina, where they participated in the Carolina Forensics Tournament at the University of South Carolina. The Hughes-Grubbs combination placed third among forty-eight teams in this tourney, and Hughes received the best speaker's award.

Wake Forest was host to the "Dixie Classics" Debate Tournament, which was attended by several outstanding debate teams of the nation. Hughes and Grubbs again came out on top as a team and were ranked second individually. Hughes was ranked as the top speaker for the third time during the season.

When Wake Forest debaters yearned for warm sunshine and Calypso music, they headed south to Florida for the Miami University Debate Tournament. Marjorie Thomas, David Hughes, and two freshmen, Dick Burleson and Joe Grubbs, were the fortunate debaters representing Wake Forest in this tourney. Again Hughes was recognized for his fine debating ability.

PERHAPS THE BEST part of the debating season is yet to come. Wake Forest Debaters will go to Washington, D. C., to participate in the Cherry Blossom Tournament sponsored by Georgetown University. Debaters always look forward to this tourney, because they tour the nation's capital between debates.

Wake Forest debaters at magazine deadline, were headed for the Dartmouth Debate Tournament in Hanover, New Hampshire. Surely the debaters didn't get lost on the long trip to Hanover, because they were traveling by train; but since they have to change trains at Grand Central Station in New York, anything can happen.

Pi Kappa Delta, national honorary forensics fraternity, will hold its annual convention and tournament in Brookings, South Dakota. W. F. C. debaters will go to this tourney via airplane. Also on the itinerary is the Notre Dame Tournament.

Atlanta, Georgia will be host to the District Forensics Contest, which will determine the top district teams to enter the West Point National Tournament. Wake Forest teams have never failed to be among the top four southern teams selected to go to West Point.

The culmination of national debating is the West Point Tournament, in which Wake Forest debaters will apply military strategy in verbal combat against the nation's top teams. Other than participating in debates, they will also take time out to see the historical sights at the "Point," dine in the Officer's Club, and see a Broadway play in New York City.

Wake Forest debaters are coached by Professor Franklin R. Shirley, who is now serving his second term as chairman of the National West Point Debate Committee. He is also chairman of the International Committee on Debating of the Southern Speech Association. Prof. Shirley is fondly called "Fesser" by all Wake Forest debaters.

Most people have the mistaken idea that debaters are anemic, dull, one-sided students who constantly bury themselves in books and research material. This is far from being valid, and the members of Wake Forest's debate team are prime examples. They are all well-rounded students who are interested in all campus activities.



Margie Thomas packs a heavy bag for an exciting debate trip that takes her a thousand miles from college.



Off to Dartmouth, this time via train, David Hughes, Margie Thomas, and Professor Franklin Shirley make a last minute check for tickets and gear.

David Hughes, junior history major, has been an outstanding debater during his three years at Wake Forest. Other than excelling in debate and being a trainer for beginning debaters, Hughes is a campus leader with a high scholastic average. He is chairman of the Men's Honor Council, member of the Kappa Sigma social fraternity, member of ODK, "Who's Who," and Pi Kappa Delta, and the debate team's connoisseur of vanilla ice cream.

Marjorie Thomas, senior member of the varsity debate team from Lincoln, who was unable to debate during the first semester of this year because of practice teaching and theater work, has returned to debate during her final semester at Wake Forest. Last year Miss Thomas was one of the top four debaters in the Southeastern United States and was one of Wake Forest's representatives at the West Point Tournament. Since returning to the debate squad, she has been teamed with David Hughes. Marjorie maintains a high scholastic average, is a member of Pi Kappa Delta and Alpha Psi Omega, is president of Tassels, and has had several leading roles in the College Theatre productions. Marge, an attractive blue-eyed blonde, knows all about a girl's plight on debate trips.

The male members of the squad are always perplexed when she insists on taking at least one piece of luggage for each day of the trip, and they never understand how the best evidence possible is not statistical abstraction and the *New York Times* but a bottle of Chanel "No. 5" and a sweater.

THE "BULL SHIP," "Fesser's" '51 Chevrolet, has been the conveyance for many exciting and interesting debate trips for the past six years. If the "Ship" could talk, she would tell about the personalities of the Wake Forest debaters who have been her occupants. She has heard all about the different rounds of each tournament, the judges, and the opponents; she has shared the debaters' excitement when going to tournaments and their joy when returning. Filled to capacity with Wake Forest debaters, the light-green car has wound its way as far south as Miami, as far north as New Hampshire, and as far west as South Dakota. After being driven ninety-seven thousand miles (sixty thousand of them on debate trips), the "Bull Ship" needs and deserves a rest, but her "retirement" is not in the visible future. In debate circles, it is not unusual for a motor company, or an individual, to donate a station

wagon or a car to the debate team of a local college. The University of Vermont, Temple, and the University of Pittsburgh are examples of this practice. They travel across the country in shining new station wagons with the names of the donors painted on the sides. The debate team hopes that Wake Forest will someday be as fortunate, so the "Bull Ship" can spend her final days in contentment.

During the year, approximately twenty people have been out for debate. During the first semester, Steve Blackwell from Forest City and Charles Bentley from Wilkesboro, junior transfers from Mars Hill, were on the team. Dick Bursleson, freshman pre-med student from Badin, and Joe Grubbs, freshman class president from Kernersville, have been outstanding debaters. Other debaters on the squad are Vicki Brinegar of Winston-Salem, Allen Carroll of Thomasville, John Cella of Raleigh, Carroll Gardner of Dobson, Frank Myers of Alexandria, Va., Charles Waldrup of Ft. Bragg, and Ann Julian of Anderson, South Carolina. Debaters are hard workers and must spend a lot of time doing research on the national query, but the experience they gain, the people they meet, and the fun they have are rich rewards.

—ANN JULIAN



Freshmen debaters Allen Carroll and Dick Bursleson practice their argument each other.



Former home of Carole Ahn in Yesan, South Korea.



Wake Forest Abroad No. 3 . . .

The Lightless Night

IT WAS A DARK and rainy night in August, 1950. There was no light or noise, nor even human breath in Yesan, where I lived during the Korean Civil War. The cruel, miserable, and bloody struggle had already cast its dark and dooming shadow all over the country. The cry of death and the noisy sound of the guns had occupied Korea day by day. The joyful and active Korean life was interrupted and changed into fear, starvation, and confusion; the smiles and virtues of Koreans were altered to cruelty, immorality, and sighs of lamentation for the race.

The confusion in society had not existed before under the spotless blue sky of Korea. Under this infinite blue sky for approximately five thousand years, Korea had been richly endowed with highly gifted life, though she has suffered from numerous invasions by her neighbors. However, with the magnificent bounty of her nature and her past glories, this, "the land of calm morning," shall never fade away from this span.

About 28,000 square miles in area with a population of thirty million may give

that similar impression of the life in the Orient. The miles which stretch in many directions are, in the main, composed of blue valleys and high mountains, which are covered with gallant pines and oaks. Between them, many lurking Budha temples with Pagodas show their powerful dominion over ancient Korean society. For thousands of years, their penetrance into Korean life was incessant and grew to be the national figure, from which the great challenge to oriental civilizations has burst. Since then, strong monarchies or confi-

dential dynasties, fine arts, architectural triumphs, philosophies, and ethics have, step by step, shaped the culture of Korea.

Also, from these mountains and the waterfalls the crystalline rivers carry the ancient mystic tunes to the valleys and plains in which the cities were built; the remaining land was cultivated into rice fields. In the cities, such as in Seoul which is the capital of Korea, it is very obvious to the observer that western civilization has had an enormous influence. From the governmental buildings, business buildings, universities, churches, to even small parts of the residential sections, western architecture is noted. Especially as one sees those steeples which erect loftily toward the blue sky, it is evident that Christianity has been another great challenge to modern Korean culture.

Still, the crystalline rivers lead one's attention to the rice field, in which nearly seventy per cent of the Korean population is engaged in working. They are extremely hard workers, although there is no compensation at all. Apparently they are born and taught to die for the rice fields, and hunger seems to be the only reward for their effort. To look at the golden ocean of rice fields after their work, the mud brick houses with straw roofs, and the bowls of rice with salted vegetables, one sees only little physical strength and momentary relaxation. The hunger and cold never cease, and they are attached to the fields as they work in the dawn of the day. These laborers, victims of unequally distributed human equality, have never suffered nor have been tortured as greatly as when they heard the steps of the communists.

KOREA WAS UNUSUALLY busy upon her liberation from Japanese control. She was engaged in building a culture which is composed of two trends of civilizations—eastern and western. People there were happy, even though they could not possess the needed comforts; the students' zeal for learning was high, even though there were inadequate facilities for them. The farmers were satisfied with their position, even though hunger was always just ahead of them. In spite of all the problems, everybody was content, because there was freedom of the individual. Freedom is the essence of human life, and in Korea, that freedom is gone. It was pushed under the murky waters of a rainy night and disappeared entirely in a lightless world. "A rainy night . . ."—quite an unaffected phrase in the minds of Americans, but to

Koreans it brings a flood of bloody memories.

A rainy night was the best time for the vicious communist activities—such as knocking on every door to threaten the people as if those within were thieves or terrorists. The bright sunshine of the daytime not only lessened the fear of United Nations air attacks but also of the communists. Therefore, the night was the best time to speed the communists' work.

On the night of August 18, 1950, at approximately eleven-thirty, a rough knock sounded at the gate, and my father's name was called. The whole family, trembling with fear, jumped up from the bed and followed Father as he went to the front gate. A "gentleman" stood in front of the gate. I could not see his face, but he wore the greenish cotton suit of a policeman.

"Are you Chul Ahn?" he inquired politely.

"Yes . . . sir," the broken spasmodic answer came from my father's lips.

"There is a matter to be discussed with you in the police station. The captain of police wants you to come there with me."

No answer was given by my father. There was only silence — — the silence of life



Chong In "Carole" Ahn is a native of Seoul, South Korea. She is presently enrolled as an undergraduate in the College after transferring from Mars Hill College. Carole is spending her third year in the States preparing for a possible career in medicine. She saw first hand the action of the Korean conflict and once walked 200 miles with other refugees in the bitter winter cold. Carole's family is still in Korea, where she hopes to return in the future.—Ed.

behind the "Iron Curtain." And then my father spoke while tightening his belt.

"I don't think I can go tonight, sir. I am too old to go there in this bad weather. Could you possibly allow me to go tomorrow morning?"

An angry growl shout exploded from the man's mouth, "You are the anti-communist! You are the traitor of the Republic of North Korea!"

THE UNEXPECTED WORD vibrated through the house. I felt that it was a sentence of death to the whole family. Silence and trembling was the only answer to the man.

The policeman stepped back slowly and shook his head twice. Suddenly, about twenty men surrounded my father. I heard Father's scream. I ran with my family to protect him. We cried and pled for his safety, but already Father was being beaten and stomped by these savage men. For my family there was no weapon with which to meet this terror. We had only our weak and vain struggles, which were thrown aside by the men.

It happened within the limits of a few minutes. I lost consciousness for a while, and when I regained it, I ran to Father. The gang had gone. I felt the quietness around me. Father, who was thrown down in the front yard, showed no response. I could vaguely see his white shirt.

The rain was pouring down harder. I could not see Father's face. But I could smell the blood from his body. We carried him in without any help from neighbors, who were afraid of being the next victims. Black curtains, a lantern, medicine, and towels were brought. As I lighted the lamp, a horribly wounded Father appeared out of the darkness. There was not any father, but a mass of bloody wounds.

The rain still played its sad music in the darkness outside. All was quiet except for my sister's crying. There were no tears in my eyes. I had only a sigh, "God grant us Thy mercy."

All the wars in history could not have been worse than the event of that night. There were not any doctors to call — no help at all. My unuttered prayer, "God grant Thy grace to this poor race," pounded in the very soul of my being. I was keenly conscious of the presence of the vicious murdering machine which even then rolled on. It crushed the quiet terrified people who had been forced by fate to dwell in the lightless night.

—CAROLE AHN

Where The Heart Is

I SUPPOSE FOR every person there is a particular place that has rooted itself most deeply in his memory and in his heart. For man, in spite of his wanderlust and his craving for adventure, possesses an even stronger and more universal craving for security — a desire for a kind of home plate, a place with which to identify himself, a place that belongs solely to him, even if it does so only in the sense that no one else knows or sees this place in the same way he does. The place may be a country, a city, or even merely a street — the important thing is that it is a particular one, a familiar and well-loved one, to which his life is irrevocably linked.

My place is a house, and it matters not in the least that this house has ceased to exist, for I am not at all sure that anything that has once existed can ever not be. Its very "was-ness", it seems, gives it a certain sense of reality; surely it is more real than a nothing which has never been. Its reality, at least, is sufficient for me, and it has not ceased to be my home plate simply because it has ceased to function materially.

Strangely, this house that exists so vividly, so necessarily for me, was not my own home but that of my grandfather. My childish instinct must have unconsciously sensed and appreciated the old-fashioned air of warm serenity and orderliness that permeated the whole house. Here was none of the hurried modern efficiency with its bright shiny chrome, its chemical spotlessness, its sharp cold lines. Here, a comfortable fadedness engulfed me in a gentle world of soft, rounded edges. Most impressive upon my young mind was the permanency of it all. My own home, like any other modern house, was always in a state of change, something being added or taken away, something being improved, revised, or remodeled. In contrast, my grandfather's house possessed a constancy unequalled by

the stars — the fire burning daily in the same grate; magnolias garnishing the hall table every spring; the same mingling smells of tobacco, lavender water, food, and antiquity; the same furniture in the same room, every object familiar and friendly. And there was a comforting agelessness in a china clock that had counted five generations of minutes, in a rocking chair from great-grandmother Betty Marable's home in Virginia, in a needlepoint footstool that great-grandmother Sally had laboriously made as a little girl in Kentucky. Here was something strong and enduring, something a child could count on and belong to. Here I discovered a foundation of security that sustains me yet.

The house was not pretentious. White and low, it settled snugly to the ground in a large, shady yard of tall maples and elms. Most of the rooms stretched out behind, on either side of a long dim hall, but a wide porch, rambling expansively across the front, compensated for the disproportionate length. The front porch with its green rocking chairs and a swing at either end was a favorite gathering spot for the whole family. On fall mornings the air vibrated to the shrill excitement of children and the gritty scrape of skates against concrete as we careened wildly down the tiny paved walk that curved around the house. And then we came breathlessly with daring and exhaustion to drop on the cool broad front steps. On summer afternoons when the day grew late and lazy, my grandmother would sit in the dwindling sunlight and entertain her friends, and sometimes sitting just with me, she would tell the fascinating stories of her Kentucky girlhood and her Confederate papa. But nighttime was the family time when the grown folks would cluster together at one end of the porch to discuss the days events. The little cousins would listen for a while and then creep off to the other swing,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28



Forum: What About

WHAT IS THE SITUATION of the fine arts at Wake Forest College is one of those questions which many people believe is without an answer. Some people believe the College is without any arts as such. If any artistic endeavor or aesthetic appreciation is evident, it is purely by accident and is hushed up. Therefore, they argue the question cannot be thought of in terms of how much or how little, since there is no situation *per se*.

On the other hand, there are those who believe that it is in keeping with the liberal arts spirit of the College not to have a fine arts department and to provide for the study of the seven lively arts in the course of the existing curriculum.

Naturally neither of these viewpoints is altogether accurate. There is definitely some artistic endeavor and thought. And there is definitely not nearly enough of either.

Opportunities are available here for those who care to find them. Perhaps the most obvious opportunity is for the study of literature. The English and foreign language departments offer many courses of literary study. Though most of them are historical in approach, it is to be noted that there is a growing tendency to read and write about actual works of literature themselves, instead of merely studying about them.

There are also two creative writing courses, in addition to several journalism courses. These courses provide students with an opportunity to practice writing essays and short stories and to have them constructively criticized. An outlet for creative work has, for the past seventy-five years, been THE STUDENT. Except for one or two brief periods, however, it has been without sufficient material. Yet Wake Forest has produced men of letters. Benjamin Sledd and John Charles McNeil are now both considered excellent, if albeit regional, poets.

The literary societies have in the past tried to give to their members a look at great literature and the other arts as well as practice in declamation and debate. For the past several years the literary societies have found themselves without sufficient members and with very little enthusiasm to carry on any sort of program. The move to the present campus was expected to bring about a renewed interest in them.

But a look at them, at the present time, seems hardly to indicate any renewal.

Perhaps it is only on Thursday chapel periods that most students are reminded of the College music department. The department is small and, at present, attracts a few students who are seriously interested.

A great number of students, however, enjoy the benefits of discipline, fun, and appreciation that comes from belonging to one of the vocal groups, band, or sometime orchestra. Through the course in music appreciation some students gain the basis to judge for themselves the worth of musical compositions.

Occasionally students and music faculty members give recitals open to the public. The attendance is so poor that they seem to be becoming increasingly rare. There is also a lack of a suitable place in which to hold them.

It might be noted, and to the credit of the students themselves, that there seems to be an unusual interest this year in hi-fidelity equipment and the classical music that often accompanies the sets. True, some people call them disturbances and invasions of privacy. They, perhaps justifiably, feel they are having "culture pushed down their throats" by those who play Stravinsky at midnight.

The Wake Forest Theatre found itself in a peculiar position this year. Unlike on the old campus where the Chapel had a full proscenium stage which was used for secular purposes, the present campus' chapel is without a stage. The planned theatre in the Fine Arts Building (which must necessarily be thought of as in the somewhat distant future) is, of course, without realization.

Despite the old jokes, the art museum actually exists. It was a gift of Dr. Thomas Jackson Simmons of Gainesville, Georgia in 1941 and has been stored for most of the

time since then. Included in the museum are some sixty original paintings, some original prints, and some travel souvenirs. None of them are especially great works of art. A few are competent pieces, and the others are decidedly interesting as to their historical and curio value.

Two courses in art appreciation are offered through the English department, and enrollment in the courses has been large this year. It is not unusual to hear students talking about the Hermes of Praxitiles and Titan's red.

A few years ago a group of interested individuals formed an art club for the purpose of learning and practicing sketching and painting. This year, under the auspices of the Physical Education Department, a course in practical art was being taught by Ed Shewmake from Salem.

However, because of disinterest this course was soon dropped. There still seem to be some students who like to draw, and visits to certain dormitory rooms show evidences that people are anxious to display their budding talents.

The Physical Education Department is attempting to create interest in the dance. Two courses are open primarily to women. A modern dance club has also been formed under the direction of Mrs. Walter Heilmann.

Other than courses and clubs, the College offers its Concert-Lecture Series, in addition to several organ recitals this year. In past years, the fare for the Services has been admittedly meager. This year's schedule of three events, Louis Untermeyer, Robert Wagner Chorale, and Rise Stevens, is a step in the right direction. But such a schedule, even though attractive, must be added to for a college of Wake Forest's standing.

An addition to the usual number of cultural opportunities has come this year from an unexpected source, the somewhat

BERT WALTON, WAKE FOREST
ART-LAYOUT DIRECTOR, THE STUDENT

The students of Wake Forest have been severely criticized for their lack of interest in the more cultural aspects of campus life; specifically for their apathy towards the artistic advantages to which they are exposed. It is apparent that the so-called "advantages offered" need investigation. It is ridiculous to assume that a campus as large as Wake Forest has no artists who have abilities worth the time and effort needed to bring them to light. The addition of a fine arts division to the Wake Forest curriculum will not only lend dignity to a weakened tradition, but will awaken in her students an interest that needs only a stimulant of enough quality to merit its existence.

the Fine Arts?



MARILYN HEILMAN
CREATIVE DANCE CLUB

Recently I was asked, "Do the Wake Forest students need to know about dancing as an art?" I am sure they already know dancing as an art. But the dance also develops healthy bodies, correct posture, and graceful movement. The members of the Creative Dance Club, learning grace and coordination, will be prepared upon graduation to take part in civic programs and community benefits, thereby becoming active and productive members of their communities.

The introduction of creative dance on this campus is one more important step toward creating a well-rounded student body. The members of the Physical Education Department should be congratulated on their insight and initiative. All that is needed now is the enthusiastic support and interest of every member of the College family.

A. L. AYCOCK, DIRECTOR
WAKE FOREST MUSEUM OF ART

The Museum of Art of Wake Forest College was formally opened on June 2, 1941, after Dr. Thomas Jackson Simmons, an alumnus, had presented his art collection to the College. It was open to the public every Sunday afternoon and on special occasions until the collection was stored to help make room on the old campus for the Southeastern Seminary.

Although no Metropolitan, the Museum attracted hundreds of interested visitors every year while it was open, and it provided a splendid opportunity for students of the College to see, discuss freely, and understand more fully some of the significant qualities of works of art, especially painting. As a going concern it received from others works of art which they wished to share with an appreciative public.

As to needing at Wake Forest College an art department and the physical facilities for exhibiting our own collection and available loan collections, there is no question. When the proposed Arts Center will move from the dream print to the blue print to reality and provide these facilities is a question that can be answered only by those who consider them important enough to be willing to provide them.

JOHN PHILLIP COUCH
MODERN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

Our awareness that the somewhat pretentious term "the Arts" is something not to be taken for granted, that we have to stop and measure our interest in things cultural, is sad proof that very few of us could be called "culture-happy." Little attention seems to be given to the arts on the campus. Small faculty and student audiences at the theater productions and a general indifference by faculty and students to the few events sponsored by the College reveal that even spectators are scarce. But culture by coercion is indigestible, so to improve things, those who enjoy the arts should perhaps call for more plays and more music and more films, and when some ivy has softened the lines of the buildings, hope that by then Wake Forest can take the arts in its stride.

DINAH GATTIS, WAKE FOREST, '59
COLLEGE ARENA THEATRE

A single example of the failure to take advantage of potential art on this campus lies in the seeming lack of interest by the campus-at-large in the attempts of the College Arena Theatre. The theatre is operated by the students for the students, not purely for entertainment, but as an outlet for creative imagination. Just as one is able to find deeper meanings of life in good literature, so he can find the same intangibles of life in good theatre.



latent French Club. Changing its name to a more appropriate one — French Film Club, the organization presented the first semester a series of six French films and this semester is presenting a series of ten international films. Attendance thus far has been sufficient to continue the films' showings. The unsuitability of the Science Building Auditorium is a decided disadvantage for the group, but it is the only place available.

Many students last year voiced the proximity to Raleigh and the cultural advantages of the capital city as one of their main objections to leaving the town of Wake Forest. Winston-Salem, however, is proving also to have many advantages and opportunities. There is the Fine Arts Gallery which shows the works of regional artists and provides art instruction as well. The Little Theatre offers a number of popular plays during its season. The Winston-Salem Symphony is quite active and the Civic Music Series is as stimulating as was Raleigh's. Salem College also offers a fine lecture series, concerts and dramatic presentations.

Perhaps what is most notably lacking at Wake Forest, as far as the arts go, is a lack of both imagination and a sensitivity to the lavish, the sensuous and the baroque — all of which are necessary for artistic feeling. The lack can be attributed mostly to inadequate development of such tastes and to the improper atmosphere for the stimulation of such tastes. Not until such tastes are developed and felt by a larger number of students will Wake Forest have the incentive for developing a Fine Arts Department.

There must definitely be a spirit before anything can be stimulating to students. More than just a few individuals will have to be interested in developing themselves beyond the necessities of economics, French grammar or simple mathematics before that spirit can form.

There must be a lessening of the conception of art as being softening and even sinful. The common expression of "culture vulture" must also be done away with. Then there may come a time when the arts can rightfully hold their own in this college.

—J. D. M.

Profs - -

After

Hours



EMMETT HAMRICK

Professors appearing in classrooms each day may have various facets to their personalities which are unknown to their students. It is significant that their interests coincide with those of many students and that they are not limited to their academic fields. What is surprising is that most professors are usually skilled in more than one pastime. On the following pages is only a sample of the diverse interests held by faculty members. It is designed to make the student more curious about the men who have been traditionally labelled the "absent-minded professors."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRVING GRIGG



MARCEL DELGADO

With their leisure-time companions—for one, a collection of valuable ancient coins and for the other, two seven-month-old puppies destined to be hunting partners — these two men spend many pleasant hours.



WILMER SANDERS



CHARLES BLACK

For the cooking enthusiast, the implement is a spoon; for the furniture craftsman, it is a lathe. Wilmer Sanders delights in unusual foods such as chocolate-covered ants and fried grasshoppers. His taste for the extraordinary began on a dare. Charles Black has built fine pieces of furniture, many of which can be seen in his home. The satisfaction derived from building them with his own hands gives them a value not reckoned in dollars.



WALTER HEILMAN



ELTON COCKE

A bouncing ping-pong ball supplies the rhythm for a mellow sax and a tinkling piano.

Elton Cocke's challenge is a threat to many champion table tennis players. The saxophone

recalls for Walter Heilman his days with a jazz combo. Neighbors usually complain about noisy musicians, but not so when Grady Britt sits down at his piano in his Faculty Apartment living room.



GRADY BRITT

These seven talented men typify their colleagues in that they possess a versatility undiscovered by the students of the College.

The Vagabond

NANCY WAS NAIVE in craving love. Perhaps the reason was that she had never known love. Her mother was dead, and Nancy had no memories of her. Her father had been a drunkard—at least most of the time. But Nancy only vaguely remembered him. She had lived in the country with the old woman since she was very small.

On a few occasions, the old woman was kind, but most of the time she was cross and downright mean. She often flogged Nancy mercilessly. Nancy spent her spare time wishing the old woman were dead, or so sick she would want to die. The old woman spent her spare time cursing Nancy and flogging her with whatever weapon she could find. They had few neighbors, and those they had didn't care. They hated both of them.

The old woman had often spoken of God and how he punished those who didn't do his will. She said that God is love, but Nancy didn't believe her. He wasn't the kind of love she wanted anyway.

The two continued existing far from anywhere, and gradually everyone moved away or died but Nancy and the old woman. They slept together in the same dirty bed, both hating, and needing love. The old

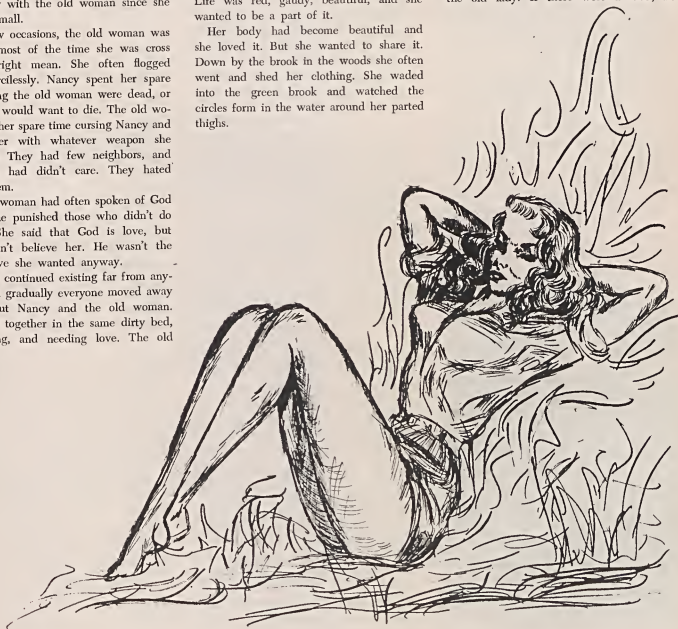
woman died, but Nancy kept on living in the same house and sleeping in the same bed.

During the day, she explored her vacant world alone, no longer hating. But she still needed love. There was in the house a few books in which she learned of life. Life was red, gaudy, beautiful, and she wanted to be a part of it.

Her body had become beautiful and she loved it. But she wanted to share it. Down by the brook in the woods she often went and shed her clothing. She waded into the green brook and watched the circles form in the water around her parted thighs.

Then up the moss-covered cypress she would climb and press her naked body tightly to the body of the tree still wet with spring rain. She would plant her parted lips gently on the nape of the bough.

Trees sometimes made her wonder if there were really a God and if he were like the old lady. If there were a God, he



wasn't much good, at least not for her. So why should she care? She wanted a real man, gentle and kind, whom she could touch and caress. One would be enough, if he were her very own. She was lonely.

She found a book of love poems in the attic and read them eagerly. Many times she read them, weeping each time. She even wrote a poem of her own. She longed to have someone to tell it to.

*Speak to me of love,
I implored him;
Tell me a story
of fulfilled desire,
Of the fury of
Unrestrained passion,
Of the contentment
Of once-hungry hearts!*

She felt the knowing hunger within her—the desire to be claimed flesh and being by a man — the need to share someone's life. Ah, the pity that those who have the opportunity cling to their inhibitions!

*Speak to me of love,
I implored him;
Of the rendezvous of crimson lips
In prolonged fulfillment,
Of a whispered request
And a willing response!*

She read her poem and wept over its simplicity. She asked herself why should love be so foreign to her.

* * *

AND THEN HE wandered by, so young, so strong, as if from out of nowhere. He happened upon her sleeping form beside the brook and knelt at her side. His hands were brown and tender. In waking, she found him sleeping beside her.

The afternoon went by and she loved for the first time — and wept with tranquil joy. She found what she had wanted.

"Do you know about love?" she asked him. He nodded in affirmation. "Then tell me of it," she pleaded longingly.

The youth lifted himself upon his elbow and spoke slowly. "Love is a vagabond who knows no home. He sleeps beside a blazing hearth each night, and when the embers die away he is gone. Love is unbounded—a gypsy to be caressed for the moment and then released with only a sigh and a tear drop. Love is a fleeting moment in the arms, but an eternity of souvenirs in the heart."

He paused and she wept for more. He responded with a gentle kiss on her curly, black locks nestled in his hand.

"And our love?" she inquired. "What of it?"

"It is ours today!" he answered.

"And what of tomorrow?" He pulled her to him tightly and kissed her. They wept together in silence. He taught her a little song he had learned in France:

*Plaisir d' amour ne dure qu'un
moment;
Chagrin d' amour dure toute
la vie.*

They went to sleep in each other's arms,

and when she awakened, her vagabond had gone. She knew he had gone forever.

Nancy remembered the meaning of the two lines he had sung to her: The pleasure of love lasts only a moment; the sorrow of love lasts throughout life.

He had taught her of love and then had left her with only its memory. What is love? she asked herself. It is memories collected in a blissful moment, now viewed through misty eyes. It is footprints in a once-innocent-mind — only footprints. And hope and tears of despair.

—W. KENDALL NUNN

Calendar

- March 7-15 Display of Profiles
Winston-Salem Gallery of Fine Arts
- 8-9 "The Jackie Robinson Story"
Campus Movie Series, 7:00 Science Building
- 9-16 14th Annual Festival of Arts
Woman's College, Greensboro
- 11 Dr. Ralph Lapp, "The World of Tomorrow"
Salem College Lecture Series, 8:30 Memorial Hall
- 14 "Fric Frac" French Film
International Film Series, 7:00 Science Building
- 15-16 "Far Country"
Campus Movie Series, 7:00 Science Building
- 17 Program of Shorts on Art and Sciences
Film Friends of Winston-Salem, 8:00 Little Theatre
- 21 "Los Olvidados" Mexican Film
International Film Series, 7:00 Science Building
- 18-23 "Come Back, Little Sheba"
Winston-Salem Little Theatre
- 18-23 "Pajama Game"
Arena Theatre, 8:00
- 22-23 "Magnificent Obsession"
Campus Movie Series, 7:00 Science Building
- 26 Shirlee Emmons, Soprano
Winston-Salem Symphony, 8:15 Reynolds Auditorium
- April 4 "Razzia" German Film
International Film Series, 7:00 Science Building
- 5-6 "Johnny Dark"
Campus Movie Series, 7:00 Science Building
- 11 "Grand Illusion" by Jean Renoir
Film Friends of Winston-Salem, 8:00 Little Theatre

March Review . . .

PERHAPS A SOCIOLOGIST or a psychologist would be able to explain the situation that has arisen in the reading habits of the American public, but from the viewpoint of critic and interested literary bystander, it is phenomenal. The phenomenon is, of course, the astonishing ascendancy of the non-fiction work to the place of favorite recreation or leisure source of reading. For years, if not centuries, the novel was the undisputed champion. Poetry, in contemporary times, has never found favor with the great mass of readers with the possible exception of such poets as Edwin Lear, or Edna St. Vincent Millay.

The novel, with its escape from realism, which became so obnoxious in Victorian works, was always first on best-selling lists. Few nonfiction works (excepted are the popular biographies of Lee in the South) had managed to rate very high in opinion polls until after the Second World War.

But in the past ten years works of non-fiction have been avidly read by many people from all phases of life. It is difficult to analyze how or why this has happened. A few things, however, are relatively obvious. For one thing, books have been written and written well on things people are interested in. Witness the popular, though dull and scholarly, Kinsey sex reports. These works are classic examples of an author, in this case a reputable scientist, catering unconsciously to public taste.

A religious revival, or, perhaps, more appropriately, a moral revival has caused the popularity of books of sermons and devotions. Norman Vincent Peale, Peter Marshall, and Bishop Sheen have become as popular as any novelist or more so. This popularity is quite unprecedented; not since the days of Jonathan Edwards and Cotton Mather have ministers been so popularly esteemed and carefully read.

A more psychological reason for the shift to non-fiction may be found in the effect of the War on the American people. The war increased the sense of realism — and people became more interested in discovering facts than in escaping from their supposedly difficult lot. This in itself is unusual, for wars generally have a tendency to make people more desirous of any form of escape.

The two most practical causes of the newly developing habit are matters of education and availability. The American public is better and more liberally educated than it ever has been. This is not to say that everyone with a college degree is a well educated, cultured person; rather, it is that there are more of such people than was formerly possible.

The availability of so many non-fiction books in paper-back form has naturally increased the buying of such books. At one time the Penguin books published in England were the only source of many fine scholarly works on many diverse topics. Now, in America, there is literally a score of paper-back publishing houses. These books are for the most part beautifully bound, well-printed reprints of famous and obscure and difficult-to-obtain works of scholarly merit. Occasionally one finds originals, but these are rare.

The reading of non-fiction by such a large number of people has caused many to suggest sarcastically that the readers could not possibly understand a great deal of what they read. Still people continue to read and continue to learn from what they read, for they keep asking for and buying more of these works.

In the past month this reviewer has had an opportunity (if not the readily available time) to read some of the popular non-fiction works. When time for reviewing came around, however, it was a novel that drew the most attention.

This novel, *Compulsion*, by Meyer Levin (Simon and Schuster, \$5) is an intermingling of fact and fiction on the famous Leopold-Loeb Case. Indeed it shows so much careful research and intelligent handling of materials that it is far superior, as far as charting of facts go, to any mere report or analysis of the crime.

The shocking crime committed by Leopold and Loeb in the twenties has become a classic in crime annals. An entire new conception of criminology and the criminal mind resulted from this seemingly useless slaying of a 12 year old boy. How was it possible, people asked themselves, for two young, bright and wealthy men to commit the most foul of all deeds by taking the life of another? And what made it stranger and more perverse was that the

murder was committed not for any gain, but for the thrill of it. Or so went the common notion about it. There were some people at that time who saw the crime as beyond a "thrill" slaying, as having more serious psychological motives. But, in general, they were misunderstood and not accepted.

NOW IN LEVIN'S FICTIONAL retelling of the story these psychological views are given a new voice and an extension. The picture Levin paints of Artie Strauss is too painful to be real. He shows him as a monster created by his neglectful parents and sadistic childhood. The character of Judd Steiner, on the other hand, is easily human and recognizable. Steiner is the male deprived of his manhood by a perverted background. In order to compensate for this, he becomes Strauss' slave and pardoner in acts of compulsion. Steiner realizes too late that he could become normal, that he still has connections with the world of normalcy, however, when he realizes this through the person of Ruth Goldberg it is too late. He is already immersed in the murderous plotting and, finally, deed.

COMPULSION

a novel by MEYER LEVIN

This realization and the inability of Steiner to turn away from the world of the sick mind is the tragedy of the book. It also suggests the reason for the murder. The murder, for Steiner, is a substitute for normalcy. It is not so much, Levin would have us believe, that they thought they were supermen above moral law (as they talked about a great deal) as that, at least Steiner, realized that they were not men at all.

Another tragic realization in the book is that made by the narrator of the story, Sid, a reporter and fellow student of Strauss and Steiner. As a Jew, he feels a special mission to prove himself in solving the case. When the two are finally caught mainly through his efforts, there is only a feeling that he knew everything brought in to focus by the solving of the murder. He did not prove himself to himself and, pessimistically Levin indicates, he never will.

The book is enthralling. It is enough to keep one up for several nights reading not only with fascination of horror but also with the joy of Levin's beautifully written narrative. Seldom has such craftsmanship been combined with psychological probing to produce a unified work of art as is evident in *Compulsion*.

NUN'S STORY

It was a relief after *Compulsion* to read the tender and (at the risk of sounding sentimental) uplifting *Nun's Story* by Kathryn Hulme (Little, Brown & Co., \$4). Miss Hulme, author of the remembered *The Wild Place*, has told in her book the simple story of how Sister Luke, a Belgian nun, did her work as the member of a holy order and came to realize finally that the convent was not her calling.

With reverence Miss Hulme shows Sister Luke as she enters the convent as a young girl. She traces her career through her medical education and adventures in the Congo and in a hospital during the first part of World War II. Sister Luke is shown as a woman deeply in love with God and desirous of helping her fellow man. Not only is she interested in their bodies, but



ALFRED

she is interested in their souls as well. But she finds in herself a rebellion against the Holy Rule of convent life. Her rebellion is not self-willed and, in no way, is there an indication that there is a disapproval of the rules and regulations of nunnery. Rather it is that Sister Luke was unable to act according to them; it was impossible for her to reconcile her individuality to the demands of a nun's spiritual way of life.

The book is lovingly written with a great deal of understanding of nuns and human weaknesses. Again fine craftsmanship is evident, for Miss Hulme is able to hold the reader's attention with the sheer beauty of even isolated sentences.

A series of biographies was instituted last year by Bantam Books. Excellent biographies that had been long out of print were revived by the series at the reasonable price of 50¢ a copy. Nancy Mitford's *Madame de Pompadour* in that series was a source of delight for this reviewer recently. Madame de Pompadour, the bourgeois mistress of Louis XV, became one of the most powerful women in the world. She was involved in political intrigues that later proved fatal to France. Yet she was also a woman of excellent aesthetic taste and of high intelligence. She was a friend of Voltaire's. She was said "to have possessed more beautiful things than anyone in the world." And, according to Miss Mitford, she was in love with the moody Louis and he with her.

Miss Mitford's book is not only a piece of scholarly research but an amusing journey into that fantastic realm of eighteenth century Versailles. There is a certain very tragic feeling at the end of the book that can only be explained as the terrible awareness that Madame de Pompadour symbolized a whole glittering era and Versailles a world; "After this (the death of La Pompadour) a very great dullness descended on the Chateau of Versailles."

—J. D. M.

DEATH

No gently flowing stream is life,
No zephyr on a summer day,
But a roaring river that seaward flows
And a high wind that wildly blows.

As racing waters reach the sea,
There to lose identity,
As strongest winds must cease somewhere
And just become a part of air,
So must I die.

But when my blood no longer runs
And the breath no longer comes,
Think not that I am nothing—
I am a part of something more than life.

—Lamar Robinson

RIDE

I ride a horse, a pale white horse.
Often in circles he carries me
for he is untamed.
Often we go through brambles, and I
bear deep cuts and grievous scars.
But on sunny days we go through the valleys
up sunny slopes to the mountain tops;
the clouds open and I find happiness and love
And all a tourist of the earth desires.
Wounds are forgotten though
the red raw scar flesh remains.
Most of my days I hope, hope for a day
when the pale white horse will grow old
and no longer run unleashed.

P O E T R Y

Fiction . . .

Old Man Perry



WHEN THE RECESS bell finally rang, after what had seemed an eternity, Billy Joe was the first to jump up out of his desk and walk to the door leading out of the schoolroom. He stood and waited impatiently for the other fourth graders to line up behind him; they had to be in an orderly line before the teacher would let them out.

It had been a long morning. The warm, almost-spring day outside and the occasional teasing breeze floating over the window sill had made the desk he was sitting in seem like a torture chair to Billy Joe. He had fidgeted until the teacher had given him a stern look, a look he knew well, and he had tried after that to pay attention to what she was saying about things happening thousands of miles away, and to which he was supposed to listen. But the smell of the grass outside the window made him think of things which he would do after school, and he remembered that Larry would be waiting for him during recess, so that they could plan together the great adventure which they would embark upon this afternoon.

He felt the students pressing against his back as the teacher opened the door. He led the march down the hall through the building at almost a run, and as they came out into the sunlight, he began looking for Larry. Then he remembered that Larry had said they would meet behind the rock pile where they were building the new gymnasium. He waited impatiently for the teacher to give them permission to break up and then went running around behind the cafeteria, toward the large white pile of rocks near one wall. Then he slowed to a walk and stuck his hand in his pockets

and acted as though he were going no where in particular. Larry had said not to run, or the teacher would know that they were up to something. He had almost forgotten.

Larry was there waiting for him, crouched down in the shade smoking a cigarette. Billy Joe ducked down beside him. He glanced furtively around and took the cigarette Larry held out, and lighted it while he watched Larry. He tried not to cough.

Larry acted just as he always did when he was planning something which would probably get them both in trouble. His light brown eyes were squinted up seriously, and he held the cigarette like he had seen them do in the movies. He took quick shallow puffs, being careful not to inhale the smoke, and began scratching at a crusted brown sore next to the line of his red hair. His face carried a screwed-up, serious expression.

"You still wanta do it?" Larry asked, watching Billy Joe with that funny expression he had when he thought Billy Joe was about ready to back out of something.

"Sure, Larry. You know I ain't scared of Old Man Perry. If he tries anything with me, I'll pick up a stick and bust his head with it."

He heard his voice sounding tough, and began speaking from the side of his mouth, the way he knew it was supposed to be done.

Larry stood up.

"Okay. You meet me at my house, 'bout an hour after school, and we'll take off. Don't forget your daddy's shotgun. And don't tell nobody."

He looked at Billy Joe sternly. "Don't you tell a damn' soul."

He dropped the cigarette on the ground and ground it into the dirt with his feet. "Let's go over there and play baseball," he said, and began walking away as if nothing had happened.

Billy Jo watched Larry walking away. There weren't many guys who were better friends than him and Larry. And he'd learn to cuss like that too. Damn' if he wouldn't. He curled his lip and spat, and ran after him.

All through the rest of the day, even during the reading lesson which he usually liked, Billy Joe couldn't stop thinking about what they were going to do. Mr. Perry had been around as long as he and Larry could remember, and he was always coming into town on Saturday with a bag full of vegetables to sell thrown over his shoulder. He lived outside town in an old house, and when Billy Joe had been little, his mother had told him that Old Man Perry was the Bad Man and would wrap him up in his bag if he weren't good. But now that he was older, Billy Joe knew better. He knew that Mr. Perry was nothing but an old man who lived alone with his wife and who acted funny. Larry said he was crazy.

The last time the old man had walked past with a bag of his vegetables, Larry and he had started talking about how much fun it would be if they could play some kind of trick on him. There wouldn't be anything wrong with it. The men who worked in the grocery store uptown were always playing tricks on him and laughing like crazy about the way he acted. So Larry and he had thought and thought and finally decided they would go out to his house and put on masks and act like they



were going to rob him. Larry said that he was bound to have a buried treasure, because people like that always had money hidden around somewhere. Then Billy Joe had said that he could sneak out his daddy's shotgun, without any shells of course, and some handkerchiefs and maybe some black masks. So they had decided that today would be the best day; it was Friday, and they knew Old Man Perry would be getting his vegetables ready to sell. They'd be sure to find him at home.

When the last bell rang to go home, Billy Joe jumped up and started to run out of the room, but the teacher stopped him and asked him what was his hurry. He didn't want to have to stay after school, so he walked down the hall until he got outside. Then he looked back at the teacher, made a face, and started running again. He had to get home and find his daddy's shotgun before he went over to Larry's house, because if they didn't have that the whole plan would be ruined. He ran almost all the way home. But he slowed down to go into the house, because he didn't want his mother asking all kinds of questions.

HE GOT SCARED when he couldn't find the gun in any of the downstairs closets, but when he looked in the big one at the head of the stairs on the second floor, he saw the shotgun leaning against the wall way back in a corner. He pulled it out and tied a rope around the foregrip, then let it down through a window into some bushes. He ran downstairs into his room and stuffed a couple of handkerchiefs into his pockets, along with the black

masks from his and his brother's pirate kits. He started to climb out the window when he heard his mother coming, so he ducked back inside and stood picking at a wart on his hand when she came into the room.

"Billy Joe, you stop picking at that thing. You'll get blood poison." His mother stood peering at him suspiciously through the glasses she always wore.

"You're not up to something, are you?"

Billy Joe stopped picking at the wart and started looking for something in his pockets. "No ma'am. I was just gettin' ready to go out. Larry and I was planning to start building a doghouse this afternoon."

His mother looked at him, then sighed.

"Well, just don't get into any trouble."

"I declare, every time you and that Larry Bridges get together you get into some sort of trouble."

She started back out the door. "Just make sure you get to supper on time; we're having company."

Billy Joe waited until he heard his mother's footsteps enter the kitchen in the back part of the house, then he took out the screen and dropped down to the ground. He could have gone out the front door, but doing it this way was more fun. He picked up the shotgun and started through the back lot toward Larry's house. Larry would be mad if he were late.

When he got to Larry's house his friend was waiting for him out in the garage. As soon as Billy Joe saw him, he knew Larry was mad. He showed the shotgun to him, hoping he would forget that he was late.

Larry scowled. "Where the hell have you been? It's about time you showed up.

It's already three thirty, and we've got to walk all the way to Old Man Perry's house."

He took the shotgun from Billy Joe's hands. "Well, let's go. We can't waste no more time."

They walked around behind the garage and started for the woods bordering the edge of town. The old man's house was about a half-mile down in the woods, and Larry thought they should cut through the trees where there wasn't any path, so they wouldn't be seen.

As soon as they entered the dark edge of trees and undergrowth, Billy Joe's heart began to pound with excitement. He had to walk fast to keep up with the taller Larry, who always wanted to "break trail." Before they had gone two hundred yards, he was out of breath. There weren't many leaves on the trees; at this time of year the trees were hardly more than bare skeletons, except for a few pines and cypresses. The underbrush was made up of bare bushes that got caught in their clothing, and hard, horny briar vines that tore at them and tripped them periodically. Once Billy Joe felt the brush of a spider web in his face, and shivered violently. He scraped at it until he thought that it was all gone, and his skin gave several spasmodic quivers beneath his shirt. He hated spiders; he'd much rather run across a snake than a big spider.

They had gone about half way when Larry held up his hand, and Billy Joe fell gratefully onto a log. Then he stood up and looked the log over carefully. When he was sure that there were no bugs or

animals on it he sat back down. Larry pulled out a pack of his father's cigarettes and handed one to him. Billy Joe lit it and felt very brave. He wondered if this was the way soldiers felt before they went into battle. He asked Larry.

"Huh, who knows? My uncle Jim was a soldier, and he says it ain't so much fun being shot at. But heck, if you can shoot back, I don't guess it would be so bad." He picked up the shotgun and started cocking and firing it, pointing at some invisible enemy. Every time the hammer fell with a click he said under his breath: "Gotta."

Billy Joe sat and thought about the woods. They always smelled good to him, better than any other place he knew of. When he was back in school, or at home, he would often think about how the woods smelled and wish he were there. But when he got there, they always seemed less friendly, and sometimes just the wind through the tops of trees made him want to be back at home, in bed at night listening to the radio in the dark or lying on the living room rug playing with his electric train. He couldn't figure out why he sometimes was afraid in the woods. It didn't seem to bother Larry any. But even when the birds sang in the woods, it was a different thing. They always seemed so far away, not like when they sang in his front yard at home. He didn't know why this should be; they must be the same birds.

He heard Larry stand up. He watched as Larry squinted at the sun, put on his serious expression, and said that they had better be going. Billy Joe stood up with the seat if his pants damp and uncomfortable. They started walking again.

THEY WALKED FOR about fifteen or twenty minutes, and then Larry stopped and dropped down behind a tree. Billy Joe got on his hands and knees and crawled up to where he was crouched. Larry pointed.

They were on the edge of a clearing. In the middle of the clearing was an old house, made of gray decaying wood. The only signs of life were a couple of dusty chickens scratching around in the sparsely vegetated black dirt in front of the house, and an old dog day-dreaming in a patch of shade afforded by the hulk of a Ford Model-T standing on blocks out behind the house. There was not even a wisp of smoke from the old stone chimney coming out of the roof over the kitchen, and the wind whistled eerily through the bare branches of a china berry tree in the front yard. There was no other sound.

Billy Joe was scared. He was thinking what if Old Man Perry had laid a trap for them and was just now standing behind them with a gun getting ready to blow them to kingdom come. He swallowed hard and then glanced quickly back over his shoulder, getting ready to run. There was nothing but gray underbrush, tree trunks, and a squirrel scratching at the base of an oak tree.

He heard Larry move and looked back around. Larry was standing up, his hands on his hips, looking at the house with a funny expression. "There ain't nobody around," he said. "Maybe they've gone visitin'."

He stood for a few moments without saying anything. Then his face got a stubborn expression on it, and he began swagging into the clearing. "Let's see what's goin' on," he said. "If there ain't nobody here, then we might as well go back home."

Billy Joe thought he sounded glad that there was nobody around.

Billy Joe started to tell him to come

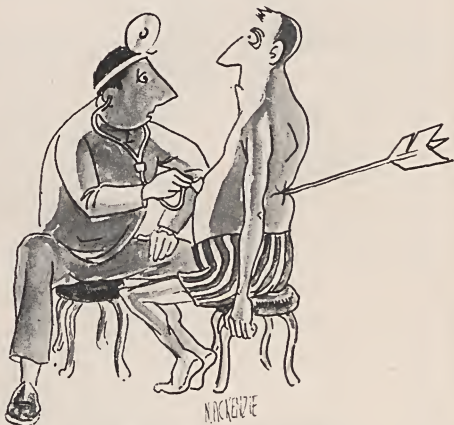
back, but he didn't. It wasn't any use trying to change Larry's mind. The more you argued with him, the more stubborn he got. He stood up and began following him, walking slowly so he could stay behind and start running back toward the woods if anything happened.

Larry walked up to a window, crouching down. Then he stood up, poised ready to run. Billy Joe started wishing he hadn't let Larry talk him into this. He remembered his grandmother telling him that if he didn't do like his mother said, he would probably get into trouble someday, or even killed. He began wishing he had stayed home and mowed the lawn or something.

Larry was looking into one of the windows. He just stood there looking, and didn't move a muscle, for about a minute.

He turned around once and looked oddly at Billy Joe. Then he started looking back into the window.

Billy Joe started toward the window. There must really be something going on in there; he had never seen Larry look like that again. And if it were anything



"You say it only hurts when you laugh?"

THE YALE RECORD

that would bother them, Larry would have turned around and run for the woods.

He walked up beside Larry and looked in the window. His mouth fell open, and he felt funny in his stomach. He kept looking at what he saw inside, although he was scared and felt like turning around and running.

The window opened right onto the only bedroom in the little house. It was dark inside and must have been cold, because a little old woman, who was sitting beside the bed, had an old sweater wrapped around her shoulders. She was very old, sort of dried up looking, and reminded Billy Joe of his grandmother.

She was sitting there talking to a man in the bed. The whole time they were standing there she didn't stop talking to him. The man was Old Man Perry, and he was just lying there. He looked smaller than the last time Billy Joe had seen him, and he had turned a funny kind of gray color. Billy Joe watched him for a long time, but he didn't see him move, not even to breathe.

BILLY JOE LOOKED at Larry. Larry looked back. Billy Joe whispered:

"He's dead, ain't he?"

Larry nodded and climbed down from the window.

Billy Joe looked back into the room.

The old lady was just sitting there talking—not crying or anything, just talking to Old Man Perry, who was lying there and not saying anything.

"It's the first time I ever saw a dead man," Billy Joe said. He felt funny inside, not scared but kind of funny. He wished he hadn't come.

Larry started walking away. "Let's go, Billy Joe," he said.

Billy Joe climbed down from the window and followed him back across the clearing into the edge of the woods.

—TOM BUIE

Answers

What is Love?

A faded memory of a happy life
hung by golden threads of joy,
like a star,
suspended by some eternal power.

What is Life?

A vanished mystery of love
swung by streamers of impelling powers, intangible
emotions, and deathless dreams,
like a far-off planet
held by unreasonable force.

What is Hope?

A constant beam of light of moons
marking paths to unknown regions
filled with ecstasy,
yet heartbreak.

What is Death?

A still, wide sunset
engulfing warmth and chill, bright and dull,
forlorn and gay
of all life
and love.

—ANNE R. PHILLIPS

Where the Heart

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

where we whispered mysteriously in the darkness. We were far enough removed from adult realism to give our imaginations full rein, but still near enough to see the tiny, assuring flare of a match as my grandfather lit his pipe.

A heavy glass door, always unlocked, literally swung wide to admit the visitor to the front hall and would announce his arrival to everyone in the house as it rattled shut. The company parlor on the left of the hall was seldom used except during Christmas, not even for company. Following the pattern of the proverbial parlor, it was a little too formal with its Victorian love-seats, a marble-topped table and a huge gilt-edged mirror hanging weightily over the mantle and reflecting the whole room in rippled distortion. Just outside the door to the parlor, the grandfather clock kept his silent vigil over all that passed below. He had long since ceased to mark the minutes, and the impassiveness of his face betrayed resignation to the inevitable passing of time. Standing thus, he seemed a fitting monument to eternity.

The old hall stretched back, lined at one end with shelves of outdated physics books and dusty volumes of history and at the other with various family relics — a worn spinning wheel, a revolving book case, and the little shell cabinet filled with the loveliest, pinkest conch shells, collected long,



long ago by another young girl's hand.

The large dining room was bound on three sides by massive sideboards. Behind the glass doors of one of these were suspended in a dainty row, tiny china coffee cups, each one uniquely and fragily decorated with flowers. I never saw them used,

but I remember standing there often as a child to look at them wistfully and admiringly. This was the playroom for the grandchildren and their neighborhood friends. A closet at one end of the room stored our toys, and here dwelt Dolly Darden—a loveable, faceless rag doll in a checkered sunbonnet, who grew up with each of us in turn. An ancient, ponderous piano completely filled another corner of the room. Sometimes the heavy top was raised, and I could touch the mute, yellowed keys with reverent fingers. Always awed by this link with the past, I wondered what other hands had left their traces here. The



quantity of closets and shelves and drawers in this room fascinated me also, and I expected momentarily to come upon some secret treasure hidden away in a seemingly innocent spot. My expectations failed to materialize, but the idea lent an air of mystery to the already enchanting house.

Beyond the dining room was the kitchen, dominated by a huge fiery wood stove. But more inviting even than the warm kitchen was the tiny cupboard passage-way, linking the two rooms and smelling enticingly of a musty, faintly sweet, cooky odor.

My favorite room, my grandfather's bedroom, I can remember in infinite detail. A family room it was, larger and sunnier than any other, and the veritable heart of the house. A fire blazed its cheerful welcome to our friends, who, ignoring the company parlor, drifted back to sit with the family in the sturdy old rocking chairs that filled the room. There was no uniformity of period in the furnishings; each piece existed solely for its own practical or sentimental merit. Yet at the same time, there was a unity about it all — not the

effect achieved by a professional decorator's cold precise planning, but an atmosphere of oneness, evolving from pieces of furniture that had lived comfortably together for a long time. In one corner of the room towered the double-mirrored wardrobe, and behind its creaky doors contained an infinite number of fascinating things—peppermint sticks and sugary lemon drops, tall cans of tobacco, quaint boxes full of old letters, and, tucked away in the back—my grandfather's prized bottle of medicinal brandy.

At the opposite end of the room was a dressing table of equally majestic height. One object here always caught my eye—my grandmother's round china jewelry box. Filled with hairpins and trinkets and lined in pink satin, it was beautiful to me. A large double-bed projected its length from one corner toward the center of the room. At its foot was an old leather couch where my grandfather, a battered straw hat over his face, stretched to take his afternoon naps and where I lounged sometimes to read the *Saturday Evening Post*. From the walls and crowded mantle, hundreds of photographed faces smiled and laughed at me — my own face, sisters, cousins, uncles, aunts, and great-great grandmothers—people I knew and loved, people I had never known and yet loved. They strangely belonged to me, were a part of my identity, and had given me a part of myself.

Here, the family gathered not to watch television, but to be together. Sometimes I sprawled upon the faded rug in front of the fire. I was half dreaming, half listening, as my grandfather sucked at his pipe while discussing philosophy, talking sports, or arguing politics with the other men. Then later, when the evening grew long and heavy, and the light burned palely from beneath the green shade overhead, I would sink into the incredible deepness of my grandfather's featherbed — down, down, down until I melted into nothingness, rocked around by the hazy murmur of voices, warmth, and the security of belonging.

—SALLY BARGE

Chick Heart

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

The insertion was quick and successful, leaving only a pin-point opening, indistinguishable to the human eye. The heart lay still amid the islands of blood and the long finger-like rubber tubes. He waited to see even one tiny, quick flutter, one quiver like the small heaving ridges of a bird's breast. The dark walls grew blacker and blacker, the rectangular table grew jagged and the whole room moved slowly counter-clockwise until the endless rows of bottles were spinning crystal wheels of dizziness, making their turn up and over, up and over, faster and faster, up and over, around and around, faster and faster.

THE OBJECT IN THE clear bowl in the center of the table became only a flash of whirling scarlet within the brain.

"John! John! Please come to me. I think my heart is going to stop. It grows weaker and it's jerking. Why don't you love me? I worked so hard to help you through medical school, and now you love my gift to you more than me . . . I love you. If I could get up, I'd cook you the biggest meal you've ever eaten — and — and — we'd dance again — answer me, John — remember your — promise . . . ?"

Her voice whined on through the still evening, breaking on all the barriers of the room. While she writhed in perspiration, she reminded her husband of his promise to come and talk with her on Thursday afternoon, to read to her, to play her soft music and talk of pleasant things again. It seemed he would not come, so giving up all hope, she lifted the needle on the recorder, set the round disc spinning, then placed the needle in the groove. The moments slowly filled with the lovely, soothing sounds of the "Lullaby of Sleep." The musical, lark-like notes seemed to touch the raw sores on Elmyra's back like an ice pack and smooth her heart into its regular rhythm again. Her thin lashes dropped shut over the hollow sockets and the lullaby played on.

The laboratory had been converted into one huge vacuum of silence, except for the flowing melody of the music spraying from the black shelves. Tick-tock . . . tick-tock — its ticking overpowered the melodious rhythm of liquid notes. The clock stood alone in its supremacy until suddenly some minute fluttering, at first so faint it was hardly audible, then, increasing in pressure, seemed to follow the clock's pattern, as if the huge timepiece were a planet that had suddenly gathered a moon from space and

now the tiny pattern mimicked its parent.

This solar vision was no longer of wood and steel, but of John's brain. The flutter became a beat with a perfect and unbroken rhythm, to which competition no longer existed. The swinging pendulum of the clock struck softly, as against cotton. Upstairs the needle's weight became feathery upon the record, and all that could be heard was the deep breathing of Elmyra as she slept in the hot, damp bed and the thump, thump, thump of the moving chunk of flesh on the screen of John's brain. Louder and louder it grew. He watched the thick muscles throb and throb and saw the tiny stream of blood flow through the walled chambers and up through the thin rubber tubes and back again.

Not only did he note the streaming of the blood, but to his astonishment the fringe of the heart began to swell and the center rose in sizable puffs more and more, bigger and bigger, while the glass dish became smaller and saucer-like. Now the edge of quivering muscle was overhanging the clear bowl; it was maturing and this baby pen could no longer hold it.

John heard nothing but its long, constant, never-ending beat. He watched the rubber tubes pop loose in little isolated explosions and the vessels and arteries go free, their openings closing to hold back the rivers of blood. With each additional beat the heart was gaining cubics.

He could see the needle on the table growing small and all the tools around it being covered by the encompassing mass.

One thin line of poetry raced through his brain — that line from Markham's poem: "How . . . when this dumb terror shall rise to judge the world after the silence of the centuries?" He reminded himself that this was about farmers — but was it not the same with this chick heart, was this not a dumb terror, a growing, brainless, mass of protoplasm slowly becoming omnipotent?

Its size was now increasing with big blubber-like movements. It was spreading and making room for its new form. It covered the smaller tools and pushed the fragile bowl and tubular apparatus off onto the floor. The bowl crashed onto a million multiform shapes, and the tubes stretched out on the cold cement like hollow snakes dripping blood from both ends.

The mountain before him was now one huge mass of uncontrollable flesh.

IT WAS ELMYRA. She was talking. Her endless chatter had begun again, "John, he says my heart may be enlarging . . . John, you love my gift to you more than you love me . . ."

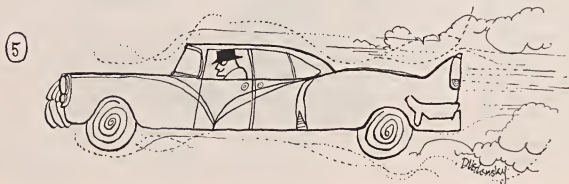
She uttered her words in long, painful trains of choking misery, "John, why don't you love me anymore? . . . my heart is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31



"This is all so darn childish, Henry."

PROFILES



Chick Heart

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

enlarging . . . enlarging . . . enlarging!"

Her voice died away, but he knew it still lived in the beating of this autonomous heart, which now supported huge pseudopods of fat in all directions. It was filling the tiny room; it was maturing. But where would maturity take it? — how long would his thin nerves like icicles support this strain before they snapped?

The table had crushed beneath the awful weight, the window had grown invisible, the light was pushed back by the huge dike of pounding waves, the air had become denser and denser, till breath scarcely came at all.

This voice was Elmyra's, this pounding, her whining, grown immense and eternal.

Inside he could hear the streaming of the blood grown loud and gushing like powerful rivers, the surging oceans bursting dams and crushing cataracts of muscle and membrane and moving flesh. On the outside he saw one huge mountain pregnant with gory liquid and heard each expansion and contraction increasing to volcanic thunder.

Huge jello-arms engulfed his still frame, above his head, under his feet, and around his body. He lay back in cool chambers of moisture; curving, perspiring caverns that slowly closed, slowly pressed closer and closer together. The air grew deaf for spheres around, and all that was real, all that was physical, was dying inward from the edges.

His last link to the world was the coolness of the flesh touching his face and pressing gently, gently, so as not to hurt—so softly, softly, thus to leave no scar—so kindly, so as not to terrify.

One shrill cry and John flinched, his nervous head raising from the table. He turned to see Elmyra standing by his side—walking after seven long years. She had descended the long stairs, unaided.

"Elmyra," he whispered, inaudibly, but his searching eyes were fastened upon a huge yellow Persian cat, which sat on the corner of the table washing her face.

Elmyra stared at the table and into the empty crystal bowl at the center.

"John, why don't you love me anymore?"

—WILLIAM E. HARROLD

FOR THE FINEST IN LOAFERS



Guild House

OF WINSTON SALEM

W. Fourth St. at Marshall

Visit Our Second Floor for Your Flats and French Heels



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are



From the editor's desk . . .

Means and Ends

COLLEGE IS GROSSLY misused today. In fact, the sanctity of an education has lost its halo. When most of us were beginning grammar school, we were taught that to go ahead of our playmates by striding down the halls of learning was a sure ticket to success. Although this idea is not as prevalent today as it was yesterday, it has not lost its golden aura.

Many of us still have the idea that the world will open up its arms and bid us welcome when we receive that four-year receipt. The world may spread its arms and offer welcome to a few college elites, but as always, those few will have in some way gone beyond the average rung. One may be among the few, but the chances are a hundred-to-one that he will be standing on the sidelines watching the parade.

He may be standing on the sidelines wondering who it was that deceived him so unjustly by leading him to believe that a college education was a way to success. No one misled him. It is true; a college education is a way to success, but so are a thousand other ways. The one sure way is doing a little better than first intended.

A college education should be a means, not an end. It becomes an end when a person claims it as his sole merit. College can be vulgar and detrimental; it can harm rather than help a student. When it is used merely as a place to spend four years of this lingering life, it is less than worthless. A person would be better off working in some mill, doing anything so long as he was bearing some responsibility.

This is not to say that a student should come to college and bury himself in some red and blue books. Books, like the college itself, are valueless if they are used as ends rather than means. The bookworm is as obnoxious as a spitting skunk. He shows his inferiority by burying his character in someone else's originality. But the college buffoon is not even a good dead skunk. He displays his inferiority by going around showing people that he is superior. He talks too much, whereas the bookworm, who never talks with anyone but himself, has lost his capacity to speak.

A school should be no more than any

other place; every place and every situation should and can be used for personal development. Everything has something to teach, because everyone has something to learn. The factory with black spit on the floor and lint in the air can offer the finest education available to those willing to get down and wipe up that black spit and hunt for ways of getting rid of the lint in the air. The cargo ship with its dirty crew has a philosophy stored away in its hull that is beyond Plato and Tillich. The plow and hard clodded field have as much to give as any sociology class, i. e., to those who are not afraid of the sun.

The real school does not need books, a cafeteria, beds with white sheets, and a radio in every corner. The real school needs only the man with the desire and the will to work to achieve his goal.

The colleges today offer so much that often they are not appreciated. Huge institutions with vast amounts of facilities frequently lie unused except by an interested few; the rest know only that there are some large frightening buildings on the east end of the campus. It may seem

like a great waste to realize that million dollar units are hardly used, but merely stand as show places. But it is more frightening to realize that the people who have the ability to take advantage of those facilities are often the ones who we read about being under the care of some psychiatrist. The rich atmosphere of some universities has the tendency to make some students feel that they need not bother to work, because the world will progress without them. They look around and see that it has done well without them. Why should it not continue: It is at times hard for the young generation to realize that the old generation will not always be with them, and that they must fill the vacant shoes.

Every student who thinks of college as the grandiose success in life should quit for a year and go to work in that factory, or on that ship, or behind that plow. An education comes from a desire to want to use what is learned toward some goal, no matter how large or small.

—R. F.

On Mythology

WHEN A COLLEGE student today speaks of myth, the trend of thought is naturally to innumerate Greek and Roman gods and maidens with their assorted virtues and vices. But within the past year, myth has taken on a new meaning for those who follow the antics of the entertainment industry. The new meaning is associated with the untimely death of James Dean, a promising young actor.

What is so provoking about it all is that the myth could have been so beautiful, if only commercially minded movie companies, record establishments, and magazines had not spoiled it with such ridiculous display of maudlin sentimentality.

Now we hear that the young actor has been posthumously nominated for an Academy Award for the second time since his death. We are delighted, having seen the film upon which the nomination was based. But

at the same time, there is a fond hope that a second display of glorification by the public relations people will not follow.

James Dean personified in his roles not the typical all-American boy that we all consider the "ideal," but the trend of our generation toward frustration, complexes, etc. We respond warmly toward the "James Dean Myth" if it is founded on his superb gift of acting; we resent the myth and all of its connotations if he is supposed to represent the ideal of the younger generation.

Perhaps it is time that the younger generation opposed the idea that we should all be "rebels without (or with) a cause" or Elvis Presley's. Give us a myth, even of George Washington cutting down the cherry tree or Abraham Lincoln walking miles to return a penny, but give us a myth that we will be proud to pass on to our children and to our children's children.

Portrait of the Month



Mrs. Graham Phillips

A portrait - - the perfect gift for any occasion

Grigg Studio
on the campus

THESE PORTRAITS ARE SELECTED EACH MONTH FROM THOSE MADE AT GRIGG STUDIO



The taste folks take to
(and talk about)... **WINSTON**

You'll like the extra good taste of Winstons, too! And the way that exclusive Winston filter — *snowy-white and pure* — really lets the rich flavor come through! So, if you aren't already enjoying today's most talked-about flavor-filter combination, get yourself a pack of Winstons right now — for flavory filter smoking!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO. WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

Smoke **WINSTON**...enjoy the snow-white filter in the cork-smooth tip!

THE STUDENT



VOLUME 72 NUMBER 6

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

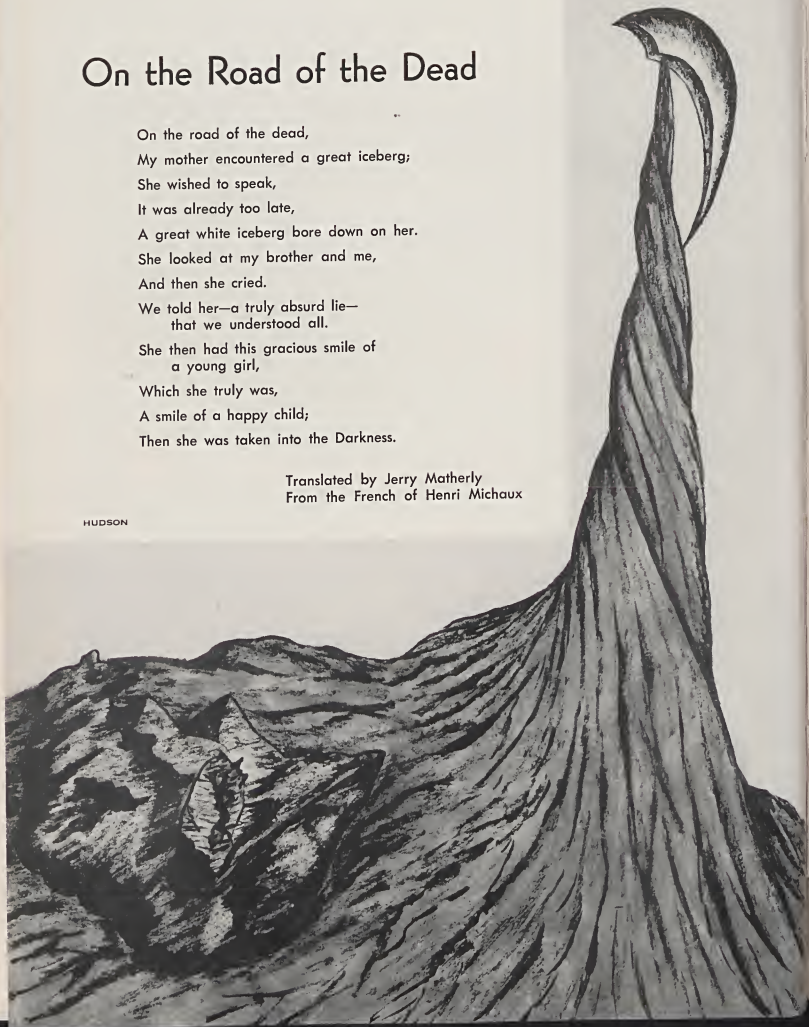
APRIL 18, 1957

On the Road of the Dead

On the road of the dead,
My mother encountered a great iceberg;
She wished to speak,
It was already too late,
A great white iceberg bore down on her.
She looked at my brother and me,
And then she cried.
We told her—a truly absurd lie—
that we understood all.
She then had this gracious smile of
a young girl,
Which she truly was,
A smile of a happy child;
Then she was taken into the Darkness.

Translated by Jerry Matherly
From the French of Henri Michaux

HUDSON



The Demon In Us...

IN A LITTLE mining town in the west, there was an old man who had lived in the same house for fifty years. One day he surprised all his neighbors by moving into the house next door. Reporters were sent to see why he had moved. When they asked him, he replied: "I guess it's just the gypsy in me."

—THE LOG

A bishop was sitting at a box in an opera house where collegiate commencement exercises were being held. The dresses of the ladies were very décolleté. After looking around with an opera glass, one of the ladies exclaimed, "Honestly, bishop, did you ever see anything like it in your life?"

"Never," gravely replied the bishop. "Never, madam, since I was weaned."

—THE VIRGINIA SPECTATOR

Two hillbillies who had never been on a train before were recent draftees and were on their way to military camp. A food vendor came through the train selling bananas. The two mountaineers had never seen bananas, and each bought one. As one man bit into his, the train entered a tunnel. His voice came to his companion in the darkness.

"Jeb, have you eaten yours yet?"

"Nope," answered Jeb. "Why?"

"Well, don't touch it. I've taken one bite and gone blind."

—PELICAN

A man went to the bar and ordered a martini, drank it, chewed up the bowl of the cocktail glass and threw the stem over his shoulder. He continued this for six drinks and noticed the bartender looking at him oddly.

"I guess you think I'm crazy, don't you?" he asked.

"I sure do," replied the bartender, "the stems are the best part."

—PELICAN

On a Miami-New York flight a lively youngster nearly drove everyone crazy. He was running up and down the aisle when the stewardess started serving coffee and ran smack into her, knocking the coffee to the floor. As he stood watching her clean up the mess, she glanced up at the little boy and said in her most charming voice, "Dear, why don't you run outside and play?"

—THE FEMMES LOG



VIRGINIA SPECTATOR

A student took a summer job working in a desolate mining camp. One day he approached the boss.

"Say, boss," he said, "what do you folks do for amusement around here?"

"Why," replied the boss, "we usually watch Sam, the cook, drink a gallon of gasoline, whiskey, and red pepper juice. Why don't you come along?"

The student was astonished. "Not me," he said, "I don't go in for that type of entertainment."

"Well," persisted the boss, "I wish you'd come. We really need six men for this sort of thing."

"Why is that?" asked the student.

"Some of the boys have to hold Sam. He don't go in for that type of amusement either."

—VIRGINIA SPECTATOR

Bocock-Stroud Co.

"College Shop"



Feeling is Believing!

**Authentic
Natural Shoulder Styling
Often Imitated —
Never Equalled**

We specialize in natural-shoulder clothing, following the University trend. Come in and see our wonderful selections of Southwick, Franklin, and Linett clothing.

- SUITS
- SPORT COATS
- SLACKS
- SWEATERS
- WALKING SHORTS
- SWIM TRUNKS
- ALL ACCESSORIES
- SHIRTS BY GANT

*Bocock-Stroud College Shop Is
the Meeting Place for Young
Men With Good Taste*

*You are always welcome
to browse*

at

Glyn's

**Junior, Regular and
Tall Fashions**

**Where young and exciting
Fashions are shown.**

—Open Fridays til 9—

**THE
Varsity
GRILL**

**Opposite Wake Forest
Corner E. Polo Road
and Bethabara**

**Nearest
Restaurant
to Campus**

**Featuring:
Varsity-Burgers
Short Order Meals
Radio Show**

Cover

For the first time this year the magazine is running a cover picture that *really* has something to do with the contents. And it's just because it's spring again, plus the fact that "desert islands" are always popular fancies with us escapist college students. Then, too, Photographer Irving Grigg undertook a photographic essay on college life on the British isle of Jamaica especially for *THE STUDENT*.

Looking out on the blue Caribbean through a line of swaying palms, somehow the feeling of adventure and the realization that the world is practically at our fingertips take only second places to the overwhelming beauty of the tropics.

Staff

Dottie Braddock, *Editor*

Jerry Matherly, *Associate Editor*

Editorial Assistants: Robert Fitzgerald, Tom Buie, Nancy Jo Smith

Bert Walton, *Art and Layout Director*

Art: Libby York, Ann Clark, Jean Hurst, Chick Forbes, Edie Hutchins

Lynne Laughrun, *Production Mgr.*

Typing: Betty Sue Kerley, Judy Knight, Tommy Laughrun, Ann Weir

Beth Scott, *Circulation Mgr.*

Circulation: Kay Adams, Mary Louise Brown, Nancy Coley, Ann Bolton, Babs Avar, Barbara Edwards, Judy Freeman, Betty Hollifield, Camille Pilcher

Dale Holland, *Business Mgr.*

Advertising: Mike Price, Jo Ann McMillan, Nancy Webster, Bob Edison

• • •

THE STUDENT, founded January, 1882, is published monthly, except summer sessions, by the students of Wake Forest College. Office located in Room 224, Reynolds Hall; address correspondence to Box 7287, Reynolds Branch, Winston-Salem, N. C. Printed by Winston Printing Company, Winston-Salem. National Advertising representative W. B. Bradbury Co., 219 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription rate: \$2.50 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Winston-Salem, N. C.

SPRINGTIME

IS

DIAMOND TIME

AT

**UNDERWOOD
JEWELERS**

**GIVE HER A BEAUTIFUL RING
FROM OUR LARGE SELECTION
BEFORE YOU BUY—CHECK OUR
PRICES**

Fine Watch Repairing

106 W. 4th St. Ph. PA 2-4289

*Completely new stocks
are now arriving.*

*College men are invited
to visit us and make
their selections.*

JERRY NEWSOME

*Representative at
Wake Forest*

**TOWN AND
CAMPUS SHOP**

**Cherry Street
Across From Bus Station
Phone 7030**

THE STUDENT

VOLUME 72 NUMBER 6

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

APRIL 18 1957

The Demon In Us.....	1
Profiles.....	4
Cricket Campaigns.....	5

The banners and posters of campaigning politicians have been taken down and thrown away. The campus rests from the sudden burst of energy, and Cricket relates his experience on election day as somewhat of a reminder for those who won their offices and a consolation for those who lost. The election day panic is commonplace for candidates, but Cricket spent his rather leisurely. Leaving the work for the party bosses, he won without effort. Perhaps he is saving his energy for a year of intense work at giving students what they want in student government.

Swing Low, Sweet Jazz, by Tom Buie.....	6
Speed Craze, by Robert Fitzgerald.....	7

The preceding two articles are reports of to what extent the signs of our generation are planted on the College campus. Tom Buie gives an investigation of just what modern jazz is all about, its history, and its possible future. Robert Fitzgerald has incorporated a series of interviews with sports car owners in an effort to show the attraction of the sports car and the reward of its performance.

End of Her Arms, fiction by D. Braddock.....	9
Caribbean College.....	11
Forum: Unlimited Cuts—Reward and Responsibility.....	16

Unlimited absences in class attendance is an old battle. Most of the time it has been waged between students on the one hand and professors on the other. Bert Walton, in a thorough discussion of the principle, has turned up some provoking ideas of why or why not unlimited cuts should be granted to the students of Wake Forest. Because it is essentially a responsibility rather than a reward, there are many technicalities to be considered and academic pitfalls to be avoided.

A Street Corner Anywhere, poetry by Charles Richards.....	18
April Review.....	19
Calendar.....	20
From the Editor's Desk.....	24

Demon Deacons

visit us for your

Easter Outfit

We have served the people of this community since 1896, and we will welcome the opportunity of serving you.



122 W. 4th at Trade



CAMPUS DELIVERY
PHONE 4-9271
HAT REBLOCKING
CUSTOM-MADE HATS
451 WEST END BLVD.

Wake Forest Laundry and Cleaners

Our main office is located in the basement of the N. W. Men's Dormitory. It is here for your convenience and satisfaction and will offer to you the best and quickest service available.

Good on Campus Service for:

FINISH WORK

FLAT WORK

DRY CLEANING

REGULAR 3 DAY SERVICE

One Day Service

In by 9—Out by 5

Profiles

THERE PROBABLY is a period in the life of every magazine when it has no new face to introduce to its readers. So it is with the April *STUDENT*. All of this month's contributors are old hands—or else ought to be by this time.

In an aftermath of campus elections, Cricket gives some of his views (however apathetic) about the entire affair. A successful candidate isn't always ready to go to work right away.

A dual feature with the theme, "Signs of Our Generation," incorporates two familiar items — modern jazz and the sports car. Tom Buie got many of his ideas about the trend of modern music from Gay Smith and George Cox, two campus enthusiasts. Then he went to Duke (perish the word) to contact a student there who has ideas of his own about the jazz trend.

Robert Fitzgerald, in writing about the representative group of sports car models on campus, interviewed a number of students and even went so far as to test drive a few of the automobiles in discussion.

The old question of unlimited cuts comes up again in the April forum. Bert Walton discusses the problem pro and con (mostly pro) and includes the thoughts of three professors and one student.

Poetry this month is the work of two magazine oldsters, Jerry Matherly, who also does the book review column, and Charles Richards, an editor of last semester. Jerry's poem is a translation of the French poet, Henri Michaux. Charles' is one he wrote at the seaside last summer, just recently pulled out of the files.

The photographic essay, the work of Irving Grigg who spent a few weeks in Jamaica during the months of March, is the focus of the issue. Fourth in a series of "Wake Forest Abroad," it was devised several months ago. With the aid of some Jamaican students who gained Irv entry into such forbidden places as girls' dorms, *THE STUDENT* is proud of its application to our own campus life.

And so with Easter just a few days off, the editor wishes for each student a nice Sunday morning.

Visit our "Natural Nook"

for authentic natural

shoulder summer

clothing

sports shirts

pants



McPHAIL'S

GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

JEWELRY, WATCHES,

CHINA, SILVER

AND CRYSTAL

Two Convenient Locations

410 N. Spruce

Thruway Shopping Center

LUGGAGE FOR BOTH

MEN AND WOMEN

Cricket Campaigns . . .

CRICKET HAD never before run for an office in student government, and he was just a little apprehensive about what to say to fellow students at the polls. But the Party leaders knew all about that sort of thing. They pushed Cricket out in front of one of the voters just as he came up to the polls.

Cricket bumped into the student with a thud, and while helping the poor bewildered student to his feet, Cricket mumbled an apology. But the student just grinned at him.

"Boy, am I glad I bumped into you, Mr. Cricket! Perhaps you can tell me just how to vote."

Before Cricket could say a word, the Party leaders were at either side of the student, pushing campaign handbills into his hands and pockets.

"Allow us sir," they said very diplomatically. "Here on this list you will find every name you will need in voting. Just follow the list down the line, and you will do nicely."

The student gazed appreciatively at the people around him. "Thank you, I'm new around here, you know."

Cricket gazed after the student with some measure of dismay, but the Party leaders slapped him on the back.

"That's the way, Cricket. You're a born politician."

Cricket gulped and excused himself from the group.

"Hey, Cricket! Where're you going?" The Party leaders called after him. Cricket started to answer, but they were already busy with another prospective voter. So he made his way through the throng over to the cool shade of a skinny little tree and sat down.

For a while he watched the crowd of students gathered around the polls. But soon he fell asleep despite the loud blare of a public address system calling off the candidates' names. When he woke, the crowd had gone and there was no sign of life except for the wind blowing campaign litter around the walks.

Glancing at the Chapel clock, he noticed it was after five o'clock in the afternoon. "Time for supper," he thought. And he went down to the cafeteria.

After getting his tray filled, he walked over to a table where several of the Party leaders were seated and talking excitedly.

"May I join you?" Cricket asked politely. But no one turned around. They only nodded and said hello.

"Uh-oh," thought Cricket, "I bet I lost the election."

He turned away and sat down at a table by himself. After finishing his supper he walked up to the main lobby. All he could hear were cheers from outside. He went out and stood at the rear of the crowd.

Suddenly two of the Party leaders rushed up, dragged him off to the front of the steps, and slapped him on the back.

"We knew you could do it, Cricket."

Cricket was, to say the least, astonished at their actions. While still gasping for breath, a microphone was pushed in front of his mouth, and a voice asked, "Well, Cricket, how does it feel to be a winner?"

"Well . . ." Cricket began. But before he could say a word to the man, the Party leaders shouted into the mike.

"When we saw how hard Cricket was out there campaigning for his office today, we knew he couldn't lose."



Cricket looked questioningly at the two Party men. They whispered, "Smile, Cricket."

He forced his mouth into an odd little grin and followed them off to the celebration.

Signposts of our generation as seen at Wake Forest . . .

Swing Low, Sweet Jazz

IF THERE IS at present any form of American music which represents an honest attempt to find some new means of expression, it is the so-called "modern" or "progressive" jazz. Progressive jazz is a far cry from the forms preceding it, for it maintains few, if any, of the characteristics which identify jazz for many people. In fact, it probably demands a certain amount of musical maturity to understand exactly what the progressive musician is trying to express with his instrument.

Perhaps "jazz" is a term which requires definition, since to many it is no more than a vague and ill-defined category in which may be included almost any kind of sound — even those generally not regarded as musical. Actually jazz in its basis is no different from any other art form. It exists because there are musicians who are tired of playing the banal melodies of popular music, especially in the stock arrangements. The jazz musician feels an urge to create something entirely his own and

has a desire to become a better instrumentalist at the same time. These two desires alone do not, of course, distinguish jazz from other music. But when these two urges are realized within a framework of improvisation and an atmosphere of respect for the individuality and ideas of the participating musicians, we have jazz. That is, jazz is a product of the union of creativity, proficiency, and individuality.

Because of the jazz musician's need for his particular mode of expression to be supported and accepted, the history of jazz has been a series of new approaches or new social contexts in which the musician might operate. This tendency toward new schools of thought will be seen in the outline of jazz history which follows.

Any consideration of the history of jazz must necessarily start in New Orleans, often referred to as "The Cradle of Jazz." It was there that most tempestuous of music forms, Dixieland, had its beginnings. The original Dixieland was most influential in the years between the turn of the cent-

ury to the early Twenties. Its origins were folk songs, work songs, hymns, and European marches. There has also been reason to believe that such composers as Rossini, Beethoven, and Schubert provided some influence on the new music.

FOLLOWING ON the heels of New Orleans Dixieland, the Chicago School of Dixieland was in operation from 1920 until around 1930. Its roots are to be found in the early American musical comedy of Sigmond Romberg and Victor Herbert and in nineteenth century romanticism. Musical comedy was also instrumental in bringing in the next period of jazz development, the Swing Era. Beginning in the Thirties and lasting until the Forties, this distinctively American music boasted such competent musicians as Goodman, Miller, and the Dorsey brothers. The era became known as the period of the big bands.

During the Forties, the form immediately preceding progressive jazz, East Coast Bop, became popular. The music showed influences of post-impressionists and early modern composers, Milaud, Stravinsky, and Prokofieff, and that of the neo-classicists, Bach and Handel.

In 1948, West Coast Progressive was ushered in by its basic traits hinting of Bach, Handel, and the modern classicist, Hindemith. So far, Progressive has remained more or less in this position, not having yet been able to absorb the more atonal effects of the extreme modern composers, Bartok and Schoenberg. Perhaps there is reason for this; there is a danger of destroying the last vestiges of tonality, which during the last fifty years has often been the only common thread in jazz. But eventually, this barrier will break down. Jazz, throughout its history, has availed itself of an amazing wealth of diversified materials and has absorbed them completely. This, in itself, is a tribute to the creativity of the jazz musician.

Although the current concept of jazz raises it more and more to the level of a "legitimate" art form, there are still many admirers of good music who cannot psycho-

Jazz enthusiast George Cox spins a disk from the WFDD control room.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 20



Robert Fitzgerald and Fred Crumpler compare notes on the Isetta and and Jaguar while exchanging admiring glances for the two sports cars.

Sports Car Boom

THE PAST HALF century has been a dog-eat-dog affair between the automobile-mad public and the money-minded manufacturers with speed the by-word in automotive circles. Style finally crept in after the redoubtable Henry Ford had personally seen to it that every farmer in these United States owned and plowed with a Model-T. When the horses had been thoroughly displaced and the fields were crowded with Model-T's pulling plows, and when there was no more baling wire left to gather up the hay, automobile men begin putting more horses under a more streamlined hood. Comparing yesterday's car with today's we are abashed in trying to figure out how, with the hoods

so much lower, manufacturers have succeeded in placing so much more horse power under them.

Now that Detroit knows that 300 horses can be secured in a compartment one-tenth the size of a stable, it has decided that perhaps it should make some of that tremendous horsepower noticeable. Although every car on the market today is capable of "spinning a wheel" on the take-off, the driver never realizes the sheer beauty in power, because most of the power is taken up providing energy for accessories.

We may as well face it. Detroit either does not know how to make a sports car or they are too busy with their horrendous sales volume to bother to produce one.

Ford, General Motors, and Studebaker-Packard have tried for the last three years to imitate Europe, but at the same time, they never lost sight of sales figures. Consequently they produced the sales sheet design — the Golden Hawk, the Thunderbird, and the near sports car in quality, the Corvette. The Studebaker-Packard people were afraid to leave the family level; therefore, they combined their objectives. The result was the family sports car line of Hawks. Ford was unable to get its mind off the magnificent Lincoln Continental. Result: the luxurious T-Bird. General Motors has not spared any money as far as luxury is concerned on the Corvette, but neither have they spared the effort

to make the Corvette a powerful road car. Undoubtedly the Corvette is the finest American sports car produced in quantity. Buick-Kurtis and a few other car makers out in California specialize in sports cars and price tags. To own these special builds you either have to be a movie star or come from Texas.

NO MATTER how much power the regular sedan has, it will never compare with the true sports car in making the driver realize there is a motor and four wheels to the contraption. The difference between the sedan and the sports car is like the difference between handling a surly pulled by a slow horse and riding a thorough-bred race horse. The one is indifferent and only serves to get you where you want to go; the other jumps at your every touch.

The sports car makes a man feel he is a part of motion. As the sports car gains speed, the driver's blood also increases its velocity. There is nothing sweeter than to see the narrow road ahead come flying up to meet you when your feet are no more than a foot off the ground. You hear the tires squeal, and you press the accelerator for more power. And as the little body of metal lunges out of the curve, you feel as if you have just conquered a grand army.

These are feelings the Hawks provide little of, and the T-Birds none at all. The Corvette is a finely built car, but it has the sports car spirit, and without power brakes and power steering could really have that sports car zing. The '57 Corvette was test-driven at 121.66, seven miles per hour less than the Golden Hawk, but had an acceleration from 0 to 80 mph in 7.2 seconds which in any car annals is "moving on." It is doubtful though that it offered the European cars any great challenge in the Sebring this year, but if GM keeps up the progress, the US may one day soon boast a national winner.

As people become rich, they begin demanding things that will curdle their blood. Since the government does not yet allow private use of jets, or perhaps it is just because the rich are not that rich, the demand is for speed on the ground. There are speed laws, and not everyone wants to race on the professional track, therefore, the demand is for something that feels fast even if it does not break all speed records. The sports car fills the bill.

Wake Foresters are by no means weak blooded, nor are they behind the time. There are two or three T-Birds on campus, two Austin-Healeys, one or two MG's, two or three big Jags, and one Isetta (without the looks of a sports car, but with the feel). I did see a Mercedes 190 SL ride through our midst the other day, although I doubt that it belonged to our Wake Forest family. We are still in the nascent stages. The Ferraris and Maseratis are still foreign to us, not to mention the Mercedes-Benz 300SRs.

Although I did disqualify the T-Bird from the true family of sports cars, it may as well be included in the discussion since it is a sleek-looking job, and from a distance it would be hard to distinguish the difference. They are beautiful cars, and expensive too — \$4,000 fully equipped.

Chaffee Scarborough does not seem to mind whether his "White Lover" is classed in the sports field or not, i.e., in the sports car field, for it is sporty to him. His is the white convertible, '55 model, with the nice looking girls always in it. Chaffee says he does not mind its not being brand new. He is just glad his mother and father liked the '55 T-Bird over the Volkswagen.

Chaffee and I made our own test run. We put it through its paces and got what we expected — a sleeping beauty ride. You do not feel any bumps, and going around a curve is merely seeing in a different direction because with power steering, steering is hardly any trouble at all. It does build up your ego though to sit behind that lovely wheel and pretend to be doing the steering. It also has power brakes. You can buy T-Birds without power steering and power brakes, but only after you have fought with the dealers and manufacturers, for the more they can put on the car, the more they can hike the price.

THE T-BIRD HAS 212 hp. Deduct 75 hp from the factory claim and you are more precise. You can do this on any loaded car. Horsepower figures are determined in a laboratory, which due to a lower humidity and temperature and a higher barometric pressure than is present on the outside, the hp readings are around 35 hp greater than when placed in the car. Deduct 5 hp for the fan and generator, 10 for the exhaust system, and for the power and automatic gadgets, deduct about 25 and you have the actual kinetic power of an automobile.

We found that the T-Bird had a tendency to roll on sharp curves. This was to be expected since the T-Bird is rather heavy and sits high off the road. It is no angel on gas—15 mpg average driving. Regardless of all the car's defects in comparison with long-developed sports cars, Chaffee is crazy about his car. He says the girls like it too, and that it makes dating easier.

Tommy Bunn owns the white Austin-Healey on campus. (There is also a red Austin-Healey here.) Besides the fact that Tommy can out-run any American make of car through the mountains, the Austin-Healey makes good serviceable transportation. It is economical at 25 mpg, and plenty fast when speed is needed. It is not a car for a large family, but it seats two rather comfortably. It will carry those two up to a 100 mph, if they wish to travel that fast.

When you sit beneath the A-H's wheel, you feel the sports car thrill. With two and a half turns from lock-to-lock, you can twist your wrist and practically make a U-turn. It is highly sensitive to the touch making you feel a part of the actual machine. There is little time to become bored with driving, for it has six forward speeds. The fun in driving comes in learning to shift to the right gear at the right time. It can mean a lot in staying in the road when at high speeds, and when racing, it can mean the difference between winning and losing.

Regarding the fact that the A-H is smaller than the T-Bird, put them side by side, give them the "go" flag, and the T-Bird would have a hard time making that checkered flag first.

The Austin-Healey delivers for \$2,995, and if you are in the market for a sports car, the A-H is no bad buy.

The cousin of the A-H is another nice small sports car—the MG. Both cars are made under the same management, and both in England. The MG belongs to Cleve Wilkins who bought it while he was stationed in Germany. He had Uncle Sam to ship it home for him without extra charge.

Cleve does not contend that he can out-run Tommy, but with good maneuvering, he figures he could keep up, i.e., at a distance. It is somewhat more difficult to get into the MG than into the A-H, but now that the body style has been changed, the car is not unpleasant to drive for a fairly long distance. I would not suggest going to California in it though. It gets

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



FORBES

She had both love and fear at . . .

End of Her Arms

THE FIRST THING Callie had noticed about him were his hands.

(Her own had always been such a bother.) As she sat there in the busy drug store, she watched them close around the paper cup and turn it up to his mouth.

The cup came down again with a soft thud that made Callie toss her head slightly to break the stare.

"What've you got on your mind, sweetheart?"

Callie grinned. "I was just looking at your hands."

"Dirty, eh?"

"Oh no, I didn't mean that. I guess I like your hands. They seem so — so expressive, I guess."

He looked down at his hands and pushed one over to hers.

"You've been taking too many poetry courses. But, you're still kinda cute for your age."

She pulled her hand away from his and playfully pinched his wrist. "Oh, you ridiculous boy!"

The spring sunshine filtered in through the window along the row of plastic topped tables. Outside two little boys propped their bikes against the glass and pulled their baseball gloves off the handlebars. Callie smiled at them as they looked into the store. They looked back but did not smile.

"That's what I'd like to do," she said wistfully.

"What?"

"Ride a bike down the sidewalk and not smile back when someone smiled at me."

"You're crazy, do you know?" he asked affectionately.

Callie played with her milkshake straw.

"Yes, I know."

"Oh, I didn't mean . . ." he stopped abruptly. "Let's run over to the Library. I need a book for that history report."

They pushed their chairs under the table. She looked at the pencil lying on the floor beside her foot.

"That yours?" he asked, starting to lean down.

"No." Then she realized how sharp her voice was.

He looked at her questioning, but she smiled and shook her head.

• • • • •

The car jolted against the curb as they stopped in front of the old stone building.

"I'll be back in a minute. You need anything?"

Callie leaned back against the plastic seatcovers. "Huh-uh. I'm just going to sit here and enjoy the sun."

She watched him skip up the short

flight of stairs to the library door, then closed her eyes. The warmth of the sun slipped under the dress, and made the linen stick to her legs. A small involuntary shiver shook her shoulders as she breathed deeply of the April air.

FROM ACROSS THE lawn Callie could hear the College orchestra warming up for their Tuesday rehearsal. The birds screamed excitedly from the tall oaks. She smiled to herself at the combination of sounds.

"Well, Miss Sleeping Beauty?" Her roommate's boyfriend was leaning upon the side of the convertible. "Where's Rod?"

Callie pushed a wisp of hair off her forehead. "He's in the library."

She glanced at the heavy doors of the library. They opened.

"Here he is now."

"Hi, Rod."

"How you doing, Chester?"

"Fine. Thought you and Callie might like to go with us to a show tonight."

Callie looked at Rod quickly. They had planned to visit her mother.

"Thanks, Chester. But Callie and I had been thinking about going over to Harwick."

Chester looked away. "Sure. Well, we'll make it another time."

"Sure, Chester. Thanks for asking."

Callie was glad she had not had to say anything. She wanted Rod to meet her mother, but she knew he didn't like the idea of going to the asylum. Her mother had been at Harwick for over a year. If they waited, it might be months before she would be released. The psychiatrists were never very encouraging, but sometimes she seemed to be perfectly normal. At other times . . . Callie stopped thinking. There were too many horrible things to remember — the attempt at suicide, the way her mother's fingernails tore gashes in Callie's face. Her finger ran down the scar on her cheek.

She waved at Chester as they passed him in the car. Rod was intent upon his driving.

"What time do you think we ought to start?"

"Whenever you say, Callie."

There was a long pause.

"Callie . . ."

"Yes, Rod?"

"Do you think we ought to go over tonight?"

Callie felt the muscles tighten in her throat. Her voice sounded strange as she answered. "Yes. But if you'd rather wait we will. It's just that I want to get it over with as soon as I can."

She looked out her side of the car. She knew the fear must show on her face, and to let Rod see it would be unfair.

"I guess you're right."

The car turned into the dormitory drive. As they stopped by the sidewalk, a group of girls looked at the car and laughed among themselves. Callie wished they wouldn't laugh. She had felt the stares and heard the whispered comments just after they found out about her mother. Her friends assured her that they understood. Callie wondered if they did. She had grown so distrustful despite the many scoldings she gave herself about being so overly sensitive.

Rod came around and opened the door for her. He gathered her books up from the back seat and put them in her arms.

"Will seven be all right?"

"What?"

"Wake up, Callie." He grinned at her. "Will seven o'clock be early enough?"

"Oh . . . sure, Rod."

She stood on the dormitory steps and watched him drive away. Lying on her bed in the room decorated with school pennants and souvenirs, Callie began peeling the polish from her fingernails. She wondered why she had told Rod that pencil wasn't hers.

* * *

THE TWELVE MILES back from Harwick to the College were counted off in silence. Callie clutched Rod's wet handkerchief in her hands. Her fingernails cut through the thin fabric into her palms. She looked through the broken pane of the side window. The light from the college chapel spire scattered in many directions upon the cracked glass. And as they passed a restaurant neon signs painted bizarre abstractions across their faces.

"Like some coffee?"

Callie hesitated. She didn't want others to see her until her eyes stopped stinging.

"I'll go in and get it and we can drink it in the car."

Callie nodded silently. She watched him as he ordered the coffees from the man at the counter. The clock on the dash board ticked loudly. An hour until the ten-thirty curfew.

Sitting there drinking the iced coffee, Callie bit a pattern into the edge of the wax cup. Each swallow left an odd taste in her mouth, a taste she had experienced in childhood dreams. She had never quite been able to associate it with an actual experience until now. It was one of Callie's unsolved mysteries. She smiled to herself about it.

"You know Callie, your hands are exactly like your mother's — small and all."

He slipped his hand over her fist lying on the car seat.

She drew it away. "Oh, Rod, don't!"

She saw the muscles twitch in his square jaw. He was trying to help. She realized it, but somehow she didn't want to be consoled. Her mother's failure to even recognize her and the screams for them to go away had left Callie numb.

"I'll take you home. But Callie . . ."

She turned away from his steady look.

"This won't make any difference in the way I feel. You know that don't you?"

She laughed flippantly. "Don't apologize, please."

"I'm not apologizing." He was angry.

The car careened wildly as it turned into the dormitory street. Callie let herself slide far over to her right. She thought, for only a moment, about pulling the handle and letting her body drop down to the pavement.

At the door Rod said nothing. He stood staring down at her. Callie looked him straight in the eye. It was as if she hardly knew the boy beside her.

"Don't call me, Rod. It's all over."

She was surprised at her own composure. He turned away abruptly and walked away, never looking back. Callie didn't see the girls she passed in the halls. Her voice had a dull ring as she mumbled a greeting.

Gloria was not in the room. The inside lock on the door gave a metallic click as the latch snapped into place. Callie tossed her bulky sweater onto the bed. The toy poodle, a gift from Rod, stared at her from its seat upon the pillow.

Outside the sound of unrestrained laughter rushed down the hall. Callie fumbled through the top chest drawer. With one quick thrust, she ejected a razor blade from its little plastic container.

Her hand was perfectly steady as she drew the blade deeply across her wrist. Sometime Gloria knocked on the door. Callie only stared at the end of her arm. She really hadn't meant to die anyway.

D. BRADDOCK

Caribbean College

In a land of perpetual spring-time, the University College of the West Indies has been graduating students only since 1953, and present enrollment numbers about five hundred. Located at Mona, seven miles from the Jamaican capital of Kingston, the physical plant consists of low, modern buildings constructed with an eye for function and resistance to hurricanes.

The college land is brightened by its topical foliage, and the shadows of tall mountains fall down upon the school operated according to British standards. The site itself is being leased on a 999 year grant for only one peppercorn rent.

Since the University serves the entire West Indies, the student body is a mixture of many races for which no segregation is practiced. In fact, segregation is a principle they cannot understand.

Students are enrolled in one of four divisions—Arts, Natural Sciences, Medicine, and Education. An Arts student may take either a general degree or an honors degree. And medical students must take two Bachelor of Medicine degrees before graduation. Post-graduate work was initiated in 1954 in Education and Chemical Technology.

Aside from the apparent differences, the students there have much the same kind of collegiate life as here in the States and have the same problems to face.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRVING GRIGG



Low modern lines predominate the campus of University College of the West Indies. The Student Center



A look of success in a game of chess.



A student assumes the usual resting position.



Two med stud

University beauty queen takes a bow.



An English professor reads his lecture to the class.

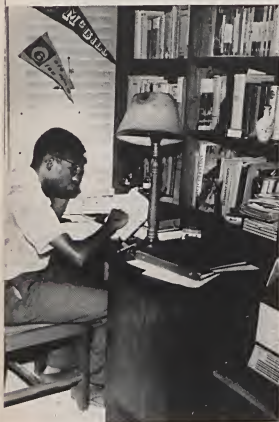


enter down here.



d students climb up together.

Study—a universal necessity.



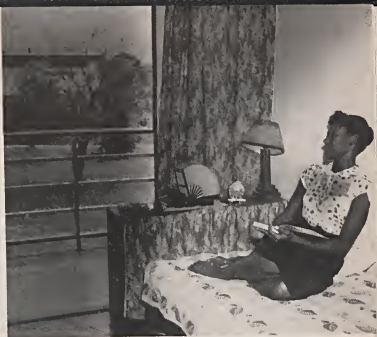
Arts students are required to wear academic gowns.

Tennis under the watch of student referees.



Covered walkways give protection from the sun.

Time for an afternoon chat — just boy and girl.



Dormitory rooms open onto balconies.



British national sport of cricket has many enthusiasts.

Dance pavillion in Student Center shows spacious planning.



Forum: Unlimited Cuts - - -

OF APPROXIMATELY TEN years Wake Forest College has operated under the present absence system, that of allowing one unexcused absence per semester hour in a given course. This system gives to each student the equivalent of a complete week out of each semester to cut classes with no questions asked.

Before the present method was adopted, there was no organized means by which a student could get an absence excused except through the dean's office. A student missing a class for any reason whatever had no choice but to appear before the dean with an explanation, no matter how trivial. Punishment for cuts left unexcused was left to the discretion of the professor concerned. It is not difficult to understand the results. The dean's office became virtually an open road for students seeking excuses. The dean was loaded with the responsibility of determining the validity of everything from toothaches to family deaths, while the more weighty and important matters of the position of dean of the College went by improperly attended. As this chore became greater, the dean's secretary fell heir to the job of issuing excuses. This did not prove to be satisfactory. Consequently, the faculty and administration reached the conclusion that the present system would be best and has since then been in effect, apparently unquestioned.

There is a faculty committee set up to review all requests for excused cuts. This committee meets at the end of each semester to review all cases, no matter how old the requests are. As is the case with many other standing faculty committees, there is no corresponding student committee. The complete system is allegedly built on the assumption that college students are mature enough to exercise discretion in wisely using the cuts that are allowed them. These cuts are not to be used in case of illness or death. They are provided to cover "minor emergencies" and the students' own conveniences. A student may take up to three cuts in a three hour course without any explanation, but if he attempts to have the fourth cut excused and that cut seems to come under the category of a minor emergency, he must then explain the first three. In other words,



HELEN SMITH, '37

MEMBER, PHI BETA KAPPA

Going to class and studying under the supervision of professors should serve as a supplement to individual study and thought. Requiring class attendance does not encourage initiative. The discerning student knows when he needs help with a subject. If he is already thoroughly acquainted with the material for discussion, hearing it again will be mere repetition and a deterrent to more constructive activity. Of course, some students are capable of deciding when they need help, and, for their benefit, should be required to attend class. A suggested standard would be to allow upperclassmen with a 2.0 average on all work to have unlimited cuts.

DAVID L. SMILEY

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF SOCIAL SCIENCES

Students, like snowflakes, differ from specimen to specimen. It is likely, therefore, that no rigid policy would meet the needs of all. But it is a function of education to make disciples — that is, disciplined people — of all students. In a non-authoritarian society discipline should be self-imposed and written into the character. One's education should also make him a morally and intellectually mature person. This involves discrimination, or the ability to choose wisely between alternatives; it also requires that one accept the consequences of his choices.

So long as the student is treated like a child he will have few opportunities to make choices, and it is in choosing that one learns how to choose. Enough rope, or, in this case, unlimited class absences for upperclassmen, might hang some of them. That is a risk any test of maturity must encounter. Freedom of absences might be worth the risk; it might be the beginning of a more mature outlook among students. And, at the present, nothing — not even a new stadium — is more sorely needed.

after one uses all of his cuts in a given course, he does not allow his alarm clock to fail to alarm nor does he allow himself the privilege of a short and yet severe headache.

Failure to comply with the rules results in a loss of quality points. Cuts totaling over fifteen percent of the number of classes per semester result in the loss of credit hours for the course.

There are occasions on which none of the rules mentioned above apply. When any individual or group represents the College off campus during regular class time, a statement from the adviser of the group to the committee automatically excuses the student or students from the classes missed. The athletic teams, debate squad, and Baptist Student Union are perhaps the most frequently excused groups under this regulation.

The major senior colleges of North Carolina adopt a system which is generally comparable to the one at Wake Forest, the University of North Carolina being the most notable exception. A student taking more than the allotted number of cuts automatically receives a failing grade on the course. The Woman's College of the University of North Carolina has a system whereby honor roll students have the privilege of unlimited cuts so long as they maintain honor roll standing.

Syracuse University utilizes a very fair and satisfactory system which allows each student to cut any class up to twenty-five per cent of the time, but if a student takes one cut over the limit, which is usually twelve for a three hour course, he automatically receives a failure. There are no special privileges for athletic teams, debate teams or any other group. Trips by

-- Reward and Responsibility

HENRY SNUGGS

NEWLY APPOINTED HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

From my observation, most college students must work in an instructional system requiring strict class attendance, regular quizzes and examinations, and vigilant supervision and direction by the teachers. Lacking the requisite discipline, energy, interest, and capacity for independent study, the majority would be only bewildered by freedom from strict requirements and would accomplish little or nothing. But a capable, disciplined, energetic, and interested minority to have the power to profit from greater freedom. For this reason a number of American colleges, Swarthmore for example, have "reading for honors" programs. To be successful, an honors-study program demands a goodly number of students be of high ability and initiative and the whole student body be above average. Such a program also demands the student-teacher ratio be better than average; thus instructional costs are greater than in the conventional system.

JOHN ERNEST PARKER

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ROMANCE LANGUAGES

It appears to the casual observer that the basic idea of unlimited cuts is to avoid being required to study. To their proponents, it is rather a matter of avoiding a technicality which occasionally interferes with independent research and is always a nuisance. When students are sufficiently advanced to be able to benefit more from independent research than from any other means of study, unlimited cuts become desirable. Otherwise, what may benefit a few will lead the majority into trouble. It is far easier to demonstrate that a student's work suffers from absences than to demonstrate that his work gets better because of, or in spite of, them. Any attempt to extend free cuts to those above a certain average only invites a worsening of their academic standing. It may be possible to devise a system more flexible than the present one, but it seems to the advantage of the majority that there be a control.



groups representing the college must be taken within the twenty-five percent. This puts students who are in organizations functioning exclusively on campus on the same level with those who find it necessary to carry on their activities off campus. There are many northern colleges which adopt a system similar to the University of Chicago, where the absence problem is handled in a way comparable to graduate schools — strictly unlimited cuts.

The most prevalent argument against allowing students on the undergraduate level unlimited cuts, is that students lack the sense of responsibility necessary to use this privilege without jeopardizing their academic standing. Some people would say that there are only a few students who could wisely discern in this matter, that the remainder have been blindly led through life, and in order to

keep them in college with a good standing, the powers that be must continue to act as nursemaids making hard and fast rules for the children to follow.

The other argument offered is a passive one, declaring that unlimited cuts should be rewarded to those students who have an honor roll rating. But since in most cases, the students that appear on the honor roll, with rare exception, are the students who seldom use the cuts allowed, it would be useless to go to the trouble of changing the plan that is in effect now.

As previously stated, the present system was established presupposing students mature enough to use their own discretion in cutting classes for the allotted number of times. At the same time that this proposition asserts the responsibility of the students, it vehemently denies it by saying that students on the college level as a

whole do not have enough judgment and common sense to decide how many they can safely take without lowering their academic standards. Students do not ask for the privilege of squandering a semester and flunking out of college. They ask only to be treated as responsible citizens.

WAKE FOREST STUDENTS are supposedly a hand-picked group. If they are, should they not be regarded as such; if they are not, should the standards not be raised to make this a college of select students. It is becoming increasingly hard to grow up on college campuses. The trend seems to be coming increasingly hard to grow up on college campuses. The trend seems to be to isolate students from life instead of preparing them for life by letting them assume the responsibility for their conduct and daily activities. Citizens grow up as they are allowed the opportunity to let their roots grow down. Allowing students to have unlimited cuts would be a small but vital step in a progression toward mature men and women at Wake Forest College. Some would get caught in the flood and find it too late to learn to swim, but there again is the question of how valuable that type of student is to any college campus.

There are times when a student does not feel free to use even the number of cuts that are allowed. There are other times when a student finds he can learn a great deal more in the library through his own research, than in a classroom. Then there are occasions when for a short time a person does not feel well enough to go to class at all, but cannot get an excuse from the infirmary. Such things as headaches, quizzes and research papers have a way of happening on fourth cuts, rather than when numbers one, two and three are still available.

Under the present system, organizations that represent the College off the campus are excused for the time they are gone. But, there is no provision made for students who find it necessary to use class time to do equally important work on campus. The immediate rebuttal is, "What do you come to college for anyway, classes or extra-curricular activities?" It is to be hoped that the wise student will choose neither, but rather that he will choose to come to

college to begin acquiring an education. It is a debatable point as to who has the authority to choose which activities sponsored by the College are more important and which warrant excused cuts. Does it really make a great deal of difference whether a student serves the College off campus or on it? If there is a difference to be noted, it would seem logical to believe that students who work on campus have the priority, for it has become evident that we cannot spread abroad that which we fail to build at home.

THE INSTANCE that causes the thinking student the most anxiety is when he finds himself rating an "A" on a course only to have all the quality points earned taken away because he has overcut the class. This is a strange situation in a system where grades don't matter except as they are an indication of the knowledge that a person has acquired. Your entire well-being begins to hang on a few quality points. European universities have for a long time been far ahead of the schools of the United States in this particular. There, scholars have been developed without the aid of compulsory class attendance.

There would in all probability be very little opposition to a movement to alter the present system. The absence committee is a step in the right direction, but one step is seldom a complete journey. Others must follow, each drawing the subject nearer a goal. The idea of allowing students who maintain a given average to have unlimited cuts as a type of reward is a feasible plan in the light of the fact that it is highly improbable that complete freedom will be allowed. If a student has completed the required hours to warrant the rank of junior or senior standing, surely he has gained the right to set his own pace so long as it does not fall below the academic rate. If a student has not matured enough by the time he reaches this stage to know when he needs to go to class, he does not deserve his position. Classes are supposed to be a guide post to education, the skeleton on which students have to put the flesh.

Ours has been labeled the "Silent Generation." Although generalities are dangerous, this could well be true, for students are kept so busy with minor regulations that they seldom have the time or opportunity to either form or voice their opinions. Students universally echo and re-echo the cry, "Give us the opportunity to learn—for ourselves."

—BERT WALTON

A Street Corner Anywhere

I saw you then quickly turn away

Walk quietly on to nowhere

Once I faintly remember when

Though I know in another day

You met me often just there

Now, yes seldom, but now and then

We two pass this same way again

Somehow not meeting anywhere

—Charles Richards

April Review

THERE IS NOTHING surprising about Doris Betts' second book, *Tall Houses In Winter* (Putnam, \$4.50). Mrs. Betts, a North Carolinian, scored a singular success with her volume of short stories which won the first Putnam-University of North Carolina Prize in 1954. In that book, *The Gentle Insurrection*, Mrs. Betts displayed not only an excellent craftsmanship and superior understanding for short fiction but an insight into middle class Southern life, which was amazingly free from any stereotypes. Now, in her attempt at the novel form Mrs. Betts has retained her craftsmanship and her view of life free from dung-colored glasses. And in some respects (the excellent handling of flash-back scenes for instance) she shows a comprehension of the mechanics of the novel. But still *Tall Houses In Winter* is not surprising; it even falls short of being satisfying. In the light of the many excellent qualities inherent in the writing of the book it is at first difficult to understand why this should be so.

The lack of power in the book must be blamed on the lack of narrative. The theme, like that of the author's stories, is death and impending death. Ryan Godwin, suffering a fatal disease, comes back to Stoneville and the house of his earlier years. For him it has been a place of love and also tragedy; now he lives for awhile on close terms with Fen, child of the woman whom he had not won; with his own sister Asa and Lady Malveena, servant and helper.

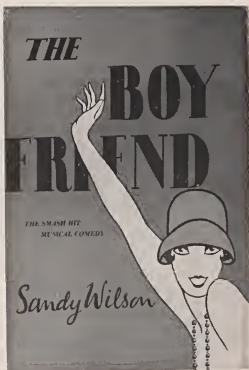
On this sketchy plot Mrs. Betts has woven a fine tapestry of many emotions observed, of human relations, and most significantly of all of the gulf between young and old and of love and understanding and the lack of it. Still it must be said nothing happens. The novel has been called "quiet and moving" but these are doubtful virtues. A novel, by its very nature, demands not only a wealth of inner force but character development and a story. The characters of Ryan and especially young Fen are well defined, but they

show no progress; they remain too carefully delineated. The minor characters are too obviously placed. They move and speak only as they should. The author has fixed them a certain way and it is not in their natures to act human. As for story, there is so little as to make one wonder how Mrs. Betts managed to fill the long volume. What is most needed in the book is a galloping narrative or even a trotting one.

If the novel does not come off as a good novel, there is still much evidence of literary talent in Mrs. Betts of a rare order. *The Gentle Insurrection* was such a surprise and a delight that there is little wonder that a much less heralded book should come as disappointment. With development of understanding of characters and plots it is obvious that the young author is liable to develop into a novelist of considerable merit. The main way Mrs. Betts needs to learn her lesson is to discontinue making the reader feel as if her writing and her characters and her craftsmanship are distilled from careful readings of other novels rather than from real life.

A BOOK WHICH HAS been on the desk for a long while — seems to keep demanding attention and praise. The book is *Sweet Thursday* by that master John Steinbeck. Mr. Steinbeck is so full of wit, understanding, kindness, and common sense that there is yet to be a disappointing work from his hands. *Sweet Thursday* is again populated by the impossible and whimsical creature of Cannery Row. This time the population, especially the boys at the Palace Flophouse, are trying to marry off Doc to an unlikely prostitute named Suzy. Naturally Doc is his good-natured self and takes the proceedings in the best possible way. Suzy shows a mind of her own and seems to have missed her calling completely, but she still is not above love and ensuing delights, miseries.

In the middle of all this there are many opportunities for Steinbeck to give his usual tongue in cheek comments on human foibles. His "misplaced" chapters, such as



the one in which the great rogue war is explained, is especially delightful on its comments.

Steinbeck's style races along. There is an obvious author interruption—interpretation which does not in any manner hinder the steady flow of things. After the horror of his picture of evil in *East of Eden*, there is great deal of evidence of Steinbeck's amazing versatility as well as his genius.

Something that was immediately interesting to this reader was the absolute whimsy and self-evident truth that Steinbeck managed to put into his chapter headings (of all things) and in the names of his characters. Here are a few examples from the contents: "Whom the gods love they drive nuts," "Il n'y a pas de mouches sur la grandmère," and especially, "There's a hole in reality through which we can look if we wish." In summing up the book one is tempted to quote still another chapter heading: "Sweet Thursday was one hell of a day."

Another book on the desk, though only recently acquired, is also in need of some attention. Not so much that the book,

which is the script of Sandy Wilson's phenomenally successful musical comedy, *The Boy Friend* is a work of literature, but rather it is an example of a medium which is rising to new heights in artistic achievement. The musical comedy which has its most secure foundation in the United States has come of age. And with this coming of age publishers have seen fit to publish the scripts far from Broadway. As literature they are of debatable value, for of all that rival media they cry out for staging. Yet the scripts can be read with enjoyment if too many fences aren't around the imagination.

The Boy Friend is a rare thing. It is concerned with some completely trivial happenings at girl's school on the Riviera during the golden age, the 1920's. The characters are stereotyped; the plot is silly. Yet so well does it capture the spirit of the 1920's that it appears completely without shortcomings, especially if the wonderful music is readily available. The appeal of *The Boy Friend* would seem to be mostly to those who lived during that time and are desirous of revisiting. But this is only partly true; many very young people, especially those reared on the tradition of the '20's being the most nearly perfect time, have been its most avid supporters.

Since the talk is now of theatres I feel it necessary to comment on the new O'Neill play on Broadway. It has been universally praised and seeing it has been sufficient to understand why this is so. A reading of the script can in no way substitute for the actual theatrical experience. And despite criticism that O'Neill is better read than staged, this appears not the case at all. *Long Day's Journey Into Night* is a long play covering one day in the life of the Tyrone family. In that one day the mother returns to her doping, the younger son discovers he has consumption, the older son admits to his brother he is trying to ruin him as he has ruined himself. But all these tragedies realized in such a short period of time do not compare with the tragedy of the father, the arrogant, vain, mercenary former actor of Irish descent who cannot please his family through his own uncompromising personality. Most surely he is the cause of the others' tragedies, but he will not and cannot recognize this. This cast, headed by Frederic March and Florence Eldridge, is no less than superb.

—J. D. M.

Calendar

- April 1-29 "Easter the Awakening" Morehead Planetarium
University of North Carolina
- 19-20 "Champion"
Campus Movie Series, 7:30 Science Building
- 26-27 "Babe Ruth Story"
Campus Movie Series, 7:30 Science Building
- 30 "Pops" Night at the Symphony, Joan Melton (soloist)
Winston-Salem Symphony, 8:15 Reynolds Auditorium
- April 29-
May 4 "Mrs. McThing"
Winston-Salem Little Theatre
- May 6-11 Magnolia Festival
Wake Forest College

Sweet Jazz

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

logically separate this type of music from the images automatically associated with jazz. When they think of jazz, they think of a stuffy basement club lighted by dim blue lights and perspiring musicians playing for free beer, while an audience composed of profligates sheds its inhibitions — with wriggling hips and rolling eyes.

While this concept may be justifiable of some types of jazz, it cannot be said of the progressive styling. One of the distinguishing marks of contemporary jazz is its quiet, subtle tone and its appeal to the listener's intellect, rather than to his emotions. All previous jazz was "hot"—that is, it based its appeal upon blaring notes played with full lung power and simple rhythmic effects carried in the bass. Dixieland, for instance, is loud and primitive, completely lacking in any sort of subtlety. Anyone who does not respond in some way to this type of jazz is a rarity.

But the modern school likes to speak of itself as "cool" jazz. This is a well-chosen term, for in some ways it is a complete refutation of the traditional jazz form. A lover of progressive jazz is liable to sit completely still, without so much as

patting his foot. Only his eyes will reveal the loss of himself in contemplation of this extremely personal music. Modern jazz has, as Bernard Wolfe puts it, broken the "simple erotic pulse into subtle polyrhythms, the child's-play harmonics into complex polyphonic figures."

The complexities of progressive structure may in part be responsible for the difficulty some people have in developing an interest. Being accustomed to thinking of jazz as requiring no close listening, they are either unwilling or unprepared to provide the necessary amount of concentration or to involve themselves in the details of the harmonic and rhythmic structure. One must listen closely and intelligently if he is to derive any appreciation of the progressive music.

All modern jazz will demonstrate the characteristics outlined above. But these may be shown to a greater or lesser degree, depending upon whether the music is that of the West Coast school of jazz or comes under the heading of the East Coast group. The basic differences in these two schools are that whereas the East Coast tends to stick more closely to the traditional or commercial songs and to adhere more strictly to the melody, the West Coast invests the music with a freer style, sometimes improvising far afield

from the main theme, and also depends less upon the commercial appeal of better-known tunes.

THE EAST and West coast styles represent the main groups of contemporary jazz, though there are schools within these two. Because the others tend to revolve around particular musicians—Manne, Parker, and Tristano are all responsible for variant approaches to the music. This seems to be generally true of modern jazz—where a musician will conceive of a new approach and others take up where he stops, attempting to improve on the style.

Much of the appeal of progressive jazz lies in this personal approach by the musician. Its followers will tell you that for the initiate, each artist says something different by virtue of his free improvisation. Moreover, the real progressive jazz musician is highly competent, often the holder of a degree from such a school as Juilliard.

In short, then, progressive jazz is good music played by extremely capable musicians who are not only technically proficient, but who have something to say and know exactly how to say it. By breaking away from the former restrictions, the modern jazz musician is investing his art with an exciting quality of experimentation which promises much for the future of American music.

—TOM BUIE

Sports Car

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

about 28 to 30 mpg, and with around 75 hp, it will climb up toward the hundred mark, though not as easily as the Healey.

England is well represented here at Wake Forest. There is a car here, in fact, two or three, from Coventry, England. Part of their plant burned down recently, but Jaguars keep popping up here in the States. Considering the car, and even the price as compared with the T-Bird, it is no wonder.

Fred Crumpler drives the sleek, gray Jag, and I mean *drives* it. You would think that this place had become a race track if you saw no one around but Fred. Fred is a true sports car enthusiast. Before trading for the Jag, Fred owned a Triumph, an MG, and an Austin-Healey. He likes the Jag best, and it likes his pocket book best. Disregarding the fact that the Jaguar XK 140 MC cost \$4,200, Fred is now

getting only 12 mpg and 6,000 miles per set of tires. But when a man can afford to disregard all cost, there are few finer cars on the road.

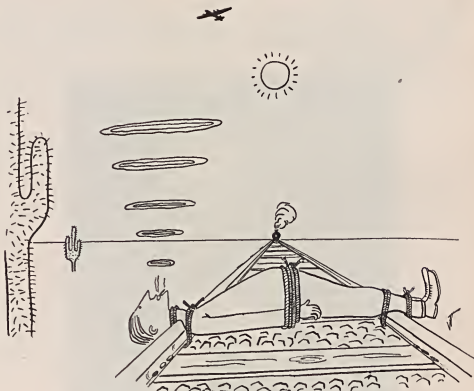
I am almost sure Fred knows how fast his personal Jag will go, but since it was easier and safer, I simply looked up the facts in the March issue of *SCI (Sports Car Illustrated)*. The Jag XK 140 was clocked at 125 mph. The D Jag, used primarily for racing, has been known to pass the 160 mph mark. The Jag is sturdy and cruises unnoticeably at 80 and 90 mph. With some sports cars, especially the Triumph and Prosche, the rear end is prone to slip out of position. In the Jag, such worries are non-existent. It is heavy enough to stay on the highway, yet not so heavy that it loses speed on curves.

The Jag loves the curves and hugs them tight. The biggest disgrace to a Jag would be to drive it slow. It was made for speed

and sport. Fred is the perfect Jag owner, for he loves both speed and sport. He has even thought seriously of racing for a while.

There is plenty of room to stretch your legs in the two-seater, but not enough to stand up. The upholstery on most Jags is usually of sedate colored leather. There is nothing fancy about the Jaguar. It is plain and fast. Although Fred has thought of trading for a Prosche, he has decided to keep his Jag, at least until he finishes law school.

LAST AND least, I own the Isetta. The Isetta is different. It is neither from England, nor is it actually a sports car. It comes from Munich, Germany, and is made by the BMW Company. This company also makes an eight thousand dollar car (the Cadillac of Germany) and a motorcycle



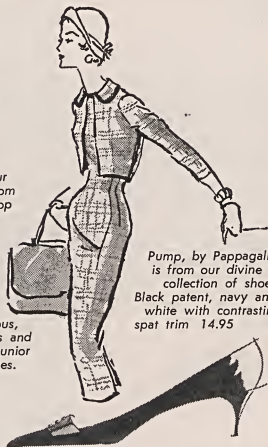
PRINSTON TIGER

Open 9:30 to 5
every week-day

**It's Spring
at Montaldo's**

... and our
Rendezvous Room
and Sport Shop
are full of

fashions for campus,
week-ends, dates and
dancing ... in junior
and misses sizes.



Pump, by Pappagallo,
is from our divine
collection of shoes.
Black patent, navy and
white with contrasting
spat trim 14.95

MONTALDO'S



You don't have to go to college to know that after
eating, drinking and smoking, the best
breath fresheners of all are...



which is used most for racing here in the
United States.

Believe it or not, the little car is a dream
out on the highway. I can ease it up to
sixty and cruise without the least bit of
tension. It has four forward speeds and
reverse, hydraulic brakes, sealbeam lights,
and turn signals. The door opens from the
front and is controlled from the inside by
the steering wheel, which is fastened with a
universal joint and moves in and out with
the door.

LOOKING AT THE ISETTA it seems
hardly large enough for one good-size per-
son. But contrary to appearance, the Isetta
will hold three average-size people comfort-
able. Carrying three, it is sometimes neces-
sary to shift gears a time or two on steep
hills, but there is no strain on the little
one cylinder motor. It is practically the
same motor used on the BMW motor-
cycles and is guaranteed to be indestruc-
tible. There is nothing complicated about
it. The gas tank hold 3.4 gallons which
will carry the car nearly two hundred
miles without refilling. And, then in case
you do run out, there is a reserve tank
which holds one gallon. This extra gallon
is good for sixty miles.

The visibility is excellent all around.
The front glass is regular shatterproof
glass, while the side and back panes are
unbreakable plexiglass.

The biggest problem I have is its ma-
neuverability. It weights only 770 pounds
and can easily be picked up and carried
off. Seldom does it remain in the same
parking place I leave it. One day a shy
little boy wanted to borrow it. I let him
have it and told him to bring the keys
back when he was through. About ten
o'clock that night he returned with the keys,
and I asked where it was parked. He said
it was up on the grass beside a tree. I
asked him what in the devil he was doing
parking my car up on the grass — and what
little tree! He said, "Why I thought that's
where you had parked it. That's where I
found it."

Even with having to keep up with its
nightly jaunts, which it is somehow able
to take by itself, I like the little "bug"
as well as anything I have ever driven.
It has the feel of a midget sports car, and
though it will not go over seventy miles
per hour, when you get up to sixty-five,
you feel like you're flying.

—ROBERT FITZGERALD

Marianne Moore
Alan Swallow
Howard Nemerov

will be the committee of judges for
a national poetry writing contest for
students.

You are invited to submit your
poems. Winning poems will be
published in a special anthology.

RIVERSIDE POETRY -3

CONTEST RULES:

1. Any student currently enrolled for the 1956-57 academic year in an accredited college or university in the United States who will not be older than 26 years of age on December 31, 1957, is eligible to participate.
2. Only original, unpublished (except in college publications) poems in English under one hundred lines in length will be considered. All manuscripts must be typewritten.
3. Poems must be submitted through the campus representative. Two original copies of each manuscript must be submitted, each with an entry form attached.
4. The closing date for the contest is May 1, 1957. To be considered, all manuscripts must be mailed or delivered to the Director of Student Work, The Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N. Y., on or prior to this date.
5. The Riverside Poetry Committee plans to announce the winning poems by August 1, 1957. The winning poems will be published in a special anthology *Riverside Poetry 3*.
6. Manuscripts will not be returned.
7. Any entrant not complying with the above rules will be automatically excluded from the contest.

Campus Representative is
THE STUDENT

Closing date for preliminary selection is April 28



On the Campus

**QUALITY
MEN'S WEAR**

SPRING STYLES
NOW IN STOCK

"Ben Wants to See You"



WEST FOURTH STREET

Ladies' Sportswear

BERMUDA SHORTS
T-SHIRTS
BOYS' SHIRTS
SHORTS
PEDAL PUSHERS
SWEATERS
SKIRTS

Completely new stocks for your
leisure hours on or off campus.
We invite you to visit our 2nd
Floor Sportswear Ship.

Sign of the Cross

IN A SOCIETY where symbolism has lost its medieval supremacy and where the search for visual aids to deeper meanings in life has been supplanted by a pragmatic idea of material objects, the cross still commands the attention of the entire world. The meaning of the cross is unmistakable — it is life.

This is somewhat of a paradox, since the meaning of the cross had its origin in death — the death of Jesus of Nazareth. But death does not give the cross its present meaning. Had the resurrection never occurred, whether physically or spiritually, the cross would mean little else than an ancient means of executing criminals. And had it not occurred, there would be no Christian faith. For it is life beyond death that dominates Christianity. It is this life that gives the cross its symbolism.

Where life is cheap, either by reason of religious belief or by over-population, the cross holds no attraction. Those who seek the destruction of the body have little need for life. It is in their dying that they obtain immortality. But where there is great value placed on human life, immortality is assured only by the faith and works that govern the life of the present. Aside from the countless theological and philosophical subtleties, the Christian attains immortality through a belief in the

Savior—that he died for the remission of sins and that he was resurrected to live eternally. The agnostic will not go that far into religion. For him, immortality is acquired through a life grounded in sound ethics, in service and love for his fellowman. Though in that, he often follows the life coveted by many earnest Christians.

The cross poses the problem — is belief enough or is faith without works in vain? For the devoted Christian the problem solves itself, for his faith inevitably results in a life of love and service. But for the many among us who are Christians by virtue of having been tutored in the Christian tradition and of having grown into an acceptance of faith rather than a living revelation of it, the problem often results in a frustration of not actually being sure of that faith.

This frustration is probably felt most keenly by college students who seek the answers of life and a guide for the future. We choose not to label ourselves as agnostics, doubters, or unbelievers but as youth who want to discover a personal and enduring faith. The cross offers a means. Because it symbolizes life, it becomes unattractive if presented by others as a burden to bear. It is tremendously appealing if it represents the joy of living and of loving. Youth has no tears for the Christ

upon the cross. Heroes need no tears. The conquest of the cross, and therefore of life where death is inconsequential, is a joyous triumph. Youth sings no sad songs of Christianity; there is room enough only for its intended happiness.

The cross asks its questions and gives its answers to the non-Christian as well as for the followers of Jesus. Because it symbolizes life, it can be applied to the physical life as much as to the spiritual life. The adoption of the sign of the cross by insurance companies, service groups, and the medical profession does not lessen its religious meaning. Rather it has enhanced it. Youth enjoys life, else being young loses all its flavor. The physical existence is not to be passed off lightly in the quest for eternal life. Even if it were only an end and not a means, life would be beautiful.

Now at Eastertime, the cross receives more attention than at other times of the year. It is rightly so, by the very nature of the season. But the presence of the cross throughout the year is often neglected, though it is there for those who will notice. As youth looks up, may there always be the lovely symbol of life — both eternal and present, physical and spiritual—the sign of the cross.



John G. Mills, III Class of 1958

A portrait - - the perfect gift for any occasion

Grigg Studio
on the campus

THESE PORTRAITS ARE SELECTED EACH MONTH FROM THOSE MADE AT GRIGG STUDIO



Have a real cigarette.
have a **CAMEL!**

"I want a real cigarette—one I can taste. That's why I'm
a Camel smoker, and have been ever since college."

Murray Golub

Civil Engineer on Conn. Turnpike



Discover the difference between "just smoking" ...and Camels!

Taste the difference!
Camels are rich, full-flavored, and deeply satisfying — pack after pack. You can count on Camels—they never let you down.

Feel the difference! The exclusive Camel blend of quality tobaccos has never been equalled for smooth, agreeable smoking. Camels are easy to get along with.

Enjoy the difference!
Try today's top cigarette. See why more people smoke Camels, year after year, than any other brand. They've really got it!

© L. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



T H E S T U D E N T

VOLUME 72 NUMBER 7

• WAKE FOREST COLLEGE •

MAY 23, 1957



LOGOS

johnny, riding a pogo stick
 across a writhing checkerboard
 blackandwhite,
 wideuneyed, philosophically bumping into squares
 and isoscelestriangles,
 thus goes man.

"What Ho?"

demands an octagon fiercely

"i don't know i am dead,"

moans a voice-blue sadly

"shapp i weep"

a pentagon

floating

redgreenorangehued

"why not, God is dead!"

quoth the obese, blueeyed baby.

johnny hears,

johnny weeps, ad in f in it um

Poems by Bob Sütton

Drawings by Eddie Hudson

NASCENCE

In a world of Why,
 a world of fleeting void and No,
 Could there ever be for me alone
 a radiant Because?
 Within my share of blackness
 and despair,
 My capsule of the everlasting Blindness,
 bare, alone, a man alone,
 I wait,
 silent, still, afraid.

Listen,

Listen

a voice,

Singing softly, rising in magnificent

Crescendo,

Ringng clearly through the deafness
 of my ears,

Arise, poor fool, and Wake unto the

Meaning of this Accident,

Step forth, soul alone, and take your being
 within a green and glorious Reality!

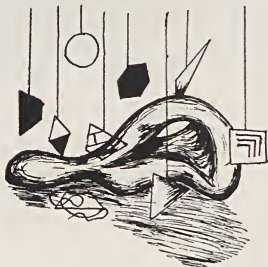
This I hear,

And I wake,

For the voice,

Yes, the voice,

is Love.



The Demon In Us...

THE NEWLYWEDS WERE honeymooning at the seashore. As they walked arm in arm along the beach, the young groom looked poetically out to sea and eloquently cried: Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll! His bride gazed at the water for a moment, then in hushed tones gasped, "Oh, Fred, you wonderful man. It's doing it!"

—THE LOG

An elderly man approached the little boy and asked: "Tell me, young man, do you have a fairy godfather?"

"No," replied the little boy, "but I have an uncle we're a little suspicious of."

—ORANGE PEEL



No use crying, etc. . . .

The girls had made it clear to the young man that she was not averse to marrying him. It was equally clear to the young man that he had not won the approval of her domineering, strong-willed crusty old battleaxe of a mother.

"The trouble is," said the girl, "that mother thinks you are effeminate."

The young man reflected on this for a few minutes and then replied, "Well, compared to her, may be I am."

—THE ORANGE PEEL

A cub reporter, assigned to cover a high school play, came up with this masterpiece: "The audience was filled with expectant mothers eagerly awaiting the appearance of their children."

—THE LOG

"So you think you could end all unemployment, do you," asked the sociology professor. "And how, if I may be so bold as to inquire?"

"Why, I'd put all the men on one island and all the women on another."

"And what would they be doing then?"

"Building boats."

—PROFILE

A visiting psychiatrist, wandering through a mental institution on a tour saw a man huddled in the corner. "My good man," he asked, "why do you sit in the corner all huddled up and scratch yourself?"

The man answered, "Because I'm the only one who knows where I itch."

—ORANGE PEEL

The Sunday School teacher was showing her pupils a picture of a bunch of early Christian martyrs in a den of lions. One little boy seemed very sad as he looked—almost on the verge of tears.

"Gee," he spoke up, "look at that poor lion in the back. He won't get any."

—TOMAHAWK

Confucius say: Modern girls putting up such a false front, man never know what he is up against.

—RAMMER JAMMER

A Latin American, describing his country to his English host, mentioned that their most popular sport was bullfighting.

"Isn't it revolting?" the young lady of the house observed.

"No," replied the Latin, "that is our second most popular sport."

—KITTY KAT

Two cowboys were talking. One said, "My name's Tex."

Second one says, "You from Texas?"

First one answers, "Nope, I'm from Louisiana, but who wants to be called Louise?"

Bocock-Stroud Co.

"College Shop"



Feeling is Believing!

Authentic
Natural Shoulder Styling
Often Imitated —
Never Equalled

We specialize in natural-shoulder clothing, following the University trend. Come in and see our wonderful selections of Southwick, Franklin, and Linnett clothing.

- SUITS
- SPORT COATS
- SLACKS
- SWEATERS
- WALKING SHORTS
- SWIM TRUNKS
- ALL ACCESSORIES
- SHIRTS BY GANT

Bocock-Stroud College Shop Is
the Meeting Place for Young
Men With Good Taste



On the Campus

QUALITY MEN'S WEAR

SPRING STYLES
NOW IN STOCK

"Ben Wants to See You"



CAMPUS DELIVERY
PHONE 4-9271
HAT REBLOCKING
CUSTOM-MADE HATS
451 WEST END BLVD.

T H E S T U D E N T

VOLUME 72 NUMBER 7

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

MAY 23, 1957

The Demon In Us 1

Student Profiles 4

Cricket In His Cap 5

When Wake Forest arrived in Forsyth, the students soon became aware of a little fellow sleeping peacefully in his private crack in the walk. This gentleman became known on campus as Cricket. Since his rude awakening, he has gone through the rigors of studying, celebrating, attending committee meetings, campaigning, and marching with the R. O. T. C. Now he approaches the end of a grand, glorious career as he dons his cap and gown preparing to graduate.

Just Like A Blackfield, fiction by Bill Heins. 6

The Dean, by Edie Hutchins. 9

Poems, by Dottie Braddock. 11

Forum: A Year In Retrospect. 12

A critical eye closely surveys the events of the year in retrospect. Indeed, this has been a year of firsts in the history of the college. Why have we been able to accomplish many new things? Have we dropped too much of the old in quest of the new? Have we reached this figurative goal set in the minds of all those who loved Wake Forest? These questions and more will present themselves to you as you look back with Charles Richards. Perhaps you will find your own answers, or maybe agree with the conclusions reached in this forum. At any rate, now is a good time to think about these things.

Curtain Call, photo essay 14

The final curtain call has been made for the guys and girls in the arena theatre this year. Marsha Greenshields and Jerry Matherly take a long look over nine wonderful months on the eighth level of the library, recalling both those that were so stage and those that were in the background making each performance better than the last. There have been five major performances ranging from tragedy to musical comedy. Unforgettable moments have been captured forever by photographer Irvin Grigg, and catalogued in this issue.

Alone, fiction by Leon Gatlin. 17

Hello, Mr. Sandburg, by Ralph James. 22

The opportunity very seldom presents itself for a student to come into direct contact with the object of his study. Ralph James, junior from Asheville, had such a once in a lifetime experience as he met and interviewed Carl Sandburg at his Flat Rock estate. Sandburg, perhaps more than any other poet of today, has become the spokesman for the average American man, adopting his feelings and expressing them in common vernacular.

May Review 25

From the Editor's Desk 28

*You are always welcome
to browse
at*

Glyn's

**Junior, Regular and
Tall Fashions**

*Where young and exciting
Fashions are shown.*

—Open Fridays til 9—

THE Varsity GRILL

**Opposite Wake Forest
Corner E. Polo Road
and Bethabara**

**Nearest
Restaurant
to Campus**

**Featuring:
Varsity-Burgers
Short Order Meals
Radio Show**

Cover

A solitary senior stands silhouetted against what will soon be his past. He trembles on the threshold of the future, pausing for one last glance at the baby giant that has been his home for the last year, the baby giant that he helped to feed and train. Now they will grow together, each in its own way, yet closely integrated. The college will grow through ideals, high standards and traditions; thus will the young man grow, with his roots firmly planted in the hills of Forsyth intricately entwined with those of Wake Forest College.

Staff

Dottie Braddock, Editor

Jerry Matherly, Associate Editor

Editorial Assistants: Robert Fitzgerald, Tom Buie, Nancy Jo Smith

Bert, Walton, Art and Layout Director

Art: Libby York, Ann Clark, Jean Hurst, Chick Forbes, Edie Hutchins

Lynne Laughrun, Production Mgr.

Typing: Betty Sue Kerley, Judy Knight, Tommy Laughrun, Ann Weir

Beth Scott, Circulation Mgr.

Circulation: Kay Adams, Mary Louise Brown, Nancy Coley, Ann Bolton, Babs Avard, Barbara Edwards, Judy Freeman, Betty Hollifield, Camille Pilcher

Dale Holland, Business Mgr.

Advertising: Mike Price, Jo Ann McMillan, Nancy Webster, Bob Edison

• • •

THE STUDENT, founded January, 1882, is published monthly, except summer sessions, by the students of Wake Forest College. Office located in Room 224, Reynolda Hall; address correspondence to Box 7287, Reynolda Branch, Winston-Salem, N. C. Printed by Winston Printing Company, Winston-Salem. National Advertising representative W. B. Bradbury Co., 219 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription rate: \$2.50 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Winston-Salem, N. C.

SPRINGTIME IS DIAMOND TIME AT UNDERWOOD JEWELERS

**GIVE HER A BEAUTIFUL RING
FROM OUR LARGE SELECTION
BEFORE YOU BUY—CHECK OUR
PRICES**

**Fine Watch Repairing
106 W. 4th St. Ph. PA 2-4289**

*Completely new stocks
are now arriving.
College men are invited
to visit us and make
their selections.*

JERRY NEWSOME

*Representative at
Wake Forest*

TOWN AND CAMPUS SHOP

**Cherry Street
Across From Bus Station
Phone 7030**



FOURTH AT TRADE

Home Owned - Home Managed

HEADQUARTERS for SPORTSWEAR

for the Student

For the Girls

- Jantzen
- Korday

For the Men

- McGregor
- Manhattan
- Revere

A few of many famous names
you know and wear.

Wake Forest Laundry and Cleaners

Our main office is located in the basement of the N. W. Men's Dormitory. It is here for your convenience and satisfaction and will offer to you the best and quickest service available.

Good on Campus Service for:

FINISH WORK
FLAT WORK
DRY CLEANING

REGULAR 3 DAY SERVICE

One Day Service
In by 9—Out by 5

Profiles

THIS ENDS THE year and with it volume seventy-two of THE STUDENT. In this issue the staff has waxed just a little sentimental as they survey the first year on the new campus. Charles Richards, alias I. N. Cognito, alias Ham, and past editor of THE STUDENT, looks back and sums up the situation in the forum for this month.

In this, our last issue, we pay our tribute to Dean Bryan, hoping that he realizes how grateful all of us are to him for his co-operation and help through the years that Pub Row has thrived on campus. Everyone is familiar with Edie Hutchins as an illustrator for the magazine. In this article she tries her hand at writing.

THE STUDENT introduces to its readers in this issue Bob Sitton, sophomore from Washington, D. C. Bob is a pre-medical student. His poems appear on the inside front cover. Eddie Hudson has done a splendid job with another interpretive illustration for these poems.

Cricket graduates and takes with him his author as Dottie Braddock finishes her last round as editor of THE STUDENT. Two of her poems end a year's job well done.

There can be no doubt that THE STUDENT has come up in the world. Three flights in fact. Of course, there are a few things that are the same, like the cider jug behind the door and the air-conditioned filing cabinet with no sides. The office itself was really designed for the future. We have two rooms this year, in fact. One for the typewriter and the other for the table. Just think of how many staff members you can have in the office at the same time when you don't have to bother with furniture. Speaking of furniture, we do have a new piece, a modified Georgian hat-rack. Modified — we have no hats. This poses a problem that ingenious students should be able to solve. If you have a hat that you'd like to contribute to the cause we invite you to join the staff. We always support student contributions.

It won't be long now before Pub Row will be packed away in moth balls for the summer ready to be pulled out again next September with a long list of new names and paces bringing new ideas. They could just as easily be yours as your neighbors'. THE STUDENT wishes you a wonderful summer and extends to everyone a plea to join us next year. We can help each other just as much as we are willing to do so.

SEPARK MUSIC COMPANY

620 W. Fourth Street

All Published Sheet

Music and Books

DISTRIBUTORS OF KING AND

SELMER BAND INSTRUMENTS

Phone PA 3-2241



WEST FOURTH STREET

Ladies' Sportswear

BERMUDA SHORTS
T-SHIRTS
BOYS' SHIRTS
SHORTS
PEDAL PUSHERS
SWEATERS
SKIRTS

Completely new stocks for your leisure hours on or off campus. We invite you to visit our 2nd Floor Sportswear Ship.

Cricket In His Cap . . .

THE SILK TASSEL of Cricket's cap dangled bothersomely down on his face. The bright sun made him sneeze vigorously, and the force of it blew the tassel back over the top of the flat black mortar board. Cricket adjusted it self-consciously and started down the long aisle behind his classmates.

He had waited for the moment of graduation for a long time, and now he was going into the hard, cruel world. Cricket laughed at the absurdity of the phrase, for he was planning to enjoy life on the outside.

The organ boomed "Pomp and Circumstance" through the huge chapel auditorium. The marshals had assumed more dignity than Cricket had ever seen them display before. But, of course, they all had done it. Even Cricket realized the solemnity of the occasion, and he hoped that nothing would happen to make him appear the awkward person he usually managed to be. He measured his steps carefully behind the others and looked straight ahead.

But his cap kept dropping lower and lower upon his forehead. He resisted the impulse to straighten it and decided to ignore the fact that it might possibly come completely down and fall to the floor. An illusion of the predicament crossed his mind fleetingly. He saw himself frantically trying to retrieve his hat while creating a chaos in the entire black-clad line.

While he was imagining himself in the situation, his cap slipped down a little more until it obscured his sight. He could not see where he was going, but he figured himself to be about half way down the aisle.

He took a few more halting steps to the



beat of the graduation march, then gauging himself to be at the row where he was supposed to lead his line across, he turned to the right. But to his dismay, he looked down and saw a pair of feet obstructing the way. Then he knew he was mistaken, turned slightly and walked down one more aisle. Again someone was sitting there on the end of the row.

Cricket lifted his head, trying to peek out from under the cap. He looked up into one of the grim faces of the marshals. She stared angrily at him and took him roughly by the arm. He found himself propelled up the aisle and placed at the end of the line.

"All right, Cricket, see if you can do it right this time!"

Cricket nodded and winked at the girl beside him. "I guess she doesn't like me much."

The music kept playing, and soon Cricket was on his way down the aisle again. This time, his cap actually did come off and roll down the aisle before him. His short legs would not enable him to catch up with it, so he decided to let it go. Quite nonchalantly, he kept step with the music.

But suddenly the marshal was standing in front of him again. Cricket looked up innocently.

"What do you think you're doing now?" the marshal asked.

Cricket didn't answer, but calmly turned around and walked back to the end again. He surely was glad that this was only practice day.

He was just . . .

Like A Blackf

HELLO, Operator?
Operator, this is Ellen DeForest.
Yes, that's right . . . Mrs. William C. DeForest.

Yes, would you please ring 495-J for me?

Yes, thank you . . . I'll hold on.

Will, Jr.? Is that you, dear?

Will, come here for a minute, darling. Mother wants to talk to you.

I'm in here — in the hallway, talking on the phone.

No, operator, I was just talking to my son.

Yes . . . That's quite all right.

Oh Will-lee! Please finish what you're doing out there and come in here. You know it hurts mother's throat to have to scream so loud.

I want to tell you about the beautiful brown suit I picked out for you this morning and—

Oh! There you are. Sit down and talk to mother while she's waiting for her call.

Good heavens, son! I thought surely you'd be outdoors with your rabbits or ants, or something like that. This is the first week-end of the school year, and I saw lots of other children playing on my way downtown. You don't seem to join them as much as you used to.

As a matter of fact, you've been acting rather strangely, dear. Can't you tell mommy what's bothering you? Hmmm?

I'm sure I could help if you'd only let me, dear. We still love each other, don't we dearest? Of course we do.

You have no idea how worried your daddy and I were when you ran away from home last week. Why, I was simply frantic, darling.

Promise me here and now that you'll never do it again. Will you promise me that?

That's my good boy.

Now tell me, dear. Who was that strange looking little girl daddy saw you with when he picked you up at the brick plant? He

said that she ran away like some wild animal, and he only caught a glimpse of her, but he thought it was—

What's that, operator?

Still busy? Well, I'll just hold on for a bit. Keep trying will you please? It's rather urgent.

Now then, Willie.

My, my! That new blue shirt looks so nice on you — with your big brown eyes and those precious golden locks of yours . . . I declare! I don't know what got into your father's head when he took you uptown and got them all clipped off that way.

Why, Willie DeForest! . . . you're getting to look more like my family everyday. One of these days, young man . . . Why, one of these days you're going to be handsome like your father used to be — before he lost most of his hair and got fat.

And all the girls will be crazy about you. They'd be crazy if they weren't!

You know, son. Mother used to have right many beaus in her time, not so long ago, either. All of them were fine, up-standing gentlemen, too. Why, George Hill proposed to me twice in one week.

Two years later he became Lieutenant Governor. Just think of that! And all the others are rich and happy now. I miss those days, dear, and I want you to have all those things I once had. Someday you will . . . someday.

Ah. Just look at that profile! Goodness, you do look more like my side of the family everyday — same high forehead and all. It's a characteristic of the Blackfield family. And you know what? That's a sign of intelligence and good breeding.

Well, you certainly don't have to sit there and look ashamed, William! You should be proud of your ancestry, like I am.

God know, it's almost all I have left to remind me now. We could never in a million years be that well off again.

Come on now. Smile prettily for mother, like you used to when you were a very



Blackfield

little boy. Lord, it's sad for me to realize my precious darling is getting to be a little man.

I declare, you are the spitting image of my own dear father, Albert Royal Blackfield. You probably can't remember him, can you dear? You were only two when we last saw him. And then he passed on last year, the dear man.

What? Why didn't he visit us before he died? Why what a silly question. What-ever made you think of such a question?

He really wanted to visit us. My mother, your grandma Elizabeth Byrd Blackfield, wrote often and said that grandpa was so very ill . . . too ill to travel.

I was his favorite. I remember . . . Why, I remember he was always giving me beautiful things. Never went anywhere without bringing me a surprise of some sort. And such beautiful, wonderful surprises . . . ah. What?

Well, really, dear! Where do you get such foolish notions? Of course he didn't dislike daddy. Why your daddy and grandpa got along just fine . . . just fine . . . Sometimes they would get into little friendly arguments . . . just like mommy and daddy do every now and then, but really dear. I mean really . . . they don't mean a thing!

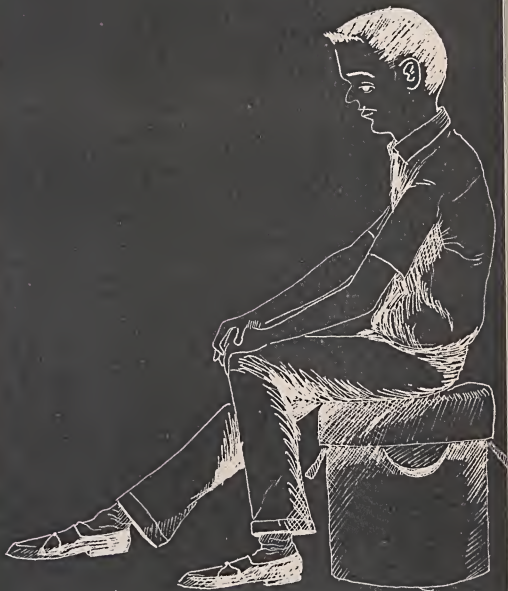
Your daddy is entirely too sensitive about little things.

Of course you're much too young to remember, but once your grandpa simply hinted around that daddy should get a job in some other bank somewhere . . . one that would pay more.

Well! I wish you could have seen your father. Your very own father just jumped right up and told grandpa it was none of his business!

And after all the good advice your grandpa had given us! Well really . . . I could have cried. As a matter of fact I believe I did cry. Yes.

Can you remember that time? I remember now. I went into your room and when



you saw mommy all upset like that you started crying, too.

You do love your mommy, don't you?

Yes, I can see that you do, mother's own sweetest boy. You're the blessing of my life, son. You have lots of feeling for people, dear, and that's a very good trait. Sometimes I wish your father had a little of it.

We'll just have to face up to the fact that daddy isn't perfect, I suppose. Not that anyone is! But when I mean is that your daddy's faults are far more numerous than they should be.

Please stop squirming like that, dear.

He wasn't always like that, though, dear. No, indeed! He didn't walk in at night all grouchy and cross back in his counting days the way he does now most of the time.

What daddy needs is a Virginia temperament!

Stop that, Willie!

You stop picking your nose this instant . . . do you hear?

I'm surprised at you. You know better than to do a thing like that.

Is it that mean old sinus again, dear?

Here . . . here's a Kleenex. Now blow real hard . . . Ah, that's it.

Now put it in the waste basket over there.

That's my good boy.

Hello, operator? Did Hattie Burns ever answer her phone?

No? Well, try one more time, will you please?

Yes . . . Thank you.

Now then, Will. Where were we?

Oh, yes, we were talking about grandpa and grandma, weren't we? Willie, dear, you favor grandma in so many ways—you're so meek and gentle. If ever a saint walked upon this earth it was my mother. I'm so glad you're like her. Good breeding always tells, I always say.

Darling, you look rather peaked this morning. Do you feel well, precious lamb?

You do? Well, anyway, you've simply got to get back on those vitamins daddy bought for you. He's just bound and determined to make a big football star out of you.

Daddy was all-state when he was in high school. He used to come around at

night when mama and papa were gone off just covered with bruises and cuts and things . . . And I would laugh at how funny he looked with all those bandages on . . . ha ha . . .

But then I really don't care if you're big and robust and all. Just so long as you're healthy, with a good head on your shoulders.

That's why you must grow up strong, dear. It's not easy to get along in this mean old world. When you grow up to be a big man, you'll show them. Indeed you will! You have that good old Blackfield common sense, and it will mean a lot to you later on.

Why, did you know that your Uncle Harry . . .

WILLIE! ARE YOU paying attention, dear? Honestly, sometimes I look at you and you seem a million miles away.

Anyway, as I was saying, Your Uncle Harry Blackfield is one of the most prominent bankers in tidewater Virginia. Bet you didn't know that, did you? Well, he certainly is!

And I remember the times he would warn your Aunt Jessica and me about our frivolous waste. He used to call us naughty little spendthrifts.

Can you imagine your mother being called that, Will? Ha ha . . .

Harry was so cute then. Ah, just look at him now . . . fine car, beautiful home and plenty of servants about the place. It's good to know that at least one member of the family can afford to live up to the Blackfield name.

Oh, now really, Will.

DON'T BE POSITIVELY ridiculous, dear. Of course your Uncle Harry likes us fine. He's just so tied up with business, finances and loans and all those banking things.

Why, I shouldn't wonder that he hasn't had time for a visit yet.

He'll come for a nice long one in due time . . . you'll see. I know he'll bring you a nice present. Let's pretend that he is coming.

Now then, what would you like for him to bring you, humm?

Nothing? .

Do you mean to sit there and tell me that you don't want anything?

Gracious me. When I was your age there was just any number of things I'd liked to have had.

Honestly, sometimes I just don't understand you. You're such a strange child, Will. Why, sometimes I think you're down right unappreciative . . . and that isn't like you, dear.

And, by the way . . . who put that silly idea into your head that Uncle Harry was mad with us?

Well, I know without your telling. It was your daddy, wasn't it?

Really.

I can't imagine why he would deliberately poison a mere child's mind with such tales. Jealousy, that's all in the world it is . . . jealousy.

What?

What's that you say, operator? Oh, I can't thank you enough. Hope it wasn't too much trouble. It was practically an emergency.

Hello!

Hello, Hattie? Is that you, Hattie?

Really, dear, I thought you'd never get through talking, you magpie, you!

Yes, yes I've been trying to reach you for the past fifteen minutes. I know the poor operator was completely exasperated.

Hattie, dear, I just had to ask you if that dreadful Agnes Horne is going to be a guest at the club this afternoon.

Yes, that's right. I saw Cynthia in the drug store just after I got out of the hair dresser's, and she said that Agnes would fill in for Elizabeth Whittington. Elizabeth has gone to Ft. Lauderdale for a month . . . took the children with her.

Getting back to Agnes, though. You know how I despise those elegant airs she puts on everytime she's around me.

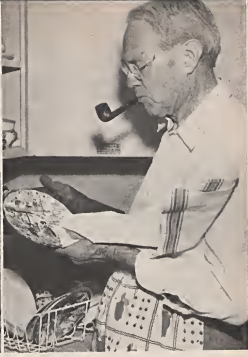
Well, I don't see how you could miss it, dear. Goodness knows why she would want to impress me, of all people. Can you imagine?

Well, you know she's probably heard that I'm Harry Blackfield's sister and all. She's just trying to get some attention. Gracious me, she gets enough of that with all those tacky clothes she wears. No taste at all. Just none whatsoever.

Will, dear! Sit back down. I want to tell you something when I . . .

Hattie?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16



Our tribute to . . .

The Dean, Mr. Bryan

IT WAS THIRTY-SIX years ago when a young man arrived on the Wake Forest campus who was to become an integral part of the college. This man was Daniel Bunyan Bryan. Two years later he became dean of the college.

This spring after the diplomas are all awarded he will be headed back home—the gray-shingled house in the little town of Wake Forest. With him he will take an over-size share of the heart of the college, the faculty, and the students. And for Wake Forest College a memorable period of history will come to an end.

Dean Bryan has had a busy and satisfying life. Born in a family of ten children on a farm seven miles outside Pittsboro, North Carolina, he was teaching in a one-teacher school, illegally, at the age of seventeen. The state required teachers to be eighteen. His salary was thirty dollars a month. For the next two years, he attended Buies Creek Academy, working his way through by doing various jobs, one of which was cutting hair for fifteen cents a head.

After debating between attending Wake Forest or the University of North Carolina, he entered the university where a friend had made arrangements for him to get his board by waiting on tables in the cafe-

teria. He entered with a deficiency of four books of Virgil, which he made up, keeping up with his regular work at the same time. He received his degree from there in 1911. The University recommended him as principle to the high school in Rich Square, where he taught for two years. The people there petitioned for him to leave, but the school board raised his salary.

The summer after his first year of teaching there he married Affie Griffin from Pittsboro. They had been engaged for five years.

The next summer he and Mrs. Bryan went to New York where he got his master's degree from Columbia University. He liked it so well that he wanted to stay to get his Ph.D., but they had only saved enough money for the summer session. He and Mrs. Bryan talked it over. Their staying depended on three things: if he could get a fellowship to New York University, if they could rent two rooms of their apartment, and if he could get a job teaching night school at Wanamakers. In one week they had achieved these three goals, so they were able to stay on a budget of five dollars a week.

In 1915 he received his doctorate and was elected to associate professorship at Richmond College, now the University of

Richmond. He was there five years.

In 1921 he came back to North Carolina—and to Wake Forest, where he has been ever since, teaching education and being dean. He has served under four of the college's ten presidents: William Louis Poteat, Francis P. Gaines, Thurman D. Kitchin, and Harold W. Tribble. He watched coeds enter Wake Forest for the first time. He watched the college outgrow the rock-walled campus and move to Winston-Salem. Meanwhile, he has done his job well. He has never been too busy to stop and give advice to an endless string of students and faculty members or to pause for a few minutes of friendly conversation. It is a well-known fact that his door always stands open in a friendly welcome.

He has also managed to find time to play a game of golf every now and then. He played three times a week for the past thirty-five years up until last fall when he was forced to take his first rest, because of ill health.

The dean and Mrs. Bryan have raised five children; four girls and one boy, all of whom graduated from Wake Forest. They have ten grandchildren, of whom the Dean is very proud.

Then asked about the move, Dean Bryan said that he has had a good year and is glad that he came. His original plans were to retire when the college moved, but he decided that "if he did he would never know how to think about the place." But the house in Wake Forest was merely locked up, to wait on its occupants' return. Moving was a big undertaking but the college now can do many things which could not be done otherwise and can do them better. He feels that there will be general approval of the move in a few years.

As to future plans, he has a garden plot on which he plans spending a great deal of time and he has a lot of flowers to plant. There will be no more living by bells, no more visitors to inquire about someone entering the college just when he is comfortably working in his oldest clothes. He has no writing in mind because he thinks that there are enough books now.

In the way of a philosophy of life, Dean Bryan feels that if a person is prepared to do something and work hard, things he has never dreamed of will come true. If a person lives a sincere Christian life, he will never be under the necessity often of begging anyone's pardon for what he does. In short, he thinks that this is the best way to get along.

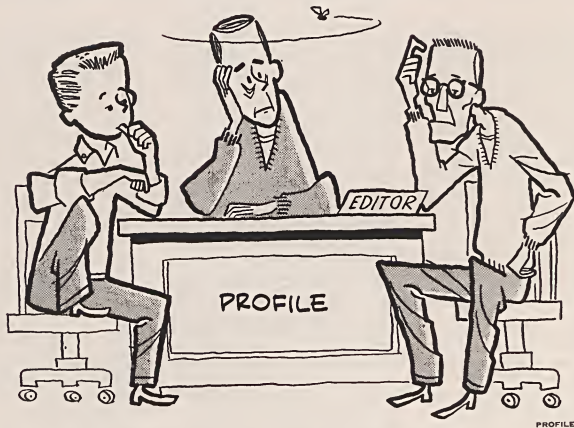
THERE IS PERHAPS no better way of describing Dean Bryan than in the words of Dr. Edgar E. Folk, in a speech he made when Dean Bryan's portrait was presented to the college. Dr. Folk said, "... the Dean's office has been a constant source of calm wisdom, of common sense, of quiet efficiency, of good humor that has influenced everyone, students and faculty alike ... in his church he has played the role of the true Christian ... in his community he has been a model citizen ... in his home he has been a devoted husband and father ... in his

private life he is an interesting companion at all times ..."

Stanislav Rembski, painter of the portrait, painted an accurate picture in words, when he was asked the meaning he had put into the portrait. "You can see a student standing in front of Dean Bryan and the Dean thinking: 'So you think you know all about yourself. Little do you realize now that you have within you something far greater than you know. Some day you may discover that.'"

Dean Bryan may be leaving Wake Forest College officially, but his influence will live on through everyone he has come into contact with, in business or in pleasures. It will live on especially through the many students he has taught, who will in turn teach others. Dean Bryan may not be present at Wake Forest, but his spirit will live on through those with whom he has associated.

—EDIE HUTCHINS



Not enough jokes for next month. Let's use daily editorials.

POEMS

I don't know why rhythms are,
But I know they all are of one greater ebb and flow
That beats by day and night from out the factory
And from off the lovers' bed.
The same that puffs the vein
In a gravedigger's mighty arm
Will also mark the cadence
For a newborn child's most fragile sigh.
My pulse is kindred to both the ocean's roaring tide
And to the slightest ripple in the nearest pond.
The force that shuts at dusk the morning glory's bloom
Will open it again at dawn.
I don't know why rhythms are:
Nor do I need to know.
My heart will beat and stop and then will beat once more.
The rhythm will but rise and fall
While gathering me within its circled throb.

Sleep, America,
While moons rise red from the bloody graves of your sons.
And sleep,
Though your daughters toss at night among their tears.
The graves of your sons are frigid beds:
The beds of your daughters are fearful graves.
But sleep, America,
While your great machines whirl vainly in the night,
While they build the coffins and weave the wedding sheets.
They cannot give you back your sons;
They cannot fill your daughters' arms.

—Dottie Braddock

Forum: A Year at Wake

A YEAR IN RETROSPECT: Was it the big football game, mid-winters dance or student elections? Was it the lead role in a play, an "A" in English One or a bid from a fraternity? Was it getting engaged, winning a scholarship or finding a good job? Is there any one thing that happens during a school year that should be remembered above all others? Or are there some years that seem to stand out above all other years?

If there has ever been a year of big happenings at Wake Forest College, 1956-1957 was that year. It is easily recognized as the most important single period of time in the history of Wake Forest since the college came into existence. And there is little doubt as to the most long-lasting, the most memorable and the biggest event of the year—the move.

1956 was above all else the year of the move, when Wake Forest was relocated in Forsyth County, North Carolina, having moved from Wake County of the same state — an event often termed unique in the history of education. It was the culmination of a ten year process, with at ten future years to go before actual completion. But nevertheless, students already go to movies in Winston-Salem instead of Raleigh, walk on concrete pavements rather than hand-laid bricks and eat in the college-operated cafeteria instead of a downtown restaurant. And these are merely incidental evidences of a greater change, a change which is the result of the move.

Also outstanding in the year 1956-57 was the increase in enrollment, tuition and publicity accomplished by Wake Forest. Growth and bigness became characteristics of Wake Forest College in 1956-57. This simple fact points up an idea, or a conflict that may prove to be more important in the future than the move or the growth. It is a conflict of educational theory: small college versus big college.

But the things that stand out now, the immediate characteristics of the year, are more concrete. The year as recorded in Old Gold and Black, in diaries, in commercial newspapers, in college records, in the Howler, in memories, does not involve theories. There have been specific events that are worth looking back at — to see them and to determine their significance.

Where does a student start when he intentionally remembers a year at school?

Perhaps "operation welcome" as presented by the city of Winston-Salem is a good place.

It was an elaborate event calculated to express the city's feeling of welcome to the college, and to join the two communities which henceforth will be close neighbors. Of deeper significance is the real meaning of the event: that Winston-Salem and Wake Forest are now two inseparable yet distinct and individual institutions; and, more important, that there will always be ways through which the two can contribute much to the other's well-being and service.

The dedication is another event that could be singled out as a major occasion to remember. But students aren't likely to look back often to a few speeches or ceremonies. Rather, they will be aware of a more sincere and more realistic dedication that occurred in the year 1956-57: a dedication by use. The footprints across the grass lawns, the scratches on classroom furniture, the posters on building walls have dedicated the new campus in a manner which a speech or a song or a promise could never approach. The Wake Forest campus was dedicated in this past year by the friendly "hi's" of students and professors, by the long-burning lights of diligent scholars on nights before examinations and by paths already worn in the green grass of the campus.

Then there were changes that occurred during this past year, changes that might mean a different college in the future. The increases in enrollment have been mentioned. These are far reaching and thought provoking, but there are other changes that will probably evoke memories more than these.

AN EXAMPLE IS the growth of the college theatre. Not so phenomenal in itself, this growth reflects a something in the student body of Wake Forest, a desire to do something, to be somebody. Many capable students found an outlet for this need and desire through the theatre. Many before have been doing the same through publications, BSU work, and such related activities, but here is an indication that the future if seen as a projection of this past year, will hold much in creativity and activity on the part of Wake Forest students.

Well, no discussion of a college could be nearly complete without adequate mention of an athletic program. Of course, that program has received much mention already this year at Wake Forest. But it bears pointing out that the same characteristics of growth, bigness and activity have been revealed in this connection also. To say 1956-57 was a big year for athletics at this college would be absurd; so would it be to say that there was nothing of significance in that field last year. The football team had a poor record, but it produced an All-American and overcame many obstacles. The basketball team won no outstanding titles, but it fared well in the best competition. And the baseball team was not without merit. Other minor sports were very minor in participation and accomplishments, but at Wake Forest, the fact that there were minor sports meant a growth and a variety not known here before.

Some people, when reminiscing about 1956-57, will recall not the changes nor the unusual, but the old standbys. To many the most important phases of this past school year are those events that have happened for years.

Some students received honors such as Phi Beta Kappa and election to Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities. To many of them, these evidences of their accomplishments will remain important longer than any other thing about the year. Probably the important consideration concerning such subjects as these is the fact that they are still with us. Twenty-two students were still scholarly enough to enter Phi Beta Kappa. Old Gold and Black was still good enough to be rated All-American. These are only examples of things that haven't changed, evidences that Wake Forest is still a college, and still a good one with good students and good activities. This fact probably needs emphasizing as much so as the fact of change and growth.

The everlasting energy of college students at Wake Forest was as much in evidence last year as ever. Witness the student elections. Never more energy, never more competition or originality, never more interest or ideas — never a better indication that 1956-57 at Wake Forest was a real school year with real students.

Forest - - - - In Retrospect



LARRY WILLIAMS
STUDENT BODY PRESIDENT

We arrived at Winston-Salem with a dream in our hearts. Our dreams were quickly shattered. We were disappointed and yearning for our old campus. But at last we have ended our idealism, and we look realistically at our campus for what it is and not for what we expected it to be. After a year of adjustment, we look about us and see the beauty and opportunities here for tomorrow. Certainly we are tired, but through the trying experiences of this year we see just the beginning of a deep love for Wake Forest College that shall grow throughout the years.



DENISE BAXTER
RETIRING PRESIDENT OF W. G. A.

Wake Forest has had a severe case of growing pains during the past year, with resulting tensions and heartaches. However, things of worth are never easily earned nor cheaply bought, and thanks to a steady foundation and persistent work, this has been a valuable year. From a subjective point of view, it has been my hardest and best, and I shall sincerely regret leaving.

WALTER BARGE
SCABBAID AND BLADE

In the transition from our stage of development to another, man will forever encounter obstacles as he searches for the answers to his needs. Wake Forest in 1957 is in the transition stage from a significant history to ground breaking in new fields of service and there are still obstacles to be met and overcome. It is my earnest hope that all who have any connection whatsoever with Wake Forest will aid her in that transition and guide her along paths of greater service and dedication to truth.



DAVID HUGHES
PRESIDENT OF OMICRON DELTA KAPPA

One thing can be undeniably said about this year; it has been interesting. We have been subjected to numbers of irritations, some minor, some very major. The encouraging fact is that once they came to the surface, everyone began facing up to their responsibilities and attempting to take steps to straighten out the situations in a spirit of co-operation. We have had a rough year, but with the proper dedication, the future should hold a better school and atmosphere in which to live and work.



When looking at this year of years it cannot be said that college students did not assert themselves. Maybe "a year of assertion" would not be a bad descriptive term for this first year on this new campus. What happened to prove this? Wake Forest students, aware of upheaval in the world, particularly in Hungary, instigated a movement that resulted in bringing a citizen of that country to the campus. The result: a new life, and a free one, for a former citizen of the unfree world. The cause: the energy and ability of Wake Forest students.

More evidence that Wake Forest students are real, and aware of their reality, is seen in one incident of last Christmas. Merely an example of what can be done, the student-body sponsored Christmas party for children of the city meant more than a token of good will. This action, considered deeply, reveals a sense of values and a spirit of youth and love that all should help preserve at Wake Forest. That particular event may not be long remembered; it may not be worthy of mention in a consideration of the past year as a whole; but it reveals a characteristic of the year that is permanent, and worthy of recognition.

Students asserted themselves. A student government conflict in regard to the position and power of the honor system and council, although important only in regard to student government, became a major concern because it pointed up the importance of the right relationship between faculty and student body. And 1956-57 was a year when this relationship reached a critical point. The honor council matter was only an evidence. Last year, there were more students at Wake Forest and more faculty members than usual. But more significant was the breach between them. As this year ends, a similitude of good terms between the two has been established, but all recognize that a closer relationship is needed, not on the basis of theory but of practice.

The change in policy in regard to dances on the Wake Forest campus could well be mentioned as outstanding, as well as the parking problem, the cafeteria complaints and the general "gripping" attitude that prevailed much of the time during the past year. The "panty raid," which received its portion of publicity, should not go unmentioned.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26



Late at night a light burns from the top floor of the library.

A passing patrolman is distracted by its untimely illumination. He puzzles for a moment, and meditating upon the lateness of the hour, decides to investigate. At the summit of eight flights of stairs, he greets a surprised group of students. After surveying the situation, he descends with an amused grin. Disconcerted only momentarily by the interruption, the students return to their task—lights must be set and properties painted before tomorrow's rehearsal.

This year's last . . .

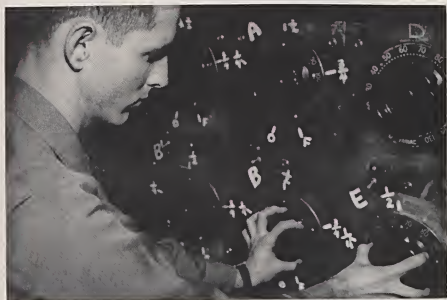
Curtain



The college theatre was allotted the eighth mezzanine of the library until the proposed fine arts building can be built. If, in some cases the necessary adjustments for the establishment of an organization have proved detrimental, one might also note that the theatre rode atop the challenge, surpassing highest expectations with unprecedented productions. Where concrete materials were lacking, enterprising students and an ingenious director supplied the deficit.



n Call



Director James Walton has praised the student's enthusiasm and willingness to work in the theatre. A renewed interest has arisen for the college theatre this year in both thespians and theatre goers. For next year, there will be an already established audience awaiting a second season of The Arena Theatre.

The theatre opened with *The Innocents*, a thought-provoking psychological study. Following close on the heels of the first production, rehearsals started for *Antigone*. From everywhere the actors came, from the halls of learning to the gridiron, to compose the cast for *The Cain Mutiny*, *Court Martial*, third in the five play series. Finally, the theatre audience experienced a spectacle of unprecedented entertainment, *Pajama Game*. Climaxing the season, the fifth production was Maxwell Anderson's *Mary of Scotland*.



Like A Blackfield

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

I was just talking to little Will. Yes . . . we were sitting here having a nice little chat.

As I was saying, Hattie, blood will tell. It just shows all over a person. Don't you agree?

I was just telling little Will that he has a good tradition behind him. The younger generation doesn't seem to care any more, though. I don't know what's to become of the U.D.C. and the D.A.R. and the Colonial Dames and all. Sometimes I don't think anyone in the younger set is interested any more.

My Willie takes after his grandmother so. Honestly, it's down right uncanny. Don't genealogists say that a literary grandmother's abilities or gifts or something will show up in her grandchildren? I was thinking that's probably why Will, Jr. is so proficient in English, probably.

What? Didn't I tell you, dear? Why, he had the highest grade in second-grade spelling last year.

But I thought surely your little Martha would have told you. She was sixteenth, I believe.

Well, I mean . . . well . . . sixteenth out of twenty-one isn't so bad . . . not really bad at all, dear. I've heard it was an exceptional class.

Oh, Willie! You dear, sweet thing, you. Don't blush so. You're too modest, really. It's just that mother is so proud of her bright little boy and all that . . .

No, Hattie. I was just talking to Willie. You should see him sitting here. Why he's literally red as a beet.

Oh, excuse me for a minute, Hattie. Will, Jr. is looking for something. Let me see what he wants . . . probably a dictionary, encyclopedia, or something like that. He's always thumbing through them.

Yes, Willie? What is it, love?

Oh, you'd like some sandwiches for a picnic. Is that what you were doing out in the kitchen . . . making sandwiches? Well, how nice, dear.

YES, DEAR. I think you might. Now run on back to the kitchen while I finish talking to Mrs. Burns.

That's my god boy.

Hello, Hattie? . . . Hattie? Are you st-

Oh! there you are. I thought for a minute we'd been disconnected or something.

Willie just told me that he wanted some picnic sandwiches. Do you suppose it might still be a little too damp outside?

Uh huh, well I hate to keep him indoors on a day like this . . . being Saturday and all.

Oh! I know. Why not ask Martha if she'd like to go along.

Of course, dear. Willie simply adores her. She isn't sick again, is she?

No? Well, I'm so glad to hear it. That poor child has been so sickly all her life. Why, I don't see how you two have borne it so magnificently all these years.

Little Will has been so fortunate in that respect. Why he hasn't spent a day in bed since he was circumcized when he was two days old . . . ha ha.

Oh dear, I shouldn't have said that on the phone, should I? Hope the operator isn't listening.

But I wouldn't worry too much if I were you, dear. What with all the miracle drugs and hospitalization policies and all . . . well, they're bound to come out with some sort of cure for chronic bronchitis sooner or later.

What, dear?

You say she can go. How nice. Just a minute while I tell Will, Jr. I know he'll be thrilled to death.

Yes . . . yes . . . well, wait a minute, dear.

Will, Jr.

Oh, Willie, darling! Are you in the kitchen?

Well, come here for a minute. Mother has some good news for you. Come on now.

Hattie? Hello, Hattie? Yes, he's coming now. Oh I'm sure it will be perfectly all right with him. You know how fond he is of Martha . . . always has been. Do you remember the time they - Oh, here he is now. Just a minute, dear.

Will, dear, Mother has a wonderful surprise for you. Little Martha Burns is going with you on your little outing. Now aren't you just tickled to death?

Why, Willie!

Willie, what on earth is the matter with you, dear? Why are you frowning at mother like that? Stop it, this very instant, do you hear?

Goodness! I mean after all, dear. I only thought that you'd like some company, and poor little Martha can't get out so often like you, son.

What!

Well, you just listen to me. I don't care what you think. She's going along and that's that, so don't let me hear another word. Why, I'd be embarrassed to tears if I had to tell Mrs. Burns you didn't want to take little Martha . . . such a sweet little thing, too. You should be ashamed of yourself. I can't see why you object to her going in the first place. Of course you mustn't play too hard with her. She gives out easily, you know, but that won't be so bad with just the two of you along, now will it?

Willie, you wipe that ugly look off your face right now, young man, or I'll . . .

Er . . . uh . . . Willie, dear. You did say you were going alone, didn't you? No. No, I don't believe you did, after all. Who else is going, dear? Hurry up now. Mrs. Burns is waiting for an answer.

Whom did you say is going?

Oh!

No . . . no . . . no, darling! That's absolutely out of the question.

No, you must certainly cannot go with Rose . . . whatever her name is.

Do you hear me, Willie? I said you . . . can . . . not . . . go . . . with . . . that . . . girl! And I mean it. I want to talk to you, young man.

Wait a minute, I hear Hattie on the phone.

Hattie?

Oh, Hattie. Something has just come up.

Yes . . . yes . . . that's right. I'll call you back in a few minutes, dear.

Well . . . Bye!

Now then, Will. I think you owe mother some sort of explanation.

I certainly do. This isn't the first time I've had to warn you about associating with trash . . . just common, ordinary trash!

Listen to me, young man. Do you know what that girl's father does for a living?

He's a bootlegger . . . that's what he is.

Well . . . well, it's the medicine your daddy keeps in the kitchen cabinet . . . sort of like that. Only it's against the law the way he does it, that horrid old crazy man.

And the mother!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

Alone

MY DADDY SAID that you'd want to ask me some questions. But if you just want me to tell you what really happened — I mean, about the cow and all—all right. I just thought he said I was to answer some questions you were going to ask me. But if you want to hear just what happened, okay.

I guess the part you would want to hear started about two weeks ago. I had just gotten home from school and put on some old clothes so I could go out and play. We live on a farm, and my mother always makes me put on some old clothes before I go out to play because of all the places I could get dirty. This farm is only about two miles from town. We lived in town until last summer when my daddy bought the farm. Well, every afternoon after I get home from school I usually study hard, because of all the homework I have to get up for the next day. But this day I didn't have any because the next day was Saturday. There's no school on Saturday.

Like I said, I had just put on my old clothes and gone outside. I hadn't decided just what I was going to do that afternoon. I had been building some tunnels in the hay loft and I guess I sort of had it in mind to build some more on them, but when I got to the barn Willy was putting straw in the cow stalls and I watched him for a few minutes. Willy is the colored man who works for my daddy. I stood there watching him for a few minutes, and then I asked him what he was putting all that straw down for?

Willy put his pitchfork down for a minute and said, "So the cows can have a nice soft place to lay down at night." Then he laughed and said, "Yo daddy didn't say for you to hep me out, did he?"

I said, "No, I didn't hear him say anything like that, but if you want me to help you, I will." I started to climb over into the stall and help him, but he laughed and told me, "No, I wuz jus' pickin' atcha. Yo daddy didn't say for you to hep me out. 'Sides, this work's too hard for a little boy like you to do anyways."

Then he reared back and laughed. He's always doing things like that. Picking at me, I mean. Sometimes he'll tell me something that I think he really means for me



FORBES

to do, and when I start to do it he'll grin and say "No, wait a minute. I wuz juz' pickin' atcha." I like Willy a lot but I sure do get tired of him doing things like that. It's bad enough getting teased at school without getting teased at home, too. At school they tease me about being fat. Willy doesn't tease me about that much, though. But he's always thinking of something. Most of the time it's about how lazy I am. To hear him talk I'm about twice as lazy as any colored boy who ever lived. I like Willy, though.

Well, just about then one of the cows came walking in through the stable door and started sniffing around with her big wet muzzle. Boy, cows can look stupid sometimes! They're always sniffing around

at everything. You'd think they didn't have any eyes the way they use their noses. And if they think you've got something to eat they'll come right up to you with that wet old muzzle and stick it right in your face. This particular cow that had just come in the barn was one of my favorites. I named her Lanky because she was so thin. I noticed that she was a lot fatter than she had been, so I asked Willy why she had started to get fat all of a sudden. But all Willy did was laugh.

Finally he said, "Well, I reckon you'll find out sometime." Then he laughed some more. I was really puzzled because I couldn't see anything funny. It sort of got me embarrassed. Finally I said, I guess she's been eating too much lately, or something like that."

Well then Willy really cut loose laughing. When he stopped he said, "Yeah, or something like that." And then he laughed some more. I just couldn't figure it out, so I turned around and left. I don't know why things like that make me want to get away by myself, but they always do. Whenever I get teased or anything like that the first thing I want to do is get away where I can be by myself. I'm not scared of anything. I can't figure out just why anybody would want to tease anybody else. Why would one person get any fun out of always picking at somebody else? I hate teasing people about as much as I hate being teased.

I remember once when this friend of mine, Billy Street, tore his on some briers at school. I was the only other boy anywhere around, but I didn't tease him. I knew how he felt. Just let something like that happen to me though, and the whole school will be watching and they'll all tease me about it. I guess that's one reason why I don't invite people out to play with me as much as I used to. Even out at my house homething usually happens that they can tease me about.

Well, after I left the barn I didn't feel much like building tunnels in the hay so I got my BB gun and walked out back in this grove of trees that grow on daddy's farm. Most of the trees are pine trees and I usually call it the "Pines." I had a hideout built in one of the thick bushy places in the "Pines," and when I got out there I crawled inside this hideous and just lay there for a while, thinking. I got to thinking about how Lanky the cow was. It still puzzled me. And why had Willy laughed so hard at everything I said about her being fat? But I stopped worrying about that in a few minutes and started wondering what sort of game I could play. Most boys don't like to play by themselves, but I certainly do. I decided to play Indian fighter for a while. In this particular game I pretended this bunch of Indians had chased me into a grove of trees, and they were riding all around shooting it out with me. I lay down behind a dead tree and started shooting back at them. I was hitting one of them every now and then, too. I knew this was just pretending and all, but I had fun at it. I'm good at it, too. I mean, some boys, when they're playing a game like this, will go Bang! Bang! Bang! and say they've shot all the Indians, and then go on off and do something else. But I don't do it that way. I play it sort of fair and give the make-believe Indians a chance, too. Like when I was shooting

at them. I didn't stick my head way out because if I did, the way I play the game, the Indians could shoot me. And just because I try to play fair about it all, they laugh at me. I mean, when somebody sees me playing this way they say "What's the matter? You afraid somebody will shoot you?" They just can't understand why I play that way. They say it's crazy. Well, if it's crazy, I'd rather be crazy than be like they are—other boys my age, I mean. They'd rather play with each other.

Well that's all right, but the same old thing happens when we play cowboys together. It'll just happen every time. What'll happen is somebody will start losing interest in the game and start horsing around. They'll run all over everywhere and then when I say, "I shot you," they'll laugh and say, "No you didn't. And you can't prove it anyway." See what I mean? They say "prove it" all the time and don't pay any attention to the rules. If you don't play by the rules you can't really have a game. And then somebody always gets mad at somebody else. There's nothing that upsets me more than people getting mad at each other. I just can't understand why people get mad! It ruins my whole day and makes me feel so bad. And when I try to keep them from getting mad at each other, or try to find out why they're mad, it just makes things all the worse. Instead of me helping to settle the argument, what usually happens is they get mad at me. And all I try to do is help! And then they ask me why I like to play by myself better!

Well, I guess I sort of got off the subject, didn't I. Anyway, I was playing Indian fighter. I was playing it right—not sticking my head out too far and all, but pretty soon I got tired of playing. I guess I wasn't feeling too hot. I don't know what was bothering me, but I was feeling kind of sad all over. I get that way sometimes. But I finished playing the game. I mean, I kept on playing until I came to a good place to quit. I always do that. This time I waited until the Indians went back to their camps when it was dark. I was just pretending, you know, but it didn't make any difference to me. I always do it that way when I'm pretending. It makes it more like real life, because in real life you couldn't stop shooting it out with Indians just because you got tired of it. I think it's more fun that way.

WELL, AFTER the Indians went back to their camps for the night (it wasn't really dark — I was just pretending), I wandered over to that hideout again and



Should have seen his friend!

sat down with my BB gun. I was nice and cool there and I just sat real still and watched the birds flying all around. Finally one bird came flying up and lit on a limb just in front of me. He must've been only about ten feet away. I eased my BB gun up and cocked it with as little noise as I could make and took aim at the bird. I'd never shot a bird before, although I sure had shot at a lot of them. Maybe now I'd get one, I thought. Well, the minute I pulled the trigger I knew I had hit him. Boy, did that surprise me! I could hear the shot hit him and several little feathers came floating down after he fell off the limb. I got up and went over to where the bird was fluttering around on the ground, and then I saw just how pitiful it was. The shot hadn't killed him and he was struggling all around, making little pitiful squeaking noises and trying to get away. I don't even think he knew whether he wanted to fly or walk. It was a terrible thing to see, and I could feel tears in my eyes as I sat there and watched him. Boy oh boy, did that make me feel bad! I wondered just what on earth had made me want to shoot a bird anyway. I never had thought it would be like that. Finally I couldn't stand to see the poor little thing suffering like that any more, so I banged its head real hard against the barrel of my BB gun and it stopped flopping around. But it didn't make me feel any better. I lay down and just let my heart ache for a while. In fact, I was aching all over. I felt so bad. There was nothing I could do then; he was dead and I had done it, but I still felt bad about it. I kept swallowing but I couldn't get the lump out of my throat. Finally I decided to bury the bird and put some sort of mark over its grave. I dug a little hole with my hands and put him down in it. When I covered him over with dirt I was careful not to pack it too tight around his head. I knew he was dead, but I just wanted to do it anyhow. I got a piece of rock and put it over the place where I buried him and put the pine straw back in place so nobody could tell the ground had been dug up. Well, I was in no mood to do any more playing after that, so I picked up my BB gun and walked on back toward the house. It was getting dark and I knew Daddy would be home soon.

When I got back to the house I saw my dog Tim walking around in the side yard so I went out there and played with him for a while. He's about the nicest dog I ever saw. Sometimes I don't think of him as just a dog at all. He's always

ready to play, or do whatever I want to do. We have this game, Tim and I, that we play sometimes. What I do is hide from him and call him. He comes and looks for me just like in a real game of hide and seek. He always finds me, but sometimes it takes him longer than it does at other times. He uses his nose, I think, to find out where I am, and if I stand still he goes sniffing all around until he comes right up to me and then, when he knows he has found me, he jumps all around and wants to play. We sure have a good time together. Sometimes I think he's more of a person than a person is. I mean, he's more like what I would want a really good person to be. And still, he's only a dog. But, like I said, I think an awful lot of him.

After we had been playing for a while, Daddy drove up in the yard, and I went over to see him. Daddy is certainly good to me. Of course, he's spanked me before, but I deserved it. He's awfully fair, and he's not always getting mad at me like some people I know. I mean, he's not cranky like some daddys are. This particular night he had brought me something from town. It was a scope for my BB gun. I'm real proud of my BB gun and how I am allowed to shoot it all by myself. Daddy took me out and showed me just how I should shoot it, and told me over and over again to always be careful with it. I am, too. I always do just like he said to.

AFTER WE HAD eaten supper I got the instructions out and put the scope on my BB gun. It made it look like a real target rifle, I thought. By that time I had to go to bed.

The next day was Saturday, like I said before, and there was no school. After breakfast I went out to try out the scope on my BB gun. It worked fine. I didn't shoot at any birds, though. I had learned my lesson about that.

Along about in the middle of the morning Mama came outside and asked me if I didn't want to invite somebody out to see me. I told her no, I didn't believe I did. I had planned to build some more tunnels in the hay loft and I didn't particularly want to play with anybody, or anything like that. It was just that I knew how they'd get in the way or get into an argument or something like that. They always do. Well Mama kept on asking me why not ask somebody out to see me. She asked me why it was that I liked to play out there by myself so much? "With all this space and all these places to play," she

said, "why don't you invite some of your friends out here to play with you? It's such a pretty day, too." Well, I had to keep on telling her no, because I had so much to do and I couldn't do it with a bunch of people around. But I don't think she understood just what I meant. She's always after me to go to see somebody, or to have somebody come out to see me. I told her again that I just wanted to play by myself, and what was wrong with that? She said nothing was wrong, but she just thought that on such a pretty day I might want to have somebody come out to play with me. Then, just as she was going in the house, she asked me if I was feeling all right. Now see there! She thought that just because I didn't want to have somebody around me I was sick or something. Like I told you, she just doesn't understand. You'd think she was afraid for me to be by myself.

Well, anyway she finally went back in the house and I went up in the hay loft to work on the tunnels. And wouldn't you know it! Right when I was down at the bottom of the stack of hay, she called for me to come in the house. When I finally got out and in the house, she told me to take a bath because we were all going to Uncle Ed's for dinner. I argued with her for a while. I said that I didn't want to go, but it was no use. You just can't argue my mama out of anything. At least I can't. Boy I dreaded to get in that tub! I had hay and dirt all over me, all right, but I just didn't want to take a bath. My mama says I never want to bathe, but that's not so. It's just that I'm always doing something when she wants me to take a bath. I don't have anything against taking baths; I like it. It's just that I'm always doing something that I don't want to stop that's all.

Well, we went to Uncle Ed's house for dinner. He hasn't got any boys, just two girls, and they're older than I am anyway, so I try to stay out of their way when I'm there. I like them and all, but they're always playing some fool game that I don't like to play, and they're loud, too. They can't say anything in just a plain, ordinary voice. They screech at you like you were deaf or something.

Anyway, what I was going to say about the dinner was this. You remember how I shot that bird the day before? Well, what did we have for dinner? Birds! They were quail that Uncle Ed had shot, but they were birds just the same. I just couldn't eat a bite of it. My mama noticed that I wasn't eating any of the quail and

she called me out in the hall to talk to me. The first thing she asked me was, "Are you feeling all right?" I said yes, but then she started asking me a whole bunch of questions like "Aren't you hungry?" I didn't want to tell her why I couldn't eat the quail, even though Uncle Ed had shot them and they were considered something special and all. It would've sounded silly. Finally she quit and we went in to finish eating dinner. I ate just about everything else on my plate and that seemed to please Mama a little. But before long Uncle Ed came by our table — we were sitting at different tables because there were so many of us — and said in this shocked-sounding voice, "Why, what's the matter with your quail, boy?" He's always calling me "boy" or "rooster," or something like that. Sometimes I don't think he knows what my name really is. I told him as politely as I knew how that I just didn't particularly feel like eating any quail just then, but he wouldn't stop. He came over with this worried look on his face and kept saying, "Is there anything wrong with it?" and all sorts of things like that. I just kept shaking my head and saying no, there was nothing wrong with the quail; it was just that I didn't care for any right then. But he kept fussing around and finally took a knife and fork and cut some of my quail and said, "Why, there's nothing wrong with this! Now go on and eat some. Doesn't that look good to you?" I kept shaking my head, like I told you, but he just wouldn't say no. Finally he put some on a fork and held it out toward me and said, "Oh, go on and try it! Just taste it. It's good!" But by that time I was thinking about that bird I'd shot and it made me feel sad all over again, especially since he was holding that bird meat out in front of my nose like that. Finally I started to cry it got me so upset. Now I don't want you to think I'm a crybaby or anything like that. I'm not, really, but I was just so upset and sad thinking about that poor little bird I had shot and seeing that bird meat on the fork right under my nose and all. And I'll bet there're plenty of other people who would've cried too. Finally Daddy said, "I think he's just a little under the weather." Now there's another thing. It seems to me like whenever you cry or act funny they — your parents, I mean — think you're sick or something. Uncle Ed finally went on off, saying how sorry he was that I was under the weather and how he hoped I'd soon be feeling better again because he wanted to take me with him hunting some time real soon. Well you

can imagine how glad I was to get out of there after all that. And it's not that I don't like Uncle Ed or my cousins or anything like that. I just wanted to get away because I knew how silly it would sound if I tried to explain everything.

ALL THE WAY home Mama was talking to me about why I didn't eat the quail. She said she didn't know what had come over me. "Didn't you know that Uncle Ed had shot those birds himself?" she asked. And then she told me how it was polite to eat some of everything on your plate when you were eating at somebody else's house. I told her that I knew all that, but I just didn't feel like eating the quail, that's all. I couldn't explain to her about the bird and all. I just couldn't. And it wouldn't have done any good, either. It never does. Finally she said, "I don't think you're feeling well, whether you know it or not. If you aren't better in a day or so I'm going to take you to the doctor." Well, that sort of made me feel bad again, because I could tell she was worried about me, and I didn't want that to happen.

I was afraid that after what Mama had said she wouldn't let me go out and play that afternoon, but she didn't say anything else to me, and I went on out in the yard to play. I didn't much want to work any more on my tunnels in the hay loft and, anyway, there was this big puddle of water in the side yard. There are all sorts of things you can do with a puddle of water. You can make it be most anything you want it to be. This time I decided to pretend it was a lake with ships on it having a battle. I got my little wooden ships out — some I had made myself — and then made some little buildings out of cardboard boxes and pieces of wood and things like that. I made two whole towns out of the stuff I had and divided up the ships so it would be all even. Then I had a battle with one town fighting the other, except it was only fair to use ships in the fight. I won't bother to tell you all about how I pretended one ship would shoot at an other and all like that, but I certainly had a good time at it. Some boys would've laughed if they had just seen me there and asked me those fool questions like, "Better watch out! Isn't that ship pointed at you?" Like I've told you before, people like that just don't seem to understand how a person can really have a game when he's playing by himself. But I do it — all by myself, and there's nobody to get mad at you or splash water all out of the puddle

or do anything like that. I didn't used to play by myself so much, and I still don't do it all the time. I don't want you to think that. It's just that people don't seem to get along as well when they play together. If there's just two playing it's not so bad, but with more than that it's just a big mess. Anyway, why should I play a game like this with any body else when I can have so much fun all by myself? And if somebody else was around some sort of fuss would get started, because it always does.

Well after I got through playing that I went out to the hog pen where Willy was fixing a place where a hog had gotten out. We talked for a while and once he let me drive a nail in a board. It bent as I was driving it in but Willy straightened it out again with the hammer. When he started cleaning out one of the hog pens I stood around and watched him for a few minutes and then walked on back toward the house. Before I left I asked him if he wanted me to help him but he said no, that he could handle it all by himself.

When I got back to the house I just remembered that I was supposed to go to a party at Jimmy Smith's house that very night. I don't know why, but a funny feeling came over me when I thought about the party and what it would be like. I knew there'd be a bunch of girls and boys there I'd never seen before and I'd have to meet all of them. Of course, there'd be a lot there I knew, too; but then I got to thinking about the fool games that you always had to play at parties. And not only that but you had to dress up in an uncomfortable old coat and maybe even a tie. Sometimes I can't understand just why people go to parties anyhow. Sometimes you have some fun, but you could always be having a lot more fun somewhere else. And if you don't run all around and smile and play the game like you're having a good time somebody's mother is always coming around and asking you if you wouldn't like to play this or that or if you wouldn't like to have some tea or punch? And it's always some queer-tasting stuff that you don't like but you have to drink some of it so you don't hurt somebody's feelings. At least, that's how I feel about parties — most parties, I mean.

WELL, I DIDN'T feel so hot about going to that party and I wondered how long it would be before Mama called me in to get ready to go. I was almost supper-time anyway, and I wanted to stay outside as long as possible so I walked out to the



barn and started just messing around, not doing anything in particular. I was in one of those moods that make you feel like just crawling off somewhere and sitting down and doing nothing. I don't know if other people ever feel that way or not, but I certainly do. It's sort of a sad feeling. Well, pretty soon I heard this noise in the cow stables, so I walked on back there to see what it was. It sure was dark in there because it was late in the afternoon and there wasn't any light in the stable. I looked in the stall where the noise seemed to be coming from. It was Lanky's stall. You remember that cow I told you about? How she was beginning to get fat and all? Well it was the same one. This noise was a funny sort of noise; it sounded like something rustling in the hay or leaves, but there was this other little sound, too, that I couldn't figure out. It was a sort of gurgling sound. I kept looking in the stall, but I couldn't see anything for a long time. Finally I saw that there was a cow or something in the corner and she looked like she was in an odd sort of position. It was dark and I couldn't see much so I didn't know whether she was even lying down or not, but I thought maybe something was wrong with her. I called, "Lanky", and pretty soon I heard this noise that sounded like a cow trying to moo. It sure sounded eerie.

I finally figured if the cow was sick I'd better get that Willy, since Daddy wasn't at home. I went out and looked all around for Willy, but I couldn't find him anywhere. I wondered just what to do. I knew Mama wouldn't know what to do for a sick cow, so I finally went back in the stable. This time when I looked in the stall I saw a little calf lying on the hay beside "Lanky". The reason I could see was they had come out of the corner to where there was more light. Well, this calf was about the smallest calf I ever saw and it looked sort of wet all over and sort of — well, funny. There was this strange smell in the stall too. Pretty soon I started wondering how that calf had gotten there and all, and I just

wanted to get outside. I walked out behind some bushes and thought I was going to be sick. I guess it was the smell in there, or the wet-looking calf, or something like that. I stood for a few minutes not knowing whether to throw up or not, but I never did.

Willy and Mitchell came by in a minute or two and went inside the stable. Mitchell is the colored man who farms for Daddy. He's real old. He must be around a hundred years old at least, and he's always picking at me about something. I didn't go back in the stable right then because I was afraid I'd get sick again and anyway, Willy was in there now. It was still puzzling me exactly how that calf had gotten there. I mean, I had heard a little bit here and there about things like that, but it still puzzled me a lot. And people are always laughing at you about that, too. They think just because they know something you don't know it's funny. It's things like that that make me not like people. But I don't mean everybody's that way all the time. People can be mean at times, though. In a few minutes Willy and Mitchell came out of the stable again and they were laughing. Finally Mitchell stopped and said, "Yeah, I'd sho like to see his face when he first goes in theah. I bet he'll like awake all night thinkin' about it." Then they laughed and walked on by. I knew they had been laughing at me—it couldn't have been anybody else. I just stood there in the bushes while they walked on past. I didn't want them to see me.

I WAS FEELING so bad about everything I just wanted to be by myself. Only this time it seemed worse. Everything was wrong. I felt like lying down and crying for a week. It seemed like everything I thought of was something I had to do that I didn't want to do. I mean, things like that party and all. I walked back up to the house, and Tim came running out of the side yard and started jumping all around like he was glad to see me. It's funny how a dog can make you feel good

again after you've been feeling bad. While I was playing with him, I got to thinking about how, in some ways, Tim was the only one who was really friendly all the time. I think he sort of understands me. It was then that I got this idea. I decided to get some food and a blanket and go off in the woods with Tim. I wouldn't have to go to any old party or hear Willy and Mitchell tease me, and we could have a good time together, Tim and me. I got more excited the more I thought about it, and I started feeling good again, now that I wouldn't have to go on any party or do stuff like that any more. I didn't really think about how long I'd stay in the woods. The only thing I was thinking about then was just how nice it would be to be out in the woods with nobody but Tim with me. We'd be away from things. I guess I was so upset all I could think about was getting out there before Mama saw me. Well, I think you know the rest. How I got a blanket and a sandwich and went to sleep out in the woods. And how Daddy found me when it was dark with the flashlight. I don't know how long I'd been there when he found me, but he wasn't even mad with me. He even seemed sort of scared. I had gotten scared out there in the dark, all right, but I kept telling myself how much better it was than going to any fool party, and Tim was with me. Like I said, I don't know just how long I thought I would stay out there. I hadn't much thought about it.

I hope I've told you what you want to know. I would like to explain just one thing to you, though, and that's this: I didn't want to leave school or run away from home like people say I did. All I wanted to do was . . . well, just get away. It was sort of like trying to stop things for a little while. Have you ever wished you could stop everything for just a minute or two so you could sit back and catch your breath? Well, that's about how I felt. I just wanted to get away so I could REALLY be by myself for a little while, that's all.

—LEON GATLIN



WALTON

A Student Says . . .

Hello, Mr. Sandburg

AFTER HAVING COVERED the thirty miles from Asheville to Flat Rock, I pulled off the road and out of the winter sunshine into a service station. I inquired of the tall mountaineer who was the attendant how to find the Sandburg estate. "Next left down the road," he drawled.

Signs along the road indicated that the area was a collection of estates, most of them having characteristically Indian names. One sign read "Flat Rock Playhouse," and in a large clearing of woods I saw the famous summer theatre. Finally I came to what looked like my destination. Situated on a hill jutting out from the mountain slope was an old white house. A long drive wound up to the house, and as I ascended, I realized it was quite precarious since it was over a rocky terrain and was very narrow. At one point the road divided at a fork. One road led to barns and tenant houses; the other led to the house.

Approaching the house from this angle, I was given a full view of the whole structure and the grounds. The grass was uncut; a large fish pond was empty, and the sun had caused it to crack; the walls were unpainted. On closer examination I noticed the windows were dirty and there were no curtains. The whole place seemed cold and forbidding.

Behind the dirty glass of one of the windows stood an old lamp and a rickety

typewriter. It suddenly came to me that I had seen those things before. Yes, I remembered, in a picture of Sandburg working his study.

In the rear of the house the drive ended abruptly with a garage. I stopped the car in an effort to figure out how best get turned around. As I thought, I was startled by the sight of a woman walking toward my car. She was elderly and seemed to be in keeping with the rest of the place. Getting out of the car, I introduced myself and told her I was looking over the place to get some ideas for a paper I was writing on Mrs. Sandburg. She introduced herself as Mrs. Blackwell, the housekeeper. She invited me to look around as much as I liked and to make myself at home. Would you like to see the goats?" she said. I said that I would, and she explained how to get there and what to do about the gates so they were always closed behind me. I thanked her and started to turn, but stopped as another thought occurred to me.

"When will Mr. Sandburg be back from Florida?" (I had heard he was there.) "Oh, he is already back," she said. And then she added to my surprise, "Why don't you come back this afternoon and see him. He loves young people, and I'm sure if I asked him he'll be happy to talk to you. He is asleep now, because he worked all night." I told her how pleased I was and asked her what time would be most convenient for me to see him. "About

three o'clock — he doesn't get up until after two as a rule."

I thanked her, got back into the car, and maneuvered it until it was close to the goat barns.

The Sandburg goat farm is not only famous because of its famous owner but because it turns out genuinely good dairy products. As a matter of fact, it is a highly profitable business. Almost entirely in the hands of Mrs. Sandburg, the goats give three hundred quarts of milk a day in the summer. At the farm I met a Mr. Butler, who introduced himself as the head attendant. He showed me around the barns and explained the procedure of goat dairying. Being no expert on, or genuine lover of goats I was at first not very interested. But a few of the small ones came up to me and forced me to scratch their heads. After awhile Mr. Butler took me to a barn in which the mean goats were kept. The look-see at these ferocious ones also failed to impress me, though from the looks of their horns one could see how they could cause trouble.

Mr. Butler told me that he had seen the lights in the Sandburg house until after three that morning. He commented on the fact that Mr. Sandburg had an extremely large amount of work to do.

Returning to Asheville for an appointment before my afternoon interview, I remembered what I knew about the estate's history from my reading. It had been pur-

chased from Captain Ellison A. Smyth when Sandburg first moved to North Carolina. It dates back to pre-Civil War days. The builder was C. G. Memminger, who acted as Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederate States of America.

In the afternoon I returned from Asheville and found the estate without any difficulty. Though I had the housekeeper's word that she would arrange the meeting, I was somewhat shaky at the thought of coming face to face with the man. But remembering what she had said about his liking young people, I got out of the car and ventured up the front steps.

From the porch I had a better view of the study. The whole room was obviously a place of hard work. Books, manuscripts, pamphlets were piled everywhere. At a desk sat an efficient looking typist who was busily at work. I wondered if she were Sandburg's secretary or one of his three daughters.

Across the desk sat Sandburg himself, hunched over his typewriter. His unruly hair was pushed back. He was obscured in his work. I suddenly had the idea that my visit was an untimely intrusion. Before knocking I was struck by the similarity of his work and that of his subjects: the only difference between him and his father was that instead of working with shovel or anvil to provide for his large family, he was pounding many small anvils to achieve in a different manner.

He obviously heard me on the porch as I prepared to knock, for I saw him get up and without changing expression come towards the door. He opened the door, then stepped out into the porch, pushing the screen open with one hand and closing the door behind him with the other. We exchanged greetings and before I could introduce myself he startled me by saying: "Time—it's time you want." I was unprepared for this onslaught, but ignoring his penetrating eyes I collected myself and told him I was sorry for disturbing him when he was so busy. I did explain what his housekeeper had said and went on, without waiting for his comments, and introduced myself.

HE TIED A SILK handkerchief around his neck and then peered out from his gray eyebrows and said, "I am laboring under a great amount of work or I would invite you to come inside. You see, if I did you would become settled and I would lose time." As he spoke I made mental notes on his clothes. They were typical of pictures I had seen of his wearing apparel. A

safety pin held together the top of his heavy green wool shirt. A pair of baggy gray pants covered his legs. He stood erect, like an ex-general and with the same authoritative air.

I told him about how I was writing a paper about him. Instead of answering my questions, however, he asked me where I was from, where I was going to school, why I was writing the paper. I answered him and finally in answer to my question he referred me to his works as the best source of knowledge concerning him.

"What is that book you have there?" he asked, motioning toward a collection of his poems I had carried along to ask questions about if the situation presented itself. "Is it one of mine?" he continued before I could answer him. I held it up for him to see and started to say yes, but he interrupted me again, "Do you want me to autograph it?" But again before I could answer, he had already decided he was going back to his work. "What did you say your name was?" he asked. I told him again and he said he had enjoyed talking with me, but that he must get back to his work. I took his thick, stubby hand and shook it and thanked him for his time.

As the old man turned to go, I noticed he was unshaven and looked tired, even though he had only been up a short time. Yet I had the strangest feeling. A feeling I would dare to say comes only when one meets someone of genius and great strength. I had some idea about taking pictures of the goats, but this somehow seemed ridiculous. I realized, as I drove away from the house, that the goats were more than a source of income; they were a front, a front for a man who is the spokesman for America.

Carl Sandburg is living in one of the most publicized hide-outs in America. When a reporter once asked, "Why did you move to Flat Rock?", he replied, "North Carolina is face-forward above a number of states, including a number of Northern ones. They even let me campaign for my candidates. The climate is also to be thanked for my health." This statement makes good copy for a newspaper and is probably true. In fact, it's good public relations for a Yankee who has moved to Dixie and wishes to get along with his new neighbors. His remark about being able to campaign for his candidate probably refers to his personal friend, Adlai Stevenson. Illinois, having Republican tendencies in spite of Stevenson's being a native, probably questioned Sandburg's

active campaigning for him. However, in the Democratic state of North Carolina he would, of course, be subject to no political pressure concerning the support of the Democratic candidate. However, I suspect that the climate is possibly a major factor in his living at Flat Rock.

MY INTERVIEW INDICATES to me what the strongest reason for his living at Flat Rock actually really is. He wants to get away from people so the remainder of his life can provide for a maximum amount of time for writing. I had the privilege of visiting his former home town, Chicago, this year and can easily see why he wishes to flee the bustling confusion of an over populated metropolis. He has taken his typewriter and paper and fled to a mountain oasis away from people. A further comment about the people of North Carolina may be interpreted to substantiate this claim. "We have a real democracy here, more real than any place I have found." If democracy can mean individual freedom then he is certainly correct in this statement.

"He looks ahead to a few hours of productive work", another reporter states. This, I think, is the key statement to his being on an estate in Flat Rock. Everything about the experience of my visit was indicative of hard work. With rare talents for concentrated labor, he continues to write in the shadow of his eightieth birthday. His autobiography of his early life, *Always the Young Strangers*, pays particular attention to the number of hours his father used to work. "The first job my father had was on the Q. railroad with a construction gang at a dollar day. They lived in bunk cars, cooked their own meals, did their own washing, worked six days a week, ten hours a day." "He was, day on day, swinging sledges and hammers on hot iron or an anvil. We knew him for a strong man who could hold up his end on a piece of work, but we saw him many an evening come home after the ten-hour day, his shirt soaked with sweat, and he had no word nor murmur, though he looked fagged and worn." Whether this talent is hereditary, or to what degree it affected his capacity for long hours is dangerous to assert, but it would certainly seem to be so when his mother also was a hard worker. "She was saying this at least twenty years after the wedding and there had been hard work always, tough luck at times, seven children of whom two had died on the same day—".

The condition of the estate at Flat Rock indicates that its owner has little time

for it. He has sacrificed many of the pleasures that accompany a personal interest in his environment. The attendant of his goats, Mr. Butler, said that he only comes down to the barn "about once a month." The high level of attention he places on his work actually necessitates this characteristic to some degree. The house itself is good evidence of this point.

ONE MIGHT SUSPECT from his statement, "When I wake up in the morning, I've got to be able to see either the prairie or the mountains," that he doesn't care for man-made beauty anyway. In fact, his poetry and prose both reflect his love of the natural beauty of nature.

"Of my city the worst that men will ever say is this:

You took little children away from the sun and the dew, and the glimmers that played in the grass under the great sky, And the reckless rain; you put them between walls

To work, broken and smothered, for bread and wages,

To eat dust in their throats and die empty-hearted

For a little handful of pay on a few Saturday nights."

His love for the mountains and their beauty is reflected in this line from his poem, "Masses."

"Among the mountains I wandered and saw blue haze and red crag and was amazed."

His estate grounds, the condition of his house (which was potentially very beautiful), and even his person, is evidence of his careless attitude toward other things than his writing. Men of great genius have often been found to have eccentric personal habits, and Sandburg is no exception. His uncombed hair which flopped over the visor at the time of my visit, seems to be present in every picture I have seen of him.

The old axiom, "eat to please yourself—dress to please others" would have to be applied very stingily to Carl Sandburg. He dresses for comfort, convenience, and mostly for work. Of course, he undoubtedly can dress for occasions, but reminds me of a person who regards such things as neckties in the same category with a hangman's noose.

One might wonder how this child of Swedish parents dipped into the stream of the earlier forms of American culture

could develop literary interest. His father's attitude toward books was typical of the working man of his day. Sandburg himself wonders how he managed without learning to write. "Why did father, with his exceptional manual cleverness and variety of skills, never learn to write? Had he cared to write he could have learned to write the letters of all the words he knew. The desire wasn't there. He never cared for books." If any environmental or hereditary interest in books came to him in his early life, it was from his mother. Here is an example of her reactions to a book salesman when books were rare things about the house. "Mother was a little dazed by now. He was speaking her own mind as to education and knowledge. The old man would have been scowling and shaking his head. The mother was more than interested. She took the sample and turned pages. She looked down into my face. Would I like the book?" How striking



Ralph James is a junior at Wake Forest College majoring in English. He hails from Asheville, North Carolina. He is president of Delta Sigma Phi social fraternity and state president of the Wesley Foundation. This feature is an account of a series of personal interviews that Ralph had with the poet Carl Sandburg.

ing a contrast time has provided in this scene and the one which exists today in the Sandburg study, but the seeds are there. A humble beginning for "the man who may have received more honors while living than any American author."

Always the Young Strangers, his thirtieth book, is one example not only of his honors, but of his working ability in the waning years of his life. Upon its publication on his seventy-fifth birthday, he received the Gold Medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters for his distinguished writings. Before it was published he was asked how long it would be. "About 100,000 words. I have made a resolution that never again will I turn out a book that it takes weeks or months to read." This was probably resolved for his own benefit as well as for the readers." At one period I was working from breakdown to breakdown. Finally I had to start forcing myself to take a break for my health's sake."

In January of 1953, Chicago paid tribute to the man who has been many things; soldier, dishwasher, shoeshine boy, hobo and newspaperman. "The 'City of Big Shoulders' extended a huge, warm hand to the poet and singer it has had to share with all America." *The Chicago Tribune* offered two headlines for the occasion;

CITY BUTCHERS FATTED CALF FOR CARL SANDBURG AT 75, and HOG BUTCHER FOR THE WORLD KILLS FATTED CALF FOR CARL SANDBURG.

He returned the compliment before it was given through the medium of his talented works on the city and afterward, by a toast to a nation-wide audience, "May the road to hell grow green waiting for you." These are merely samples of the honors bestowed on the man in whose name the Carl Sandburg Association has been established at his birthplace in Galesburg.

On Sandburg's seventy-fifth birthday, Adlai Stevenson commented; "Carl Sandburg is the one living man whose work and whose life epitomize for me the American dream. His is the earthliness of the prairies, the majesty of mountains, the anger of deep inland seas. In him is the restlessness of the seeker, the questioner, the explorer of far horizons, the hunger that is never satisfied. In him also is the resilience of youthfulness which wells from within, and which no aging can destroy. Besides, I love him."

—RALPH JAMES

May Review

THE GREAT PLANTATION, by Clifford Dowdey, (Rinehart and Company, Inc. \$6.00), is a genealogical history of the family who built and operated Berkeley Hundred for seven generations. It is a historical story of one of Virginia's greatest families and its intermingling with the rest of Virginia's FFV (first families of Virginia).

Berkeley Hundred, the Great Plantation, was the birthplace of United States' ninth and shortest office holding president, the residence of a three time governor of Virginia, and the home and haunt of many young Harrisons. "Berkeley Hundred, a working plantation still in operation after three and one-half centuries, is older than any English-speaking settlement in America outside Virginia. In fact, a Thanksgiving was celebrated on its river front and an experiment made there with corn whiskey before the Puritans . . . landed in New England." It was in the Berkeley manor house that the plans for the American Revolution were laid, and out on the front lawn which slopes down to the James River, the first "Taps" were played on a Confederate bugle; and on this same front lawn several weeks later, President Lincoln asked Gen. George B. McClellan to relinquish command of the Army of the Potomac.

It was this setting that Mr. Dowdey selected to weave the Harrison-history from Jamestown to Appomattox. Although Mr. Dowdey frequently pokes fun at the FFVs, he at the same time evinces a reverence and an awe for the old-Virginia-bigs.

Berkeley Hundred and the marriages of the Harrison family into the Randolph, Carter, Byrd, Lee, Blair, and Brandon families is the story of the history of Virginia. The Harrisons were not grandee immigrants from England. The first Benjamin Harrison was a hard working yeoman with an ambition above the average. He bought

five hundred acres of farm land and worked himself into a position that later enabled his son, Benjamin II to purchase Berkeley across the James River. Although the first Benjamin was uneducated and married to an illiterate, he had a keen mind which enabled him to work himself into a prominent position in Jamestown politics. He served as a member of the House of Burgesses. By the time his son was grown the Cavaliers had entered the colony life.

The Cavaliers set example for the future life in Virginia. They were elegant and demanded a life of plantation-ease. In order for Benjamin II to keep up with them, he started a store that supplied the colony and carried on a goody trade with England. Before he died, he added twenty-thousand acres and a large manor house to Berkeley.

By the time of Benjamin III and IV, the family had become wealthy in the true Virginia connotation. The Harrisons now owned over fifty-thousand acres of land and around three hundred slaves, plus the fact that one of the boys married into the Carter family who at the time owned owned three hundred and sixty-thousands acres of land and over five-hundred slaves.

About the time the first part of Berkeley was bought, 1618, the first American college was founded at Henrico. It was destroyed in the Indian massacre of 1622 and not rebuilt, but later the city of Richmond was built on the site. The III and IV Benjamins attended William and Mary College. The plantation was by their time a huge self-sufficient machine growing tobacco and producing its own domestic needs.

Benjamin V was living at Berkeley during the Revolutionary times. Although a "reluctant rebel," he was active in politics and became one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and Virginia's first peacetime governor, serving three terms.

The Great Plantation



A Profile of Berkeley
Hundred and Plantation Virginia
from Jamestown to Appomattox
Clifford Dowdey

William Henry Harrison was born at Berkeley, but did not make the plantation his home. During the Revolution, Benedict Arnold had destroyed the inside furnishings of the great manor house to spite his enemy and signer of the Declaration, Benjamin V. Later, during the Civil War much of the entire plantation was ravaged. The present owner, Malcolm Jamieson, has restored Berkeley, and the three and one-half century Virginia-Harrison monument lives on.

THE GREAT PLANTATION is too dry to be classed as a good novel and has too few facts to be in the category with history books, but as a book on genealogy, it deserves a place on the modern readers library shelf. Mr. Dowdey has done a superb job depicting the life of early Virginia. His aptitude seems to stem from his desire to relive early America. It is Mr. Dowdey's fine perception early American life that makes his newest book, *The Great Plantation*, readable.

—ROBERT FITZGERALD



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are...



We are now showing Ivy styled suits in Dacron cotton (wash and wear)

*Dacron Rayon
Dacron Wool*

In the Newest Shades

\$24.95 up

Regulars — Shorts — Longs

*Remember that you
have seven issues
of*

THE STUDENT
for
1957-1958

*Help us make this
your magazine
Representing you,
in both*

**Content
and
Quality**

Forum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

But the fact is, these and other diversions have already clouded a larger question: that of Wake Forest's educational system. True, the college food program, the student parking situation, dormitory behavior and the like are all with us and always will be. These deserve consideration.

But close examination should reveal that none of these will alter Wake Forest in any large sense. The important, basic thing is a matter of theory. A look at the past year could probably be easily done without ever mentioning anything like the theory of education at Wake Forest. It is likely that those looking back later will not even see this question as a consideration during this year.

But if anything concerned with the year 1956-57 can be considered bigger than Wake Forest's growing bigger, it must be the conflict over whether Wake Forest should or should not be bigger. This is a theory of smallness as opposed to bigness. Many have recognized that there are many big colleges with much to offer, and there are many little colleges with little to offer; but Wake Forest is a little college with much to offer. Now it is growing, and there is a question as to how much it should grow and what it should offer. This could well be the most important subject that appeared on the Wake Forest scene in 1956-57. It is not specific, not easily recognized; but it is there, just as real as the welcome Winston-Salem gave Wake Forest, just as real as the basketball team's success or the growth of the college theatre.

A year in retrospect. Are there some things, some changes, some ideas that stand out above all others? Was it the big football game, student elections, a grade on a course, an engagement or a scholarship?

—C. H. RICHARDS

Like A Blackfield

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

HEAVEN KNOWS . . . she's even worse than he is, but we won't discuss that now.

What?

Well, I just can't explain it to you. You're much too young to understand such things. She's a bad woman. She has loose morals. That's all you need to know.

What are loose morals? Really, Willie, you can ask the funniest questions. Well, that's when someone doesn't go to Sunday school or doesn't say his prayers or doesn't come home when she . . . I mean he . . . should be there. Now let's just drop that altogether.

Yes, dear, yes. I'm quite sure Rose is a fine girl and all that, but I simply won't allow you to jeopardize the family name.

Think dear. What would nice people say if they saw you with her. Why, I dare say she hasn't got a decent dress to her name. How in this world you manage to pick such playmates when there are so many nice children here in the neighborhood, I'll never know. After all I've tried to teach you . . . and with the proper background and environment you're accustomed to . . . I just don't understand you at all, Willie.

Willie!

You just sit right back down, young man. I'm not through with you yet.

Now listen to me, Will. I'm going to talk to you seriously and . . .

Will! You look at me when I'm talking to you, do you hear me?

I said do you hear me, young man?

All right, then. If you don't mind what I've told you, I'll go straight to that phone and call your father. That's what I'll do.

YOU WOULDN'T LIKE THAT, would you?

No, indeed, you wouldn't. Your daddy would come home and give you a spanking . . . with a hairbrush . . . and it would hurt!

Mother has never hurt you, now has she? No, indeed, and she doesn't want to either. But you've got to heed what I've told you, dear. It's just that mother wants you to grow up with the right kind of people . . . people who can help you get

ahead sometime later on, perhaps. Someday you'll need them and then they'll be there to help you. Don't you see, dear?

God only knows how sorry I am that I wasn't a man, and could have gotten out and made money. You'll know what security is when you're older. And then you'll appreciate the efforts of your mother, you'll see.

Why . . . why if God takes daddy up to heaven before He does mommy, you'll be like my right arm to me, Willie. I'll depend on you then, so you mustn't let me down, dear.

I do love you so much, my own. You're all I have in this world now, and I want nothing but the best for my precious darling. You know that, don't you dear?

Wh— What!

You still want to go with that little tramp after all I've said, and when little Martha is just having a fit to go with you? And . . . and . . .

Go to your room this minute!

Don't argue with me. I said go! Don't you dare look at me like that! Don't you dare!

All right then, mister . . . There!

Oh!

Oh, Will, dear. Mother didn't mean to slap you so hard. You know she didn't, don't you?

Well, do something besides looking at me like that.

Stop it, I say!

Wh— What? Where are you going? Young man I—

Will!

Will, Jr., you come back here this minute and bring that lunch basket with you . . . do you hear me? Do you hear me, young man?

Oh God! What will I do. What can a loving mother do? He's such a strange little boy at times. But he does love his mother. I know he does . . . better call Will right away. He'll know what to do. Yes, call Will right now.

Oh dear . . . almost forgot. Hattie's waiting. Give her a quick call first . . . yes . . . only take a minute.

Hello, operator? Ring 496-J, please.

Yes, that's right . . . 496-J.

Hello! Hello! Is that you, Hattie?

SORRY TO KEEP YOU waiting like this. I just called to let you know that Willie's plans have been slightly changed.

Yes . . . yes, that's right.

Well, you see, the poor dear just remembered that he had a homework assignment, and he's tripped off to the library for some books.

Why, bless his little heart. He's so conscientious about everything like that. Can you imagine a little boy his age using his one free day a week in the library just pouring over some old books? I never even have to raise my voice to him. He's so independent . . . just like a Blackfield . . . ha ha.

Tell little Martha he was so sorry. Is she well this week?

Oh, that's so good.

Hattie, isn't it simply wonderful that our two children are such good friends? Why, you'd think we forced them the way they're always together and all.

Yes, I think so, too, dear. Hattie, I'm awfully sorry, but I must hang up and call Will, senior on some rather urgent business. You will excuse me, won't you dear?

Yes . . . yes, I'll be there this afternoon. See you then . . . Bye!

Oh God! What in the name of heaven am I going to tell Will? He'll cuss me out just like he did last time. I just know he will. I don't deserve the kind of treatment I get around here. I don't . . . so fed up with all of it.

Hello, operator?

Operator, give me 319-L, and please hurry.

Thank you.

Will? Oh Will is that you?

Oh no, not really? I wish I had known you were in conference, dear. Really I do. I'm so sorry that I disturbed you, dear, but . . . but you see I have something rather urgent to tell you.

Will?

Will, are you still listening?

Now please don't get all excited, dear. It's about Willie!

You've got to come home right away . . . somehow.

Yes . . . Willie . . . He's— He's run off again!

—BILL HEINS

A Plea

SOMETIMES TOWARD the end of the school year an editor finds himself looking back on a year of magazines and wanting to cry over his efforts. If there was one good short story, there were four which were not so good; if there was one poem one could point out and say, "I think that poem means something and is said well," it must be remembered that most of the readers lamented the fact they found it incomprehensible. Very early on May mornings is not a time for being proud of an essay one wrote and thought to be fine at the time. Somehow a three a.m. reading seems to make the subject asinine and even the smallest printing error of outlandish importance.

Yet, and it has been said time and time again in many Pub Row editorials, one cannot feel that what was done was worth doing, and done better than anyone else could have done. In a final analysis, one has to admit that this is a form of pride. A pride which is there even though tears and perspiration may try to drown it.

One wants to do well. Despite an attempt at a devil-may-care attitude, student editors care about what they are doing and how well they are being received by their readers. Writing, by its very nature, is a private, unsensational matter. Writers, and consequently editors often seem out of touch with their public. Yet there is a desire to do well for that public as well as for personal satisfaction.

The tears, perhaps, would never have to be if there were only one or two people around who have feeling and understanding for a simple English sentence. Or there would be no need for repenting for ever having attempted a magazine if a few more students would read the magazine with open minds and some attempt to understand and appreciate those so near them. And still one is forced to say this lack of talent, of interest, is the inspiration for trying to make this a good magazine, a source of pride, if you please, despite all the odds against it.

This is more than a plea—a confession.

—J. D. M.

A Plaque

IN THE MIDST of the stampede of campus life, hundreds of students rush hurriedly over a small bronze plaque set solidly in the walk leading from Reynolda Hall. The little plaque contains but one word, hope. No one seems to know why it is there or who put it there; few people have noticed it. During the fall and long winter months, the plaque seemed almost a marker for a grave, bearing the name of the occupant of that grave. But with the spring came new life on campus and hope was resurrected from its grave, leaving the little plaque as a memorial.

Once Wake Forest students made pilgrimages to Reynolda to visit the "new campus," always returning with a sense of awe at the immensity of it all. It might not be a bad idea, now, if the same students were to take a similar pilgrimage, along the same route back to Wake Forest. The most sentimental and loyal student is forced to admit that even if it were possible he would not choose to return. This admission neither desecrates nor erases memories held dear to loyal Wake Foresters.

So what, there are no magnolias. The basketball games are further away. There are a great many things back in Wake County that aren't here. One of the main things that should have been left behind is lame excuses. We have here and now an unlimited opportunity for advancement. We can no longer say that we can't do thus-and-so because the facilities aren't adequate or because there is no chance of adding needed facilities. There is no room here for not expending our best efforts. In the place of excuses Wake Forest has found itself engulfed with a new hope.

We didn't leave hope buried under a magnolia tree on the old campus. It preceded us and was here waiting when we arrived. At times we have sought to smother it with flood tides of nostalgia, but it remains constant, and we find it is we ourselves who become smothered, leaving hope to those with clear vision.

—B. W.

A Point

WE WOULD like to know, in our moments of such contemplating, what someone like Francis Bacon would have said about the twice weekly chapel programs to which a great majority of students (yes, there are a few who manage to get out of them) are forced to attend. No doubt Mr. Bacon would have entitled his views "On Chapel." Remembering what Marianne Moore has said about the eloquence of Bacon's style, we shall make no attempt to write an essay as he would. The important thing we feel is that he would have been against it. Not that we have any definite proof of this, but we do feel that we detect in him a dislike for waste of time, energy (this is debatable), and lack of intelligence whether in thought forms or in presentation. Dear Mr. Bacon, we further feel, would have realized that occasionally something worthwhile might happen that would call for students' eyes, ears, or a combination. Mr. Bacon would probably say about this: "Then it would be deemed wise to call together an assemblage of students for the worthwhile event."

This, we must admit, is somewhat far fetched. We mean our historical reference. What we are trying to say is: we agree with Mr. Bacon; indeed, we are Mr. Bacon.

—J. D. M.

Portrait of the Month



Mike Gilley Class of 1977

A portrait - - the perfect gift for any occasion

Grigg Studio
on the campus

THESE PORTRAITS ARE SELECTED EACH MONTH FROM THOSE MADE AT GRIGG STUDIO



Seems almost everyone knows the
good word for **WINSTON**

AND THE WORD IS "TASTE" . . . *good taste!*
See if you don't think that Winston is the best-tasting
cigarette you've ever smoked! Part of the reason is the
exclusive snow-white filter, carefully made to let you
enjoy Winston's rich, full flavor. It's no wonder, really,
that Winston is America's best-selling filter cigarette —
and by a *wider margin than ever!* Try a pack real soon!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

Enjoy **WINSTON** . . . with the snow-white filter in the cork-smooth tip!

